



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

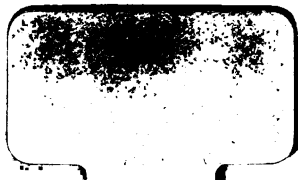


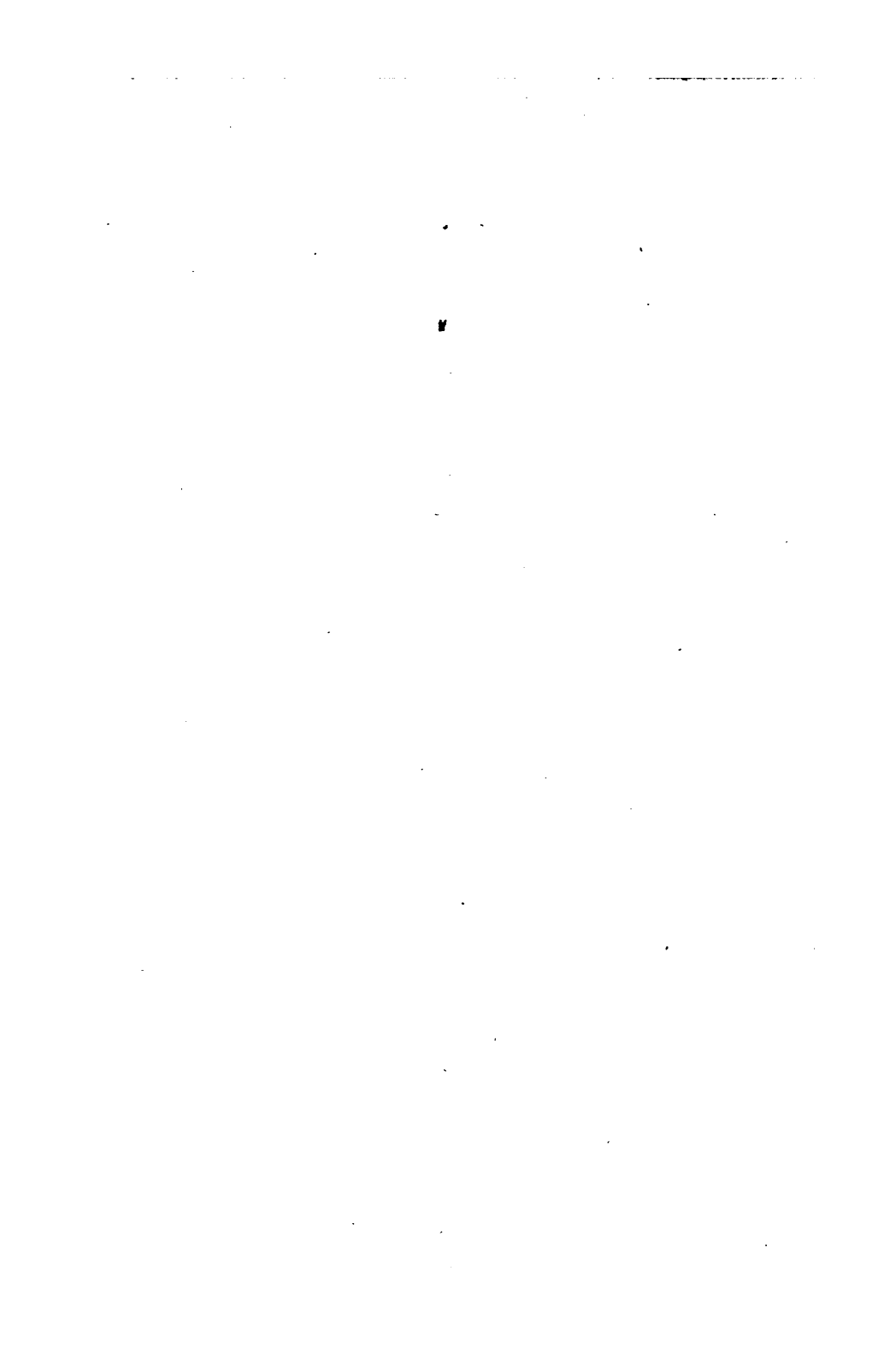


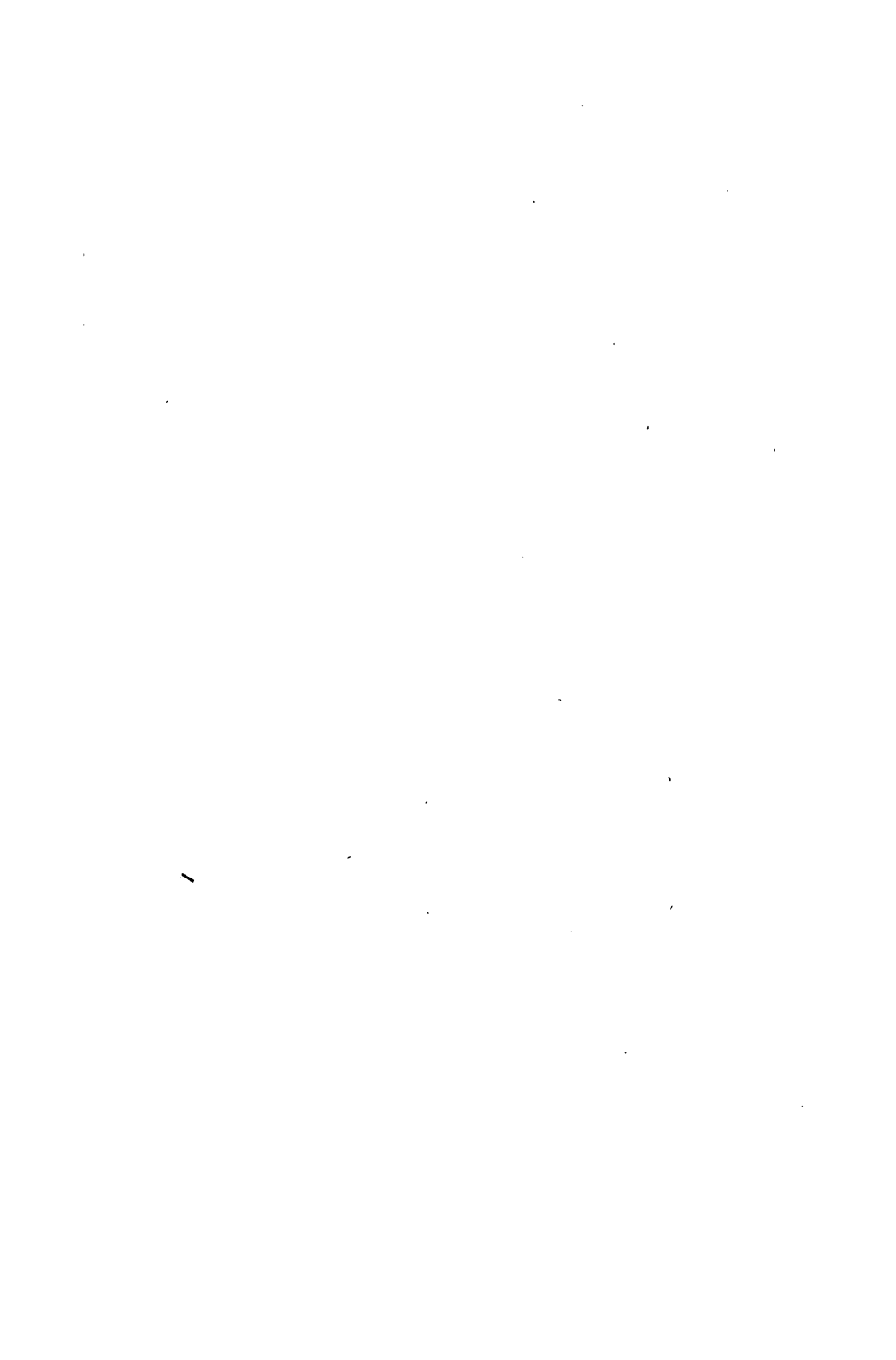
600003910J

29

192.









L. 1829
THE BENGALEE:

OR,

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY

AND MANNERS

IN THE

E A S T.

**Et nunc, si quid loquar audientum,
Vocis accedet bona pars.**

HORACE.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER, AND CO. 65, CORNHILL.

1829.

192.



THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

LONDON:

Printed by Anne Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

PREFACE.

OUT of every ten Prefaces, or attempts at introductory matter, to publications as trifling as that which follows, nine of the number may fairly be considered as merely apologetical ; or, in other words, they are lowly intercessions with the public for undue mercy and indulgence. That mine should be similar to most others, therefore, is no very great wonder. But still, as most men, when they bespeak favour, endeavour to set forth in goodly array, all the little claims they fancy they may possess for such consideration towards themselves ; in this particular, also, must I follow the example of my neighbours, and explain, as well as the occasion will allow me, why I venture, in the following pages, to intrude on the public notice.

Many of the papers, then, which are here gathered together by the BENGALÉE, originally appeared at different times, in the Calcutta periodicals. And for three of them, —“ *The Old Civilian*,” “ *Life in India*,” and “ *The Bhooteah*,” he has much pleasure in acknowledging the valuable assistance of others. That his attempts were kindly received, the Author has had grateful reason to know; that some of them were even *too* favourably noticed, he cannot be ignorant; and it would be affectation in him not to avow, that gratified and encouraged by the approval of Editors, and other literary friends in India, (to whom the BENGALÉE was, however, almost unknown, and yet under his incognito,) he is induced to collect, and complete their publication, and now to offer the whole in one Volume, for the amusement of his brother-exiles in the East. At the same time, he trusts that the BENGALÉE, unlike many of his old friends on their re-appearance in their native country, may not be found to be too exclusively *Indian*, too eternally the Nabob, either in ideas, charac-

ter, or conversation, to be voted *borish* and unpleasant, even by John Bull himself.

For the trifling and generally light matter throughout these pages, it would be well if any good apology could be offered. The Poetry would need the most; but indeed, (though *this* is no excuse,) it was written many years ago, when the Author was younger, and much idler in habits and occupation, than circumstances have lately allowed him to be. As for the Prose, that, for the greater part, was lightly written, as a relaxation after many a busy and fatiguing hour of official duty. But of this enough: such as they both are, they are respectfully offered to the public perusal, and if they can succeed to while away a few weary moments of my Brethren in the land of the Sun, or bring my good friends in India, with their Asiatic habits, and still many worthy peculiarities, to the better acquaintance of our fellow-countrymen in England, I shall not regret the temerity of the step I thus take in publishing the BENGALÉE.

CONTENTS.

	Page:
PREFACE	iv.
First Love	1
Fate of Accomplishments in India	9
The Fugitive	18
Myself	43
Mary Ashforth	52
SATIRES IN INDIA	65
No. 1. The Vision	67
No. 2. Home	73
The late Marquess of Hastings	80
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty	93
Gratitude	96
Humbug	99
Satires in India.—No. 3. Marriage	107
THE MOFUSSIL.	
Chapter the First	115
———— Second	143
———— Third	155
Satires in India.—No. 4. Woman	174
An Old Civilian	184
Satires in India.—No. 5. Friendship	193

	Page.
The Durbar	199
Satires in India.—No. 6. Society	207
Life in India	213
Satires in India.—No. 7. Inconsistency .. .	224
Scandal	230
THE CADET.	
Canto the First	239
———— Second	270
The Disappointment	295
The Bhooteah	320
The Bareillee Chair	328
Leaving India	358
An Indiaman	369
Death on Shipboard	388
St. Helena	400
Approaching Home	418
The Bengalee at Home	434
Glossary	461

THE BENGALIEE.

FIRST LOVE.

But soft!—whom have we here?

SHAKESPEARE.

IF it has been the lot of any of my readers to gain admittance behind the scenes of a Theatre,—an Amateur Drury, for instance,—and to watch a poor Debutant for a few minutes before the opening of the scene, in all the trepidation and awe of waiting for the fatal catch-word, which is to summon him to his ordeal, and bring him at once within the gaze and criticism of assembled hundreds! then, be his courage what it may, or his assurance equal to that of a few gifted, and most happy individuals, still they must have observed his flushed cheek, colouring through the rouge, the trembling of his knee, the hesitation of his advance;—and then listening to his first few sentences, have distinctly caught the false and forced articulation of his words. At this moment the kindly

portion of the audience usually feel for him; and there is an odd, and certainly not very pleasant sensation, busy in the heart of not a few of his friends. But wait awhile; his confidence is abashed only, not destroyed; his courage hath only faltered, not wholly failed him. A single peal of applause calls him to himself; and treading more firmly and freely on the boarded arena, the same native assurance that brought him there at all, shines out undiminished in it's brazen splendour, and our new actor soon struts his busy hour, as bravely and gallantly as the best!

Thus it is, though no youngster,—no maiden novelist, shrinking, yet sighing to see herself in print,—though no new and gentle Tyro in the “love-sick angle” of a newspaper;—thus it is, that even I feel, at first starting into notice, and rashly stepping forward into public observation;—thus it is my cheek flushes, my fingers tremble; and, if eyes might visit me, in my interesting and awful predicament of inditing, so should I seem the poor and lowly symbol of

“Fit timor, et pavidâ trepidat formidine pectus !”

And after all it is no such trifling or unarduous task, to throw one's-self irrevocably on the judgment and justice (mercy is out of the question) of a host of critics;—to know, that one fell sneer of condemnation may nip not only the budding hopes of all my anticipated future most amusing lucubrations, but even doom their poor Author to the penalty of disowning his

own handy work;—aye, and bid him cry out louder than any one else against his bantling, in the hope of preserving his then, too necessary, too desirable incognito. But I will not dwell upon so lamentable and unlooked-for a result. Let me rather hasten forward to kind greetings and approvals; smiles from fair readers, and risque perusal from my more grave and steady ones;—and at length, ere the Bengalee shall have reached it's green old age, may I burn to disclose *who* is the Author, and be restrained from the pleasing avowal, only by my own innate and most indomitable modesty.

This modesty, which I thus early allude to, and announce, has been my bane through life: it's only blessing, that it has made me a retired observer of others, even while it inculcated it's lessons through the sad medium of many a mishap; and it may not prove uninstructional or undiverting, if, in this first Essay, I offer a short account of my Indian life, or rather of the leading and controlling events of it. It will serve, at all events, to bring the BENGALÉE and his readers better acquainted with each other.

I came out to India before the close of the last Century; so I shall at once be recognised as no unworthy usurper, as to standing, of my style and title. But in what capacity I arrived, whether “in the service;” whether as a tall Scotch Cadet, eager for pay, staff-facings and promotion; whether as a cranny in some good house of Agency, where time and usefulness to the “*Dear Sirs*” have since advertised me into a two-anna share of their balance-sheet; or, whether as a

ruddy-faced maker of Tirhoot and Kissenagur Indigo; all this must remain untold! Ere the BENGALÉE shall have unwoven the tissue of his tale, the truth may possibly be gathered from his pages; but still by inference only; for our annual East India and Calcutta Directories are so good at indexing names, rank, standing, and avocations, that he might as well blazon forth his cognomen and titles at length, in capitals, as give the clue to a secret, which every red book would then unravel.

On my first arrival it occurred, that I was for some time detained in Calcutta, where I saw every body; was, I am sure, known to every body; and yet recognized by nobody. My letters of recommendation and other circumstances, procured me, at first, not a few dinners, where I sat silent, and little noticed by those around me. My modesty never ventured to bow to my hosts and patrons elsewhere; and they, in their short-sightedness and reserve, seemed as little disposed to notice me. Thus it very naturally followed, that in a few months I had the full and undisturbed benefit of my own most particular society and reflections: and thrown on my own resources, I read much; wooed the Muses a little; and studied the Gamut, and Wragg's Flute Preceptor. Nay, I even bought a valuable Cremona at outcry, which I sedulously and noisily struggled with, till it brought me an impertinent chit from my next-door neighbour; and I was nearly paraded under the great tree of fatal celebrity, for my angry retort to this gentleman of too

sensitive organs. In fine, I caught at all methods of domestic amusement, which a bachelor can resort to, and at length saw the vanity of them all; when it occurred to me, that, as a Benedict only, could a modest, grave, and unobtrusive young man like myself, hope to secure a home, or happiness, in India. I pictured to myself a fond sharer of my solitude; her sigh the echo of mine; and to crown the blissful pencilling, there shone a pair of deep blue eyes, which ever came to mingle with the scene, and brighten over my sketch; till their blue beaming grew into a necessary, component part of the design:—nay, seemed the light, the soul, the centre of my picture.

To expound all this, in due candour, it is necessary to detail, that I was a regular attendant at St. John's Church, which at that time had not risen to the prouder and more episcopal eminence of a Cathedral. In a pew not far removed from my seat, gleamed the most captivating glances that ever shone from the bright orbs of youth, gentleness, and beauty. They were immediately before me;—no wonder that they seemed at times to fall on me. Once or twice, methought, (and yet my modesty is unimpeachable,) the return of their bright influence was too quickly renewed, and too lingeringly allowed to rest, to be altogether the result of accident. From that sad moment commenced my troubles; or, as at that delusive period, I so foolishly conceived, all that was dreamy and delicious upon earth. The Prayer-book, alas! claimed not my perusal as it ought. Many an impressive

inculcation of the Preacher lost more than half of it's effect, for my eyes saw not the emphatic action of his arm, nor the look of convincingness that followed each rich flower of his rhetoric. The truth was, I fell desperately in love with the blue eyes before me, and hence all the fancyings and day dreamings which began to play the deuce with my bachelor habits;—hence my aspirings after matrimonial felicities, and my growing distaste for all present solitary evils.—

“ Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ! ”

so our immortal Bard declares; but I thought very differently. It were impious to suppose that those bright blue eyes looked not love; aye, and that they looked not love at me! and though the saying may be true, that your grave and retired man is, after all, the most conceited and most self-upheld of all created beings, yet did I feel humbly assured that I was the happy subject of her thoughts, even as she proved so ceaselessly of mine. Many were my sleepless nights and restless days, till, at length, I wrought myself up to the determination of a speedy consummation of the matter. How to effect it was another point. I had soon found out the name and terrestrial abode of my blue-eyed charmer; nay, had brought myself boldly to gain an introduction to the family. If there be faith in glances, the fair Lucinda smiled on my first visit. To find myself so near my happiness was beyond patience or slow endurance; so, in less than a week (rather precipitate, it has since struck me, for so very

modest a young man!) I indited on Bath paper a brief mention of my pain; trusted my person was not disagreeable, nor my views presumptuous; and concluded by entreating an early, and, I would fain hope, a favourable answer to my prayer.

This note went off at half-past eleven precisely, on a hot and glowing morning of the month of May. " 'Twas Love's own season !"

Woe's me! it was a wearisome and anxious time, up to past four in the afternoon, and yet no reply. Tiffen had been removed untouched. I had paced up and down my room till my feet refused their office; and yet when I flung myself despairingly upon the couch, in less than three seconds they had again to support me. My poor unoffending nails, too, were bitten to the very quick! At last, five struck, and with it came my Bearer with the dread decider of my fate. It was a large business-kind of letter;—a half-official sort of packet methought, with huge bluff hand-writing; the very Omega to the Alpha of blue eyes. I opened it;—it was from the Father of my Lucinda:—"He had just returned from Cutcherry, and seen Mr. ———'s extraordinary application to his daughter, whose short acquaintance with Mr. ——— prevented the possibility of *her* acknowledging the favour. He trusted it would not be deemed uncivil his returning the note, which his family could only conceive to have been forwarded under error, and certainly intended for some other lady!"

An earthquake could not have produced a more sudden revulsion in nature, than did this fell destruction of my hopes. The bright blue eyes of former dreams were now changed to dark Gorgonic glances of aversion. I forswore all society, all intercourse; and but for an incident which occurred some years after, which brought me back to the world, in even kindlier and better mood than before, I should have remained the same sad and secluded misanthrope for ever.

The incident I have just adverted to, must form the subject of some future Chapter. My seclusion, however, was not altogether unattended with benefit. The very quaintnesses and oddities of thought, which such a state gives rise to, are not without their worth;—nay, they may at times be instructive, or, at least, amusing. We hang with the deepest interest upon the first remarks of a man relieved from long blindness; and though the paces of a late unriden courser may be displeasing in their roughness, yet the steed is essentially improved, and oftentimes of better value for it's run in it's own native pasture and retirement.

FATE OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN INDIA.

On her bestow'd

Too much of ornament.

MILTON.

MY introduction to my readers has already disclosed to them, that I am that most disconsolate of all earthly beings,—a confirmed Bachelor; and fast verging also to the hapless appellation of an old one! Like many others of the species, I am characterized by some, who do not know me intimately, to be somewhat of the same disposition, as the grave personage in *Le dépit amoureux*,—"un étrange homme, et d'une humeur terrible." I was once even written to, from the Writers' Buildings, by a round robin of young gentlemen, whose very Fathers were my contemporaries years ago, in Calcutta, to beg I would enrol my name in a society of unfortunates, which they had established and brought together, under the designation of the *JUWAB CLUB*; and of which they graciously tendered me the chair!—nay, I was once gravely asked by a pert young Miss, if it was really true, that I so resolutely and unalterably *hated* the whole sex!

Thank Heaven! however, I *am* known to a few

staunch friends, who have been pleased to find something in me, to counterbalance the seeming repulsiveness of my habitual reserve. These have discovered a warmth of heart, that would gladly repay them for their good opinion; and they can testify that I think more of my fair friends, than I would willingly confess; that I regret my present state of single blessedness, oftener than I would avow; and though I fain strengthen myself in my bachelor habits, and self-esteem, by picking holes in the alleged felicities of my married acquaintances, yet the fabled Fox is shewn but too plainly in my criticising acumen; and envy, melancholy to say, too often betrays it's pointless essence, in my every objection.

This present Chapter will be devoted to a few of my stoutest and ablest attacks; and as they are levelled at the Ladies themselves, let them answer them if they may.

It would seem with our Fair ones in this clime, that when they once begin to think and act for themselves, and become their own mistresses, by safely arriving within the holy pale of matrimony, their first essay at independence is boldly to forswear those very arts and accomplishments, which had so aided to confer on them the distinction they enjoy, and which had raised them to the happy power of being able to please only themselves. They feel it at once necessary to pass censure on the officious and busy care of parents, guardians, friends, teachers and

others; and with our motto, and in the words of the Epic poet, they conceive that these

“bestow’d

Too much of ornament, in outward view
Elaborate.”

Eager, therefore, to correct the error, they consign to merciless oblivion the entire fruits of a painful, and certainly not inexpensive, course of instruction. The Piano, Harp, Drawing, and, in fine, all the ornamental portions of education, are discarded as frivolous, and no longer interesting. Although the remembered instruments, or possibly newer and more expensive ones, still prove the component parts of the fashionable household furniture, their sounds are to be awakened only by the hand of the stranger; while the oblivious mistress suddenly proclaims her own entire ignorance of their use, and deploras her newly-acquired incapacity to touch them.

“I never play now,” is the reply of more than half the married ladies of the community here, and I might add of the British Indian possessions. In the Mofussil some allowance may reasonably be granted, from the difficulty of preserving the proper means of continuing the accomplishment. At the Presidency, however, where no obstacles exist, we might easily point out whole circles of the late most promising pupils of the first English teachers, whose fingers, during years of eternal practice, were busy only at Sonatas and Temas, who now not only

decline to approach the Piano, but from utter desuetude, in a very few months, are borne out by fact, when they assert their inability to play. The Harp, every where, has some shew of excuse; and is assuredly a most troublesome and thankless instrument, to attempt to retain in proper tune or order. Like the other wished-for harmonies of this life, some unhappy circumstance or other is always at hand to jar the hopes and endeavours of hours; something damps or destroys the chords. The faithless tie, on which so much, nay all depended, which had separated, and again and again been coaxed into seeming union and obedience to our wishes, now harshly and irrevocably severs, where nothing can replace or reunite! And at length, after days of loss and vexation, the heart flies away in disgust, to other and easier sources of enjoyment. It must be owned also, there is nothing on earth so depressingly melancholy, so truly doleful, as the disconsolate twang of a broken Harp string,—

“ *Ea lapsa repente ruinam
Cum sonitu trahit,*”

moaning forth its own sad tale and destruction, from within the unprotecting cover, or huge deal case in the corner! Again, it is almost politic in some fair followers of Orpheus, to abstain from the Harp. Its annoyances come too full and frequent for the well-being and equanimity of the temper, and it may be mercy to the poor bridegroom, that this same luckless

and trying source of amusement be abstained from, even in the honey-moon. Yet I cannot conceive why the Piano is as equally, and as early discarded, as it's sister instrument. It's chords are less frail and faithless; it's tones more true and lasting; and though it gives not the same opportunity for the display of commanding gracefulness as the Harp, still, in sober seriousness I assert it, there is scarcely a more pleasing enjoyment in the hours of domestic relaxation, than that of listening to, and witnessing an unaffected, feeling, and lady-like performer on the Piano.

I was much amused, not long since, on the occasion of a morning visit to a good old matronly Mama of my acquaintance. The two eldest daughters were hard by in separate rooms, and busily engaged in seeming ceaseless practice. The eternal variations of two well-known tunes, up to the number of some ten or fifteen, were most perseveringly and unskipingly gone through: introduction, tema, variations, major, minor, finale and all! They were not allowed, of course, to join us in the sitting room, partly that their practice might not be disturbed, but principally, that I was looked upon as an utter impracticable. The good old lady, however, was by no means unfriendly, or uncommunicative. She had a large packet, with half a dozen of closely written "crossed and recrossed" Europe letters before her; and graciously repeated to me portions of their, to her, most interesting contents. The third daughter

at home had been taken up to London, to have the benefit of a season's finish by Cramer, and was said to promise unusual brilliancy of touch. Her Crayons too were delightful; and her pencilling, after the Bath school, with its large single leaves, indescribable sprigs, and ever-to-be-counted foliage, most remarkable for its proficiency. The dancing, by I know not whom, was also of great promise! Then there were such earnest dissertations upon, and delineations in her letters of, the modes of education, adhered to with this young lady. Mr. Peel's new Bill was of infinitely less importance; and our Calcutta Stamp Tax a very jest to them. Such scrupulous devotion of periodical hours to each accomplishment; of portions of the day to every art; of the morning to one, the noon to a second, and the afternoon to a score of others!—Alas! thought I, and is all this waste of time, toil and youth, and last, not least, of the poor Husband's purse, to be cast away in pursuit of what will be utterly valueless and neglected, ere a few short years have wrought their change upon the thankless victim of the present most unprofitable care and unavailing anxiety.

Yet all this toil in youth, and neglect in after years, is the case with nearly three families out of every five of my acquaintance. The married ladies sometimes assert, and it must be allowed with no slight portion of truth, that the fault frequently rests with the gentlemen. The same tunes, the same endeavours to please, which once never besought ad-

miration, or at least attention, in vain, are now heard unheeded by their lords, nay perhaps received with annoyance. The hooka bubbles out, just as loudly at the sweetest passage of the song, or the softest adagio, as at the mere allegro or finale of some worn-out concerto. The accompaniment of the flute or voice, once ever offered, is now scarcely granted even to solicitation; while, in fact, all desire and attempt on the part of the lady to please, are gone, from the conviction of the fruitlessness of their exertion. When this cannot be denied, we can only say, the more shame to the parties.

Other Ladies contend that time now fails them. Their families have too much claim upon their proper attention, to admit of a relinquishment, as before, to simple accomplishments of the world. In the same way their books, their dress, conversation, manners, and every *agrement* of life, give way to the mere domestic functions of superintending the eating, drinking, nursing, clothing and sleeping of their little ones. It is true, the affectionate feeling, that prompts such exclusive employment, is amiable, and indicative of one of the kindest and most admired virtues of our nature. But it's very exclusiveness is it's fault; and if the inspired son of the Psalmist has not erred in telling us there is a time in worldly concerns for all things,—there is surely also capacity in the foldings of the heart, for fuller and more diffusive affections than those, which cold, nay oftentimes unkind elsewhere, can concentrate only, and

direct their force, like the inferior sharers of our creation, to the mere instinctive care and rearing of their offspring !

I shall close this Essay by a short Poetical delineation of such a character, and only entreat, that it may not be deemed from the life, and *too* faithful a portrait.

Materna once I knew a hoyden maid,
 Lovely and joyous, every thing but—staid ;
 Blithe as the beaming of her playful eye,
 She would waltz, romp, laugh, any thing but—sigh.
 I left her then, the gayest of the gay,
 Nor met Materna more for many a day ;
 When next I saw her,—Heavens and earth !—behold
 The awful change, 'a few short years had told !
 She sat at home within her Husband's hall
 Throned as a *Mother* !—here a baby small
 Scream'd on her lap, and there in basket laid,
 Slept on the floor a little two-years' maid :
 Pouting in corner, sulk'd a sturdy boy :
 And nigh yon chair a missy shy and coy,
 Clung to it's arm, and ever and anon,
 Shrunk from Mama, who fain would draw her on.

I ask'd in wonder,—could this be the girl
 I once had met in Fashion's giddy whirl ?
 Now more than Dowdy,—worse than slattern grown,
 With rumpled cap, and looser dressing gown ;
 Telling long tales of teething, and it's ills,
 Of lancing, leeching, purgatives and pills ;

Of troubles dire from nursing, and from dhyes,
Colds, coughs, and rushes,—cholic and weak eyes ;
Thrush, croup, and measles,—boils and vaccination,
And hundred others,—dread enumeration !
There was no punkah, lest it's chilling air
Should hurt the little host that nestled there :
There was no light,—alas ! the cheering ray
Was deem'd but glare, and thus in gloom they lay :
There was no converse, save a Mother's cares,
And save her watchings, frettings, and her fears :—
In short, all life,—idea,—thought,—joy was gone,
She was a *Mother*,—but was that—*alone* !

THE FUGITIVE.

Mais enfin discourons de l'aimable captive !

MOLIERE'S L'ETOURDI.

AT the entrance, from the South-west, into the beautiful vale of Mukwanpore, in Nepaul, at the point where the clear waters of the Raptée first enter into the valley, after quitting their course among the hills, which rise perpendicularly from the river, and almost darken it with their lofty and wood-crowned heights, —is situated the small and secluded post of Hettourah. It is discovered not long after descending the Cheriaghattach pass; and during the second Nepaul campaign, in 1816, was the point, where the division under the personal command of the late lamented, and, alas ! unappreciated, Sir David Ochterlony, halted after turning the pass; and where they were afterwards joined by the detachment, under Brigadier Burnett, which, as concerted by the General, had gallantly forced the famed pass itself, by a direct assault on its precipitous and stockaded heights.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of Hettourah. The Goorkahs had avowed their approval of the site, by

erecting a neat and well-built description of post, or guard-house, with it's picturesque roofs carved and fashioned after the manner of China. At this spot the river, though deep, is far from broad, but exhibits that glassy clearness peculiar only to mountain streams. It's finny inhabitants are distinctly seen in shoals, gliding over the pebbles and rocks, which gem it's farthest depths, and among them, the bright colours of many resemble those of our northern trout, and were, in fact, originally mistaken for them by our Officers. Reflected also in every possible hue, on the bosom of the water, are the many species of trees clothing the hills, as they rise almost perpendicularly from the river;—their range forming with the Cheriaghattach heights, a narrow and most stupendous amphitheatre above the valley.

At the period in which the following little tale is dated, the army under Sir David Ochterlony had retired for some months from Nepaul; and our Resident had long since taken his post at Catmandoo, as stipulated at the peace. There were the usual suite, with a small escort, with this representative of the British Government at the Nepaul Court; and the treasure necessary for their salaries and pay was periodically sent from Patna, under the charge of a party of Sepoys, commanded by a subaltern officer. It was usual for the guard to proceed through the Saul forest on leaving our territory, and then marching by Bec-hiakoh, and the Cheriaghattach Pass, descend to Het-tourah, and there await a party from the British es-

court, at Catmandoo, the capital of Nepaul, which received charge of the treasure, and enabled the Sepoy guard forthwith to return to our provinces.

Lieutenant Raymond, with a detachment of eighty men of one of the Bengal Regiments of Native Infantry, in the month of December, 1816, had been employed on this duty: he had, that very morning, delivered over the treasure to the Resident's escort, at Hettourah, and was preparing to return again towards Behar on the following day. The usual strictness of duty, necessary in guarding treasure, was not lost sight of; and although the money had been safely consigned over, still the habit of discipline enjoined the continuance of the same military precautions, with the detachment; and the regular sentries, before sun-set on that evening, were being posted as usual, around the little encampment.

Young Raymond was naturally of an ardent and romantic turn of mind; although it had been the fashion with him, during the few years of his Indian career, to repress it's feeling, and among his lighter military contemporaries, to disown it's very existence. He was particularly struck with the beauty and grandeur of the scene around him. Wandering in the vicinity, with the usual accompaniment of our detached officers, a favourite gun, his thoughts dwelt for a time on the majestic view before him. Then reverting to the more distant, yet fondly remembered, and regretted objects of home, which gradually became associated with the feeling of solitude and desertedness

that the place awakened,—he sighed at his separation from all that he had once held dear. His present few hopes and future prospects came gloomily before his view, and his mind sank into that train of desponding thought, which, it must be confessed, is too often the fate of the younger officers of our native army to suffer; cut off, as they are, from every early friend, and thrown often into solitary and cheerless duties, with few anticipations of brighter prospects, to cheer them in their performance. Like the young lover in the well-known tale of the Pirate, he scarcely bethought him of his gun, until he at length listlessly, and almost unconsciously, fired at some birds which were sailing afar in the still air above him; when the report not only aroused him from the dream where his fancy had conveyed him, but awakened the sleeping echoes of the mountain, till the reverberated sounds seemed to mock at the late din of war, which, but a few months before, had thundered in the vicinity of the same scene. He half started, and looked around; when on the steep and woody side of the hill near him, he perceived several Goorkah soldiers scrambling down from bush to bush, and tree to tree, apparently not a little quickened in their motions by the report of his fowling piece.

Without apprehension for his party, which could defend itself, he still naturally thought of the treasure which must now be little beyond the fort of Mukwanpore, on it's way to Catmandoo. He was wondering

within himself at the probable cause of these Goorkahs lurking in his neighbourhood, when his orderly came hurrying towards him, and announced that two strangers had precipitately fled into the spot where the guard was encamped, while a party of Nepaul-ese soldiers, as if in pursuit, were halted in the immediate vicinity, and their leader had sent to be admitted to the presence of the English Sahib. Raymond quickly sought his encampment. On the way, his Subadar met him, and in a few words apprised his officer that a female, veiled and closely concealed, but evidently of rank, from the immense value of an Hindoostanee bracelet which she had proffered to the sentinel, who first endeavoured to prevent her seeking refuge at the tents, accompanied by an old and weary Goorkah, had, for some cause or other, thrown herself upon the protection of the Sepoy detachment.

On Raymond's drawing nearer, the Goorkah himself came up as quickly as his faint and trembling limbs would seem to permit, and, casting himself imploringly at his feet, entreated, in the name of Heaven, that he would grant safety and protection to his daughter and himself, and not deliver them up to the Goorkah soldiers, who were in immediate pursuit, and, indeed, at that very moment within sight and hearing of the camp.

"Who are ye, then?" enquired Raymond, "and why thus in flight from your own countrymen?"

"My child and I," he eagerly replied, "have

escaped from slavery; nay, from death itself; and hearing of your party at Hettourah, have reached it to cast ourselves at your feet."

At this moment they were interrupted by a Sepoy, who informed the officer that the Goorkah sirdar of the party at hand, attended by three or four of his military followers, sent his greeting and compliments to the English captain, and urgently requested to be admitted to his presence.

"There can be no reason for declining the request," said Raymond, turning to the Subadar; "but have a few steady men in readiness to attend here, if I need them."

The Goorkah was accordingly ushered to the spot where Raymond was standing; his few followers keeping at a little distance in the rear. After the customary salutations, he respectfully, but still authoritatively, or rather as if he thought his solicitation admitted of no possible refusal, requested that the two fugitives from the Nepaul Court, for whose seizure he had the royal order and seal, and whom he had closely followed and traced into this encampment, might be delivered up to his armed party. The party itself, in compliment to the British officer, he had halted at a short distance.

"Yonder old man," he continued in good Hindoostanee, pointing to the aged stranger, who, in the extremity of fear, was shrinking behind Raymond and the Subadar, and trembling for his very life,— "yonder traitor is the male fugitive, and thus I

arrest him!" exclaimed he, making a movement at the same time, as if to seize his person, while the few followers approached quickly to second him.

"Hold!" said Raymond, calmly, but peremptorily; "this is my ground while I encamp here, and not a foot that has voluntarily sought its sanctuary shall quit it by force, or without my free permission. Who are these fugitives? and whence is your authority to seize them?"

"Sir," replied the Goorkah, "I have the authority of my superiors; of the rulers of the soil. These people are their subjects; and offenders against the law. They are escaped slaves from the Zenanah of our Chief and Prince, Bureah Ummr Sing Thappa."

"But what is their offence?" enquired the Englishman; "and why came they here?"

"Go,—ask the fickle frailty of woman, why the girl-slave has fled her bower," rejoined the Chief; "and bid the wanton fool tell you why she has seduced yon hoary traitor as the partner of her flight. I know not, care not;—my orders are to seize and conduct them to the fate they merit."

At this instant, bursting from the tent which had afforded her shelter, like a fairy glance of light, the veiled form of the female object of their discussion darted forward to cast herself at the feet of Raymond. She still held her veil around her, but contrived to cling with one arm to the knee of the astonished Englishman, and throwing her head in the eastern

style of lowly prostration to his very feet, faintly shrieked out for his protecting and saving mercy to herself and parent.

“*Parent!*” sternly exclaimed the Goorkah chief, “is it thus, wanton! thou hast titled thy paramour, and the dotard partner of thy flight! *Sahib,*” he continued, addressing Raymond, “yon abject and disgraced being is the slave and late favoured minion of Ummr Thappa! and that traitor, now trembling behind you, the foul instrument of her guilt, whom she has seduced to aid in her escape. May I claim your permission to remove them?”

There were few incidents that, in one brief moment, could have excited such intense interest in the mind of Raymond, as the sudden, but painful, scene before him. At his feet was a young trembling female, and at his side her aged companion, both breathlessly suing, as it were, for life at his hand; and awaiting, in death-like anxiety, the coming fiat of his resolve, which might either snatch them from impending fate, or consign them at a word to inevitable and immediate destruction. He gazed in silence at the timid creature at his knee, whose beauteous arm was yet clinging to him convulsively, and at length turning abruptly to the Goorkah Sirdar, “If Ummr Sing,” he exclaimed, “were here himself, and with his legions and myrmidons to back him, he should not thus seize the poor suitor for my protection! So apprise him, and the Superior who sent you!”

“May the God of thy Fathers protect and repay

thee!" murmured out the faint voice of the suppliant at his feet; and immediately, as if the energy which terror had lent her, had now failed, under the changeful violence and intensity of her new emotions, she sank senseless on the earth, where her delicate form had already prostrated itself. Ere she came to herself, there had been a long and angry discussion between the Englishman and the Goorkah Sirdar. The latter had tried every means of persuasion, entreaty, and once or twice of open menace, to induce the British officer to relinquish his protection to the fugitive. He stated that his own life would atone for non-compliance with his orders; and that he durst not return to Catmandoo without the desired object of his pursuit; he adverted to the strength of his own party in the neighbourhood, till finding all of no avail, he at length tauntingly exclaimed, "Is it for this abandoned woman,—this shameless wanton and her paramour, that you brave the awful consequences of their detention?"

At these words, which had evidently reached the recovering perception of the young female, she slowly raised herself from the earth; declining, however, the proffered assistance of Raymond; and turning to the Goorkah leader, exclaimed, "Thou breathest falsehood, base and unmannered slave! Come hither," said she commandingly to the old man; "come hither, thou poor companion of my danger!" Then rising up, and holding him forth to the view of Raymond, whilst, by this graceful and impressive movement, her

veil was thrown back, and floated on her shoulders, she mildly yet feelingly exclaimed,—“Is this my paramour? The parent herself of the haughty chief, whose walls I lately fled, lived not on earth more saintly pure, than breathed my every thought towards this aged and faithful partner of my flight!—Nay,” she continued as she looked with scorn towards the Goorkah, till her gentle figure seemed to wear the character even of dignity, “was it not enough that I abhorred thy Prince? Dost thou belie, and question the instinctive terror of the fawn which bids it flee the wolf? or must thou revile the prey that shrinks from the murderous stoop of the falcon?”

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more beautiful creature than she who so emphatically uttered this haughty vindication of her fame and flight. Her dark hair had been braided back after the eastern manner, but in her late exertions and terror, had partly escaped from its confinement, and its glistening and silken tresses were falling in rich profusion on her shoulders. Her forehead, however, was scarcely shaded by them, and though it betrayed less fairness than would have belonged even to the warm South of Europe, was yet any thing but dark; and displayed rather that indescribably pure and clear complexion, so peculiar to some of the fair daughters of the remote East. Her eyes, during the moment that they flashed indignation at the insult of the Goorkah Sirdar, were large and brilliantly dark, but the long and deep-fringed lids of her country, so often the theme of

the Eastern Poets, soon fell shadingly over her glances, as the feelings of habit and retiring shame recalled her to a sense of her unveiled situation amidst the gaze of strangers. She now looked timidly down, and drawing her veil again closely and gracefully around her, seemed to entreat permission to withdraw from a scene so fraught with apprehension ; and seek in the nearest tent a retirement, more suited to her wishes, and the secluded customs of her country. .

As Raymond signified his acquiescence with her entreaty, and desired those near him to convey her to his tent, the Goorkah, after briefly recapitulating the danger of the course pursued by the Englishman, abruptly withdrew. There is a bluntness and independent sturdiness in the Goorkah character, which had attracted the notice of our countrymen, in their operations against their late enemy, and Raymond was not a little surprised, therefore, at the ease with which he had got rid of this military claimant for the fugitive. But, in truth, the Sirdar was uncertain what course to pursue, and felt himself fettered in the duty entrusted to him. The orders he had hastily received from the Goorkah Authorities to pursue the escaped pair, provided for no contingency like the unthought-of intervention of the British detachment ; while the strict injunction to the frontier guards, of which his party formed a part, to avoid all collision with, or possible cause of offence to, their late invaders, paralyzed his wishes. This he more than hinted to the Lieutenant when intimating his own desire to

adopt force, where his entreaties had so entirely failed. The Goorkah soldiers, who in fact were more numerous than the Sepoys, were shortly afterwards led off from the neighbourhood; and the quiet post of Het-tourah was again left to the undisturbed possession of the officer and his detachment.

The sun had by this time completely set, and in the shady valley of Muckwanpore, the darkness of night was fast descending. Raymond bethought of precautions to guard against any return of the irritated Goorkahs; and now the circumstances in which he suddenly found himself involved, came forcibly to his reflection. He was at a considerable distance from the outer confine of the Saul forest, where our own frontier commenced, and before him lay the Cheriaghattach pass, where, in its present state, even a few men might effectually cut off his retreat. There were other points also of almost equal difficulty of passage, if his opponents were prepared to avail themselves of these advantages. After conferring, therefore, with the Subadar, the Lieutenant made arrangements for speedily breaking up from their present encampment. Marching by night is by no means unusual with our detached parties of Sepoys, and is generally preferred, as more in consonance with the climate; but here, circumstances left Raymond little alternative; and even the appearance of thus retiring from the vengeance of the Goorkahs, was preferable to the certainty of early violence and blood-

shed, if their soldiers returned with fuller orders, and better means of enforcing them.

A small portion of a Sepoy tent was now pitched apart for Raymond, after he had given instructions for such means of comfort as could be procured from within his own detachment for its unexpected guest. He sent for the aged stranger, who could give but little information, either as to the history, or causes of the flight, of his Mistress. It appeared that he held some subordinate situation in the Zenanah of Ummr Sing, and won by the kindness and presents of the young and lovely favourite of the chief, who had been brought into his residence only a few months before,—it was said, from Hindoostan,—he was induced to assist in her escape to the Company's provinces. Further, that ascertaining the date of the expected arrival of the British treasure, they had planned to reach Hettourah on the same day as the guard. So closely, however, were they pursued, and so early was the discovery of their flight, that they had only gained the sanctuary by a few hundred paces, and were actually in sight of their pursuers at the moment of reaching the encampment.

Before midnight the tents were struck, and having placed the female in a Palankeen, which was fortunately with them, they moved on silently and guardedly, towards the pass. It was strange, how deeply the very Sepoys seemed to enter into the interest of these occurrences; they were whispering together as

they marched on, and appeared each to be as anxious for the safety of their young and mysterious charge, as if her appeal had been made individually to every private of the detachment. There was not among them one who would not freely have sacrificed his life for this object of their solicitude ;—not from the same high spirit of romance that influenced their officer, but partly from the feeling that she was escaping from their late opponents the Goorkahs, which conferred, they thought, some little honour in the rescue ; and more, that the event itself, sanctioned too by their officer, was just of the description to work upon the nature and Rajpoot pride of this easily-led class of soldiery. It has been the fashion of late to decry them, and disregard their quiet and unobtrusive services ; but, from what source shall we replace so docile, so inexpensive, yet so brave a body as the Rajpoots of our Upper Provinces ? Orators, we know, love to call British India, the “ Empire of opinion ;” but, it is the EMPIRE OF SEPOYS : and woe to it’s rulers, when they shall venture to neglect this main spring, this too critical secret of it’s mechanism !

Towards daylight they found themselves in the narrow and rugged way, which winds along in continued ascent, till it comes to the difficult and more precipitous approach to the key of the pass itself, situated at the extreme height of the Cheriaghattach ridge. The traces of the prepared road, over which the heavy ordnance of the British Army had been

transported in the war, by the incredible exertions of elephants, the aid of cables and blocks affixed to trees, and other means, were now wholly obliterated by the late months of periodical rain : but the line of ascent and the direction were still the same, and made it evident that a few such positions in the hands of determined defenders, would effectually check the proudest and best equipped army that ever marched to invasion. Immense jetting rocks here and there seemed to obstruct all access ; their crests were reached only by climbing with difficulty the broken path which wound around them ; and which, when gained, formed steps, or resting places, for the weary toilers up the height. On finally reaching the vicinity of the extreme summit, Raymond distinctly heard the shout and shrill whistle of the Goorkahs, and distinguished, through the haziness of the opening day, several forms above him, whom the approach of his party was putting into confusion. He halted his advanced and leading files, and then moving on with care, and decision, soon reached the summit. He there heard the continued shouts, and perceived the descent and escape of a small body of men, who had been busy stockading near the crest of the ridge ; and had they effected their purpose, and but a few hours more been granted to them, a whole brigade might have failed to force a point, which their defences then must completely have commanded. He paused not, but at once commenced his descent, and after a few hours reached the rocky and broken bed of an exhausted mountain

torrent, which now led it's open way for miles, to the commencement of the Saul forest at Bechiakoh.

At this latter place, it was Raymond's intention to have halted and refreshed his men; he betook himself to the side of the Palankeen, the doors of which were kept carefully closed, and which was moving on, assisted by many, and well guarded on either side. To the respectful enquiry and expression of his hope, that it's gentle inmate was not much fatigued or distressed by their late perilous ascent of the pass, he received a kind and grateful answer. The hills at this point were more abruptly scarped in their heights, and at one part, cliffs completely overhung the bed of the mountain torrent. It was here, and at the moment that he retired from the side of the Palankeen, that a shot whizzed past his leading files, followed by several others, with the running report of either matchlocks or musquets, on the heights above them. Fortunately, they were not repeated, nor was any effort made to return them; they would seem to have been but the insult or warning of a few angry Goorkahs, sent forward to scout, and watch the moving detachment. Whatever they were, the necessity of getting clear of the forest, if possible by that night, was now apparent to Raymond. This he mentioned to his men, who though weary and fatigued, gave a shout of cheerful and hearty acquiescence; and regardless of what they had suffered, the little band continued on it's way, and soon entered the solemn shade of the deep and towering forest of the Teraiee.

Slowly and cautiously did the Sepoy detachment proceed through the still depths of the wood, which were now leading to the open plains in their front. The men, who had tasted nothing on the way, but the dry prepared grain which they had with them in their knapsacks, were beginning to exhibit symptoms of extreme weariness and exhaustion. Many would gladly have braved all that could have assailed them, on halting in their present position, rather than encounter the more distressing fatigue of the remaining portion of their toil. But an occasional shout in their rear, and on their flanks; and once the report of a gun, which was distinctly answered by two successive shots in the remoter distance, gave them to understand that their course was still watched and beset. Raymond clearly perceived that it would involve the most serious public consequences, if his interference in behalf of the distressed fugitive led to any actual fray, or bloodshed, between the troops of the two nations, and, for this reason, he determined to reach Pursah, or some other open situation on our own territories, before he halted. The day departed while he was still far from his destination; and never did benighted traveller more gladly hail the twinkling of the cottage light, that beamed to him of safety and coming repose, than did Raymond and his wearied party welcome the ruins of the late post of Samrah-bass, at the western entrance of the forest, which they at length came upon, in the deep gloom of the night. They were now soon

clear of the straggling trees, and in less than an hour had reached the wished-for vicinity of Pursah;—a post so sadly notorious in the war, for the destruction by the enemy, of an entire detachment of our advanced troops. Here they found a small guard which had been left, with spare tents and other heavy baggage of their party, deposited at this place, before entering the rugged and difficult route just quitted.

A tent was soon pitched, and Raymond conducted his interesting and grateful guest to its shelter: he lingered for a moment at its entrance, still to tender his polite and respectful offer of farther service; but the retiringness, and anxious shrinking from observation of his lovely and timid charge, soon convinced his truly respectful and manly feeling, that the same little attentions it would have been incumbent on him to offer to a fair country-woman of his own, were here unwished for, and even painful to the seclusion of Eastern habits. He retired, and all was soon stillness and repose in their new encampment: not a sound stirred in the lonely hours of night, or broke upon the silence of the plain; save only the wakeful challenge, and “all’s well” of the sentinel; or the sudden and causeless bark of some native dog, the faithful but neglected follower of the Sepoys.

In a few days they reached Bettiah, where it was resolved to halt some time, for the purpose of refreshing the cattle. On the way, little had occurred worthy of notice. Every attention and respect had

been paid to the beauteous stranger, and Raymond could not but remark the continued intense feeling of devotion to her, that had been excited throughout his whole detachment. Her wealth and generosity, indeed, appeared boundless, and already, through the aid of the old Goorkah and some others with the party, she had attached to her from the neighbourhood, a small but respectable train of attendants. The costly jewels on her person secured these means, and it may be almost unnecessary to explain that the native ladies of India do not hesitate to disburse one by one the pearls of their necklaces, or other portions of their jewels, whenever their circumstances require it. Their wealth frequently consists only in their ornaments, which are accumulated for the purpose of being so disposed of; and thus the habit carries with it none of the shame or reluctance with which a fair sister of Europe would shrink to part with her smallest trinket.

The expression of sincere gratitude to her deliverer seemed, however, to be now the leading and ceaseless wish with the young stranger; numerous were the little Eastern and characteristic modes of it's display. Every morning on his breakfast table, Raymond discovered some flowers tastefully arranged by herself; which her attendants must have been at some pains in searching for from the vicinity of their daily route: and the day before their arrival at Bettiah, it appearing that they had failed to procure the accustomed offering, there was presented to him,

in their stead, a small prepared rose, such as the inmates of Eastern Harems love to shape and arrange from their delicate and coloured muslin. The whole was scented, and the stem entwined by a string of beautiful pearls. Gratified as Raymond was by this kindly token of her feeling towards him, our young soldier was hurt and distressed on receiving the pearls. They were, perhaps, in compliment only, but still they seemed to him as a gift, almost a remuneration for his services; and his native delicacy recoiled from their acceptance. It must be confessed that the romance of Raymond's heart had been, for some days, most busy in the re-assertion of its awakening empire. The glimpse he had for a few moments caught of the fugitive at Hettourah; the loveliness of her features; and the circumstances themselves under which she had been thrown upon his notice and protection; were now ever present in his waking and sleeping dreams. The weaker sex of India had appeared to him but as a degraded and mindless portion of humanity; and those he had hitherto seen, had led him too readily to confirm the truth of his appreciation. But here he had found a young creature, loveliness itself, with a soul of enterprise and energy beyond the common stamp, and yet more gentle and timid even than our fondest poets had delighted to pourtray in their glowing pages of Eastern imagery. Her mysterious and delicately retired manner, too, had fastened with so touching an interest on his imagination;—

“ Like aught that for its grace might be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery !”—

that it would have required far less of romantic soil than his heart presented, to have received there a deep and too glowing impression.

His every thought was now engrossed by the fair stranger; and he soon arrived at that stage of aroused feelings, when the admiration is too powerfully excited for the colder judgment to investigate its object, or enquire its meaning. The pearls he returned, with as much of compliment, and kind explanation of the cause, as his knowledge of the language enabled him to convey through her emissary: and they were not again forwarded to him; but during the day, he received a respectful entreaty to attend at her tent on the following morning.

It would be difficult to describe the restless eagerness with which Raymond looked forward to this interview. At the appointed hour he was in attendance at the tent, and was immediately ushered on to the interior, where he observed that one half had been veiled, or curtained off; and with a feeling of disappointment, at once comprehended, that he should not be permitted to approach nearer, or see the late object of his incessant thoughts. There was a short pause, which was broken by the delicate and gentle voice he had heard so interestingly in terror and vindication at Hettourah. It conveyed a simple compliment, but its every tone was intently listened to:

and when, as it seemed, the emotions of grateful recollection were overpowering to the fair speaker, and her voice faltered as she dwelt on his generous and noble protection: he interrupted her with an entreaty not to thank him, for having simply performed a pleasing duty; in which every member of his country or profession would have yielded life itself, rather than have shrunk from the same little service he had been so happy as to afford her.

"I had heard this," she replied, "and had prepared myself to meet this generous conduct; and yet when I now experience it, my lips have little learned to speak their gratitude as they ought. Brave Englishman! I must no longer burthen your kindness; I leave this place to-morrow."

"Leave this!" exclaimed Raymond, as the intelligence jarred on every chord of his heart; and the surprise of his exclamation betrayed that so sudden a closing of his dream, was as little contemplated as approved; "nay, not so soon; surely, the fatigue, the necessary preparation, ——"

"All is prepared," she continued; "my people have arranged for my departure; a suitable escort has been engaged, and it only remains for me to ——." She paused for some time, nor was the silence broken in upon by Raymond, whose bosom was at that moment the scene of too many conflicting thoughts to admit of speech. At length she resumed, "I could have wished to disclose to you some circumstances of my fate, which might remove the im-

pressions my late fearful flight may have given birth to; *but, I dare not!* It were shame to many, certain ruin and foul disgrace to a few in high honour and alliance with your nation, who are still dear—oh! how dear to me! even while I shudder at the cruel and fruitless sacrifice to traiterous policy, which betrothed, and consigned me to the abhorred Prince of your enemy! The insolent man who pursued me to your camp called me the *slave* of Ummr Sing: well he knew me to be no slave! But I must leave this afflicting subject; alas! the daughter of Princes was not the meet price for treason, nor to be bartered as the base pledge of unhallowed pacts! But, farewell, young and brave Englishman! thou hast been my saviour! farewell! and it may be for ever!" She held forth her hand from one of the folds of the muslin screen, and he respectfully approached to press it to his lips; but he felt it's trembling, and too-speaking agitation; and what will not the perception in such case vividly comprehend? Drawing it gently on, the little form was bent forward, and through the faint muslin curtain, he caught the sobs of this lovely and mysterious creature, as her head sank for an instant upon his arm. 'Twas but for an instant, a brief, too fleeting instant; the hand was suddenly withdrawn, and a retiring step sped to the farthest recess of the tent. All was then mute silence, save the whisper of females, and the low murmur of suppressed weeping; and Raymond rushed from the scene with emotions, which, but

a few days before, he would have scoffed at the ideal possibility of his ever suffering.

The next day a Palankeen, escorted by peons and several armed men, and well attended, moved off to the westward. Its course was intended to be kept secret, but the destination had transpired, and rumour confidently asserted it to be the distant city of Lucknow. For the whole day Raymond quitted not his tent; and, in the evening, hastily calling for his horse, as if madness and sudden resolve had prompted the order, he sprang into the saddle, and at full speed fled from the camp in the same direction as that pursued by the little party of the morning. He returned again only on the third day, pale, wan and haggard, seeming the very victim of crushed hope, and of the successful result of some rash daring; the passionate and unavailing effort of despairing emotion. But whatever had occurred, the heart of Raymond, with all its wildness and romance, was too noble to have caused a single blush for his memory, however deep the blow his own peace might have sustained, or whatever in after life his painful recollections of the past.

The Detachment now returned to its station, and the young officer frankly revealed the eventful circumstances of the rescue to his immediate superior; but, as expected, no appeal, no representation, nor complaint, ever reached our authorities from Ne-paul!

Years, many years had past, and the age of Ray-

mond had grown to maturer manhood. He had in that time married a fair relation of his own, and held a responsible and honourable Staff appointment at one of the larger stations, not very distant from Oude; when he was one morning surprised, by his infant child returning home from it's accustomed airing, with a most splendid and costly necklace of diamonds placed upon it's neck by two strangers, who were afterwards traced to have been servants from the Court of Lucknow: and Raymond's heart, like that of Ivanhoe towards the beautiful Jewess, doubtless beat for an instant more tumultuously than would have been gladly sanctioned by his beloved wife, when he discovered with the necklace, a string of pearls, *the string he had once returned!* and read on a small ornament also attached, this couplet in Arabic:—

“Thou art remember'd!

Frown not! my prayers but tell it!”

MYSELF.

Nothing is more foolish, than for a man to talk of himself.

MISS PORTER.

IT has frequently been particularly amusing to me to listen to the sage surmises as to who is the real Simon Pure, the veritable BENGALÉE of these lucubrations. I have heard a hundred different guesses, and if any of them may claim peculiar merit, it is simply that they are more ludicrously, more amusingly wide of the mark, than their neighbours. One man, who appears to be deep in the mystery, confidently affirms that he has it “from the best authority; from a channel that would leave no single particle of doubt; in fact, under circumstances every way conclusive to *his* mind,” (the usual preface and poor petitioning for belief, when the sources of information *are* somewhat questionable,) “that the Bengalee is no other than an elderly and very respectable servant of the Honourable Company, whose intelligent physiognomy is daily seen peering on the Calcutta course, from the corner of an antiquated and very rickety coffee-coloured chariot.” Another declares that the Bengalee is the ex-Editor of one of

our newspapers. Whether from among the late potentates of the Bull, the ex-Generals, learned retainers, or hurried enditers of the Hurkaru, or from among the late proprietors, or first, second or fifth assistant Editors of departed Journals, expired Scotsmen, or defunct Chronicles, our deponent saith not. It was asserted at dinner the other day, to be a well-known scribbling military gentleman at Barrackpore ; but this was clearly refuted by a Cadet in company, for no officer could be guilty of such *un-Sepoy*-like details, such milk-and-watery maidenism, as appeared in the tale of "The Fugitive." Yet a friend of mine who says very little ; a reverend old crony, who still smokes his Hookah in the real Nawaubee and attic style, disdaining the innovation of *tarbunds*, and other follies of the Buildings and Royal Barracks, disclosed to me, a few evenings since, that he is in the secret of the Bengalee, who is a very gentlemanly good fellow, once in the service, and of the same year and standing as himself, but now in the firm of Messrs. Mc Culloch and Co. "You may see him," he continued, "day after day, in his little Palkee-garee, posting off at sun-set to the gardens : not a glance gives he to the right, or to the left, though all the beauty of the road were concentrated in one noisy and giggling Barouche, thundering past his little ponies, with the ladies themselves aiming at him the whole artillery of their attractions !"

After all, there is much pleasure in masking it before the public ; in playing off the incognito, as it

were, on one's nearest acquaintances, and appearing in the luxury of print, without the pains and penalties of its exposure. It must be admitted, however, there are *some* few annoyances: you see your friend with your own volume before him, and watching him, all unconcernedly in appearance, but anxiously at heart, you hear each pithy observation on the various matter, but no one syllable of praise. Or, death and confusion! you hear him enquire "who the d—l's this Bengalee, who has been prosing here of late?" One dare not curse him, in turn, for a tasteless, impertinent puppy; one dare not even look displeasure: then the horror of enacting smiles and indifference, with the facetious disavowal of all knowledge of the confounded old Proser! I would not writhe in such agony again (it *did* occur but once) for all the German honours of a Goëthe; and I certainly had forsworn my labours, but for the angel smile of a newly-arrived spinster, who was copying some of my best Poetry into her Album, and sweetly enquired if I had seen it. Her smile was the rescue, the salvation of the Bengalee!

In my first Chapter, after introducing myself to my readers, and detailing the result of my early surrenderment to the tender passion, which commenced amidst all the blissfulness of secret looks, and intermingling glances at St. John's Church; and ended, at the young lady's angry behest, in an awful repulse, under the bluff hand and seal of her Papa, I

proposed to explain the circumstances that roused me from the state of gloom and seclusion which followed so melancholy a catastrophe. For years I saw no one, excepting those it was impossible to escape; while my Sirdar-bearer, and the few natives whom business brought about me, at length grew into so essential and main a portion of my necessary acquaintance, that I became a fellow-labourer in the same vineyard, and almost a convert to their goodly habits and observances of Hindooism. There was a young medical gentleman in my vicinity, who essayed his utmost, in consequence, to get me conveyed to Calcutta from a distant station, for the especial kindly purpose of being introduced to a friend of his, a Dr. Leny; "in charge of the insane hospital," as I found by reference to the blue book: this, too, simply because the puppy saw me studying the Shastras, shaved like a Hindoo, and coolly enrobed with a dotee only. Beef, and the very knowledge of its murderous existence in my neighbourhood, became at this time intolerable to me; and but for a severe and sickening ague, contracted at Benares while bathing, with a select Hindoo coterie, on the chilly occasion of the eclipse of a December's moon, I verily believe that by this time I should have been an Hindoo myself; or, at least, as learned a Pundit as the erudite translator from the Sanscrit of that most amusing of all amusing Comedies, the Mrichchakati, or Toy Cart.

But now we come to the real and effective awakener

from my dreams and despondency ; and as it reached me under circumstances not a little serious in themselves, it will be well to drop, for a moment, all idle flippancy in their description. Several years ago, during the unsettled month of July, I was upon the Ganges, at no great distance from a point above the little station of Mongheer ;—the river at the point swelling after the late rains into a seeming sea in it's extent. The wind, from the south-east, was violently high, and opposing itself to the rapid current of the freshes, as they came boiling down from the westward, raised an abrupt, and conflicting wave, more fearfully broken and high, than could have been imagined in an inland river, however agitated and extensive. My Budgerow was large and tolerably safe ; but it was found impossible to live in the centre of the stream ; and after one or two dangerous and ineffectual attempts to keep nearer the bank, it was deemed prudent to bring to. A small creek was fortunately gained, and the crew immediately commenced the preparation of their wonted food, and awaited the subsiding of the wind. But the gale increased in it's fury, and scarcely was I seated at my little table, with my writing materials around me, congratulating myself on my safe position, the calm and smooth shelter of which formed a strange contrast with the rushing violence of the torrent without, as it foamed and lashed past us in mad opposition to the tempest ; when my attention was arrested by several shouts, and hurried voices from the top of the Budgerow.

“ The boat will be lost !—they will be lost ! ” distinctly struck upon my ear, and rushing to the deck, I saw a large Mirsapore Cotton-boat carried past the head of the creek with the rapidity of lightning. It’s deck and roof were covered with the crew, and a few native passengers, who shrieked to us piteously for help as they flew past our Budgerow. But it was unavailing, and their boat went rolling and staggering on among the waves, to a distance from the shore, in a way it is impossible to describe. In a few moments she gave a fearful reel, and at once the whole plungingly disappeared from our view, excepting the utmost point of the mast, which was still seen hurrying on with the torrent, with a few helpless creatures clinging to it’s ropes in all the agony and struggling terror of death. The buoyancy of the cargo, or, probably the choppah of the boat, seemed to prevent it’s sinking altogether for a brief and awful moment ; but ere my recollection could prompt a single thought, beyond the mere unavailing wish to aid, the mast too went down ! and I could plainly, but at times only, perceive one poor wretch tossing on the bosom of the merciless waters ;—till he, also, after a strong and despairing struggle, sunk within the waves, and disappeared for ever !

How the mind shrinks back into itself, and quails in horror at witnessing so nigh, the sudden, unprepared consignment to eternity of a whole band of our fellow-creatures ! The last shriek borne upon the gale,—the struggling forms,—the very aspect of

Nature itself, bleak, frowning and pitiless,—all fasten on the imagination, and leave the feelings too agonising at the moment,—too painful thereafter, for endurance, or even retrospect. But there was little time given me for reflection. A pinnacle at this juncture was perceived to be coming down close to the bank, and evidently trying to shelter itself in the same creek with ourselves. If it missed the opening, and failed to obey the helm at the required angle, it must inevitably fly off to the body of the stream, where, although better able to contend with its violence than the country boat whose destruction we had just witnessed, the danger was extreme. I could distinctly see a family of Europeans, as they were fast approaching us, in anxious alarm; and instantly causing a long and stout rope to be secured to a tree, at the extreme and outermost angle of the bank, and fastening a small log of wood, the only thing at hand, to the other extremity of the rope, we awaited the rapid approach of the pinnacle. It came rushing on with the speed of thought, and missed the creek; at that moment one of the strongest of my people flung out the coil, which happily reached the boat, and swinging round and entangling with the standing rigging, checked its course, but with a staggering and alarming reel, which brought its gunwale under the wave. A second rope was now cast to it, and by the aid of both, and our anxious assistance, they were enabled, after considerable exertion, to haul back into the creek.

How shall I describe my astonishment, when, for the first time since the crushing of my hopes and affections, my vision fell upon the same blue eyes which for years had been the subject of my dreams, and which fancy, under my gloom and seclusion, had latterly dressed forth in as revolting a guise as in sober reality they were still pleasing and attractive ! Those eyes were now beaming upon me their tearful thankfulness for the safety of herself and family ; and she hastened to introduce me to her husband, a gentlemanly man, of good exterior, whom I instantly recognised as a once old friend and youthful contemporary. They were on the way to the Presidency, to send their elder children to England ; and, in their kindness now, not only made prisoner of me for the day, but wished that I should bear them company in their further progress to Calcutta.

To cut a long narrative short, suffice it to say, for days before we entered the Hooghly, I had witnessed such amiable demeanour in their family circle ; such unaffected domestic happiness, resulting from the delightful interchange of unreserved confidence and ceaseless affection, that I had forsworn seclusion and selfish retirement, for a share only of the mere friendly regard of the same blue eyes, with their beaming of mildness and esteem, which I had formerly fled from under the boyish conviction of imagined falsehood and foolish deceit.

Having now redeemed my pledge, and related, as I promised, a portion of these leading circumstances of

my life, a truce with egotism ! The Bengalee, for the future, shall introduce himself, and his own concerns, to notice, only when absolutely necessary ; or when, in relation to the passing events, he may endeavour to exhibit for the amusement and benefit of his readers.

MARY ASHFORTH.

This will be a mournful tale,
And they who listen may believe.

LORD BYRON'S GIAOUR.

IN the commonest paths, and the most frequented scenery,—in the domestic circle, and amidst the seeming wonted tenor of every-day life, there may exist more real sorrow, more unaffected and heart-breaking anguish, than oftentimes the pen of fancy can portray, or even the imagination single forth from among the airy dreamings of romance.

At a quiet station on the Ganges, about midway to the Upper Provinces, in the retired spot set apart for the burial ground of the cantonments of Mongheer, the stranger, as he quits his boat for the evening, and wanders in the vicinity of this secluded dwelling of the dead, finds his attention directed to a large and splendid tomb, rising conspicuously above the rest. It attracts notice from among the reliques of our departed countrymen, chiefly from its size and unusual costliness; particularly, as the other graves are mostly rude unadorned mounds; and as their inscriptions and humble attempts at monumental adorn-

ment apprise us, enclose the mortal remains of worn-out invalids, and pensioned soldiers of the military establishment.

The erection itself, with it's rich black marble slab in the centre of a small niche or recess, has, however, little to distinguish it from the architecture and style of the tombs, at our Eastern metropolis. On the tablet, large characters of gold tell us the age and rank in life of the deceased, while some conspicuous letters, at the corner of the inscription, proclaim, as usual, to the world, that some Cossitollah artist is the sculptor. But with the name of the deceased here, how deep a tale of suffering is recalled to the memory; and how recollection sickens to dwell upon the many lorn hours of misery, which consigned it's once-lovely possessor to this distant and untimely sepulchre.

And yet there is nothing peculiarly eventful in the fate of poor Mary Ashworth; for such was the maiden name of her, whom the marble describes as "Mary, the Lady of Augustus Treville, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, who departed this life at the early age of Twenty-three." Of the incidents of her life, too, some may have been the portion of many; but the stings of fortune will touch lightly on the hearts of those where sensibility is blunted, and feeling hath little existed: whilst in a bosom like her's, they inflict a pang which rankles till the still tomb only shall hush it's throb, or the hand of death assuage the peaceless and unwearying agony.

Miss Ashforth, in her own native and domestic circle, in a midland county in England, where her Father held a rich and extensive living, was the pride and happiness of many. Her Parent enjoyed, in addition to his living, the honourable office of Lecturer at one of the Inns of Court in the Metropolis, and with his beloved daughter, and in the possession of wealth and reputation, it seemed that Fate had again smiled upon his widowed home. His attendance, however, to his periodical duties in town, proved too much for his years and constitution ; and on one occasion some unavoidable exposure through it, brought on a severe indisposition, which, though it partially yielded to the skill of his Physician, and the affectionate and devoted care of his Mary ; yet a dreaded relapse speedily came on, and a few months saw the lovely and afflicted girl a fatherless orphan, under the roof of one of her Parent's executors.

It was at first thought that the estate of the deceased would have left the daughter a handsome competency ; but the successor to the living proved to be a young man of family, at that time on the continent, and his agent, a person of little principle, contrived to exhibit a case of dilapidation, which consumed nearly all the personal property accumulated at the death of the late incumbent ; while some informality in the title to an estate which had been purchased a few years before, threw the case into Chancery, and left the poor orphan a possible, nay almost a present beggar. She was at this time little

more than entering her eighteenth year, lovely, unaffected, and peculiarly accomplished. A home was offered to her on every side, but she remembered a pressing invitation during her Father's life, from her Uncle, of the Civil Service in India, her now nearest relative. It had been given but a year before this, when he pressed her to accompany his three fair daughters to Bengal, on their return to his Eastern roof; and the invitation had then been proffered in the same urgent and not-to-be-refused manner, in which men would often force favours and good will on those, who, from happier circumstances, are beyond the need of them; or, from their situation at the time, utterly precluded from their acceptance. This, however, was altogether unsuspected by Mary, and as soon as her determination to join her Uncle was made known, her friends, seeing the fruitlessness of their entreaties for her retention, and judging that the excitement and necessary exertion in the preparations would rouse her in some measure from her state of affliction, assented to, and assisted, the measure. In a few weeks therefore she was a passenger on board the Honourable Company's ship *Elphinstone*, under the care of a respectable family returning to India, who had been made known to her through some mutual friend.

At this juncture of unspeakable distress, suffering under her recent bereavement, and her separation from her earliest friends and native country, there was still one source of affliction, which, although her

tongue might never frame it's disclosure, nor her heart's throbbing scarcely dare whisper to herself, yet came, alas! *would* come to instil a double portion of bitterness in the sad cup of which she was doomed to partake. When her sorrowing fancy again gave her Parent before her in the late home of his benevolence and affection, another form would mingle in the dream, and link it's young charm with every remembered scene of her youth! In the lonely moments too, in her cabin, when her little library would engage her attention, the passages she most sought, and almost unconsciously wept over, were those of her few Italian authors; the well known works, marked and approved by one, who had taught her, in their delightful and mutual studies, the language that he loved. 'Twas then she found that the image of her self-appointed and too amiable preceptor, a young relative and frequent guest of her father, was too indelibly marked in her memory, and alas! for her own peace, too fondly, too ceaselessly cherished as it's inmate. She knew that he, only lately entered at the Temple, could not prevent her departure; that he was poor and dependent himself, while too generous to bind her to any engagement, at the moment of a separation perhaps for ever, he thus suffered her to leave England without a disclosure of his passion; and rather risked her ill opinion, than injure, as he thought, the future fate of the adored, yet unapprised object of his affection. She knew and felt all this; but the very silence she approved

of in him, now clung to her heart as an enhancement of it's misery. But why dwell on this portion of her fate, and wherefore should it awaken interest? A young orphan it is true, is on her way to India;—torn too from her young heart's approved, ere time hath been allowed to seal the passion with avowal, but yet hath fanned it so freshly into being, that to quell it now were a task beyond poor Mary's effort! Nay, these are incidents of every day occurrence. And yet with her they *did* sink deeply, fearfully in her peace; and if she complained not, wept not often, it was only like the vanquished and wounded Burman, deserted by his brethren, yet moaning not, struggling not at his fate;—for who would hearken to, or alleviate the agony?

She arrived in Calcutta, and was kindly, cordially enough received at the Gardens, at the house of a friend of her Uncle. She was too little known to be an object of general admiration on her arrival; but in the immediate circle, where she moved for a few weeks, until an opportunity offered for her proceeding to the Upper Provinces, she was considered an interesting and highly-accomplished young woman. Lovely they could scarcely call her, she was too pale, and her appearance too dejected for this;—but there was a pensive, retiring gentleness in her manner which could not but elicit the admiration of all who knew her, and soon established a feeling of interest and regard. In less than four months after her reaching India, an opportunity occurred for her leaving Cal-

cutta, with a Lady, and in due time she arrived at Bankipore, the station of her Uncle, Mr. Adolphus Ashforth, second Judge of the Provincial Court of Appeal and Circuit, for the division of Patna.

Some daughters of Mr. Ashforth have been already mentioned. They were now with their Father, and still unmarried ;—all of them plain, essentially uneducated, but dressy and most forward girls. Their accomplishments were vaunted, and made much of, by a few of their own coterie ; but in sober reality, they were scanty enough. Miss Ashforth, the eldest, was possibly acquainted with three whole Sonatas on the Piano, and a few exercises with variations, which she played with tolerable execution ; skipping only here and there a few half dozen of the more difficult passages, or complex variations. These she ever pronounced stupid, as she passed them by with an air of complacency and rejection. Celestina, the second young lady, undertook the Harp, and with her it was an undertaking ! She would employ herself at a party at their own house, and annoy her companions, for a full hour, with the new strings and tuning, and at last when she had adjusted herself for effective playing, the sum total of the exhibition was contained in some old Welsh air ; and the half, perhaps, of a dull, but well-known movement from a new Opera. The third, Olivia Emma, was esteemed to be no musician ; but then she was *so* clever ;—she patronised Albums, and poetical Scrap-books. She had procured the happiness of an introduction to

Bernard Wycliffe, and Cytheron, two of the day-stars of the bright columns and corners of the Journal, and other papers of that period; and nothing pleased Olivia more, than her Papa kindly making these distinguished individuals the lions of his frequent entertainments. Then she painted so prettily;—her flowers were inimitable, and her chalk,—life itself! as her kind Papa declared, when he daily produced her last school-heads, and well-drapiered academy Venuses and Graces. It was evident that her drawing-master must also have thought highly of his pupil, and most attentively assisted her; for he had plainly touched and retouched these specimens, till more than three-fourths of the pictures were his own.

Their cousin Mary, unaffected in her worth and simplicity, little thought to evince her superiority, and yet it was too apparent to be well received in such a family: for, very soon after her arrival among them, she found herself excluded from their avocations and plans of amusement, and treated only as an intruder in their circle. If the gentlemen, as was too frequently the case, when following their own inclinations, evinced more attention to Mary, than the others, she never failed to hear of it, after their departure; mean jealousy, or envy, such as theirs, has too little control over it's emotions and petty bitterness, to conceal it's pangs, or repress it's constantly humiliating display.

“My dear Emily,” said Mr. Ashforth to his eldest daughter, on an important occasion, some few months subsequent to his niece's arrival; “this me-

lancholy cousin of yours, who is neither ornamental nor useful here, seems a sad thorn to the felicity of yourself and sisters. But what think you, (and don't be offended, my dear !) at her again securing from you, one of your beaux? That utter fool and drunkard, Treville, has sent me a proposal for her !”

“Treville made Mary an offer, Papa !—I won't believe it !” exclaimed the astonished, and more than half-annoyed Miss Ashforth.

“By Jove ! it is a fact though ! and you must have long since known that he was little worth having, for either of yourselves. He's not sober for three hours together, and has not an idea beyond his stud and his champagne. What put it into his head to ask Mary, I know not.”

“Nay,” rejoined the daughter, “nor do I care ; but it was only yesterday that Mr. Jackson and the young Lancer he brought with him, so unceremoniously stole away from me at the Piano, to Mary's chair : and what Treville or any other fool can find in her, I cannot conceive.”

“Why, my dear child,” exclaimed the provident Papa, “you surely would not think of Treville yourself. God forbid he should marry a daughter of mine ;—the drunkard !”

“But will he marry Mary,—Pa ?”

“Yes, dear ! he has asked her ;—and she quietly refused.”

“Refused, Papa !—never !” interrupted the young lady.

“Nay, but she did, Emily,” asserted the Papa,

“and that quietly, too, but positively. On his coming to me in high dudgeon, I, not so quietly, but a little more positively, at once decided that she should marry him: she has been too long here, and—” “in your way, Love,” might have followed, for the sentiment was as plainly avowed, as emphasis and manner could announce it.

It took six long tedious months, nevertheless, ere this exemplary Uncle could contrive to accomplish the full sacrifice of his niece; but at the close of that period she was married to Mr. Treville, while the fears and jealousy of this amiable family were happily appeased by her removal. What she suffered, what means they adopted to force the poor victim to her fate, remain unknown; but the blanched and wasted cheek of poor Mary,—her bewilderment and stifled sighs on approaching the ceremony of her nuptials,—the convulsive sob that would not let her breathe aloud her own assent to the act,—the shuddering horror with which she appeared to waken to reality, when the Clergyman feelingly pronounced the final blessing; and lastly the loud hysteric shrieks which reached the ears of the silent and dismayed guests, as her cousins hurried the victim immediately to her own room, and vainly endeavoured to quell and suppress the piercing betrayal of her agony;—all these bare witness, nay, spake execrating volumes against the complicated cruelty of those who had consigned her to such a fate!

Now there remained nothing but to do her duty as

a wife : and it is much to say that she did it, if not calmly or resignedly, at least conscientiously. But her very efforts at calmness, and Christian gentleness of spirit, soon seemed to raise disgust in the late drunken lover, and now brutal husband. His violence, his revilings, his unmanly and cruel insult to her in her very house,—these formed the topics of many a conversation of her neighbours, yet all spoke of her with admiration and pity, while many prayed to Heaven for her release. Mary, however, was soon permitted to find some little solace in her misery ; not from their consoling kindness, for her sorrows were deposited only in her own heart, but in the birth of a little angel of a child, which, although it brought her no change or mercy from it's Father,—yet seemed itself to smile upon her grief, and lure her still to earth for it's sweet sake of helplessness and innocence.

It was about three years afterwards that I saw poor Mary, for the last time, on her way to Calcutta, with this sole solace of her existence, which she was then conveying to the Presidency, previous to it's being embarked for Europe. It had been always delicate, and it had at last been determined that the infant should peremptorily quit India for a colder climate. Mrs. Treville could not bear to think of the separation ;—it seemed a thing that must come, yet so fearful, so thrillingly painful was the idea, that she shrunk from contemplating it, as a thing too horrible for belief. The child, too, was far from well ; and to ac-

company it was impossible, for her husband's extravagance and ruined circumstances prevented this. Alas! there may be splendour in an Indian match;—there may be present elegance and apparent competency, with an anticipated retirement, too, at last, to our native home: but, merciful Heaven!—at what a sacrifice, even with the happiest, are not these advantages too frequently purchased! The child, when most it needs the Mother's care, is torn from her protecting arms to be consigned to strangers! And at the age, of all others the most delightful, the most endearing to a parent's love, are the objects of affection forced away, that the ties of blood and fondness may be lost to the recollection of the child, and the parent herself, and her infant, too often be estranged, or separated for ever!

The ship sailed. Mary weepingly remained in Calcutta for tidings of her little girl from the Sand Heads, and by the Pilot. The vessel was to touch at Madras, and from this place she had no letters. It was a sad disappointment to her, and she was now on her way back to Patna, when a newspaper, procured on the river from the Dak office at Berhampore, attracted her attention. A friend was with her, and saw her suddenly hanging over it in mute convulsion. She was not in tears, but there was something awfully terrific in her look. The paper was snatched up, and in too legible characters appeared, "Died at sea, near Madras, Mary Treville, infant daughter of A. Treville, Esq. Bengal Civil Service, aged three years and some months."

Yet no tears came; they would not come. For days she lay as if stunned with some inward blow, and recognised no one. A medical gentleman had been summoned over from Berhampore, and with her kind friend, who was still on board the *Budgerow*, endeavoured to hasten on the boat, in the hope of reaching Mrs. Treville's station. They now heard her at times whispering to herself, and murmuring Italian; and if any thing could have added, in the imagination of those who knew her, to the touching, nay, agonising interest of the scene, it was the thought of this poor sacrificed and accomplished young creature, thus withered in her prime; her mind too shocked and broken, to present to her the death of her child, the immediate cause of its ruin, but now murmuring unwittingly and plaintively her last accents in a language, which was evidently associated with some indistinct memory of former happiness. For days they continued to watch the couch of the poor fevered and mindless sufferer; until at length, without a tear, without closing her glazed and swoln eye, she sunk and sunk, till the kind hand of death came coldly and calmly upon her, and brought her to "that peace which the world cannot give."

SATIRES IN INDIA.

With blended notes of sorrow and disdain,
Thus in disorder'd language vents it's pain.

HAYLEY'S TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

At that era of my despondency and unhappiness, subsequent to my dismissal by the bright-eyed Syren of St. John's Church, it may not surprise my Readers to learn that, like many more disconsolate lovers, who fly off at a tangent to woo other supposed more willing damsels,—I suddenly became a warm admirer of the Muses ;—or, I should rather say, of the most melancholy among the nine Sisters, for I was speedily enlisted a Sonnet-breathing Suitor of Melpomene ! But it would not do :—I do not say my Sonnets were laughed at ; but what was worse, I do not believe they were ever read : though they used to whine most melancholy-like and melodiously every week in the Poets' Corner of one of our most Literary East Indian Periodicals. This was more than mortal patience could endure ; and so, after arraiguing in good set terms the utterly depraved taste of our Calcutta community, which to my firm belief were equally neglected with my Sonnets, I fairly betook myself to writing Satires. Aye, SATIRES IN INDIA !

On looking over some old, and half-forgotten Papers, I have accidentally laid my hand upon them; and feel half assured that they will prove amusing: partly from the circumstances under which they were written; and a little also, from the truth, which, notwithstanding the satiric and constrained dress in which it appears, must still be allowed to form a goodly characteristic of their contents. After such a Prologue, it would be mere affectation in me to apologize for presenting them occasionally to my Readers. There are but seven in all; the following being little more than an introduction: and now, in this elderly retrospect of my youthful follies and fancies, I cannot but smile at the truly piteous despondency of my by-gone condition.

One thing, however, in thus offering my Poetic effusions to the Public, I cannot but take very sincere pleasure in remembering, and am truly proud to assert it. Even though some of these attempts at Satire may be deemed personal, and may perchance be appropriated by my readers to different individuals, I pledge myself on the honour of an old Bengalee and a gentleman, that, excepting in one or two very trifling instances, no single soul ever sat for a Portrait. And those very exceptions were positively shewn to the parties themselves; who, no less wisely than good-humouredly, laughed most heartily at their own likenesses. Some folks I know *will* make the cap fit, and even stretch it till it seems to suit them; but the old and hackneyed explanation under

all such untoward circumstances, must also be resorted to by me, and therefore, once for all, I say,—
“ *Qui capit, ille facit.*”

No. 1. THE VISION.

Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,
Quod mæchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus,—

HORACE.

UNHAPPY he, who tempted by the gleam
Of Fancy, glowing 'midst some idle dream,
Who, slave to boyish hope and fickle love,
In fields of Poesy shall dare to rove ;
Bleak dies his day, for though it's early morn
In blush of infant feeling may be born,
Soon the dark clouds shall hover o'er his sky,
And mid-day tempests fling their gloom on high ;
While the chill damp shall settle on his Lyre,
Break the stretch'd chords, and every note expire.
Or if at eve, when storms and gloom are gone,
He eyes the sadness of the setting Sun,
And strings his lute anew ; ah ! then each strain
Shall breathe but memory of his mid-day pain,
And, like that sinking Sun's expiring ray,
Give but one feeble gleam, and die away !

Fool that I was ! to wake to sordid crew
A song of feeling which their hearts ne'er knew,

To men as dull and soulless as the rock,
Who love to cavil, or but list to mock ;
Fool that I was ! to breathe my lowly lays
In hope to please,—such hope my only praise ;
To sing to Envy, withering at my Song,
Or Malice, lowering as the notes prolong ;
While lips of dolts have idly grinn'd in guile,
Or shed dull censure in a senseless smile !

Had I a Son, who breathed one youthful sigh
In throb of heart-felt sensibility,
I'd crush the feeling, as I would a thought
With foulest treason, death, and murder fraught :
For what has Youth with feeling?—can his heart
To others a responsive thrill impart ?
Say, if his soul is warm with Friendship, Truth,
Shall sweets of Friendship bless his hours of Youth ? —
Bless it they may, aye,—bless it for an hour,
Then fly like sun-beams from the spring-tide shower ;
And leave behind a bitter, maddening boon,
The darkling hopelessness of clouded noon.
But should the youth in solace of his time,
Woo the soft seraph witchery of rhyme,
I'd drive him from me, bid him seek the wold,
Where blows the North breeze piercing in the cold !
Tell him to pour his descants to the wind,
Free as the gale, unshackled, unconfined ;
And, if his lay can soothe 'midst Winter's blast,
There let him bide,—nor ponder on the past ;
His Song may lull the wild-beast in his den,
But fall unheeded and unfelt by men.

Such were my thoughts ; my once-prized darling
lute,
It's strings all slacken'd, and it's numbers mute,
Hung tuneless and untouch'd ;—the wild winds swept,
But waked no sweetness,—every murmur slept.
The scene was awful all, my very breath
Disturb'd the seeming dreariness of death ;
No step appear'd to break upon my mood,
To scare the deadening sense of solitude ;
My heart, too, seem'd alone, each blissful tie
That link'd it once to Love's idolatry,
Each flowery chain, that Youth so pants to weave,
Encircling wishes that it dreads to leave,
All—all were broken, fallen to decay,
Or what they fondly clasp'd, fled far away.

There are some strings that tremble in the heart,
And vibrate ever from the rest apart ;
Shrinking from ruder feelings they remain,
So soft, that even vicinage were pain ;
So tremulously tender every thrill,
So sweetly wild the rapture they instil,
That, like the Air-harp's chords which sometimes sigh,
And breathe a charm like their own harmony,
They wake around a nameless, wordless spell,
Too blest to bear,—too pleasing to dispel.

And Oh ! these once were mine, but I had tried
And woo'd their magic, till the witchery died.
Wrung each to dissolution ;—or far worse,
Strain'd them, till every thrilling was a curse.

Whilst yet a boy I tore me from the crowd,
And sought some haunt where solitude might shroud ;
There, lost in some lone, isolated spot,
E'en while a Youth, Youth's pleasures I forgot,
And, 'rapt in wizard feeling of the mind,
'Midst worlds of visionary hopes reclined.
Those hopes beat wildly then, for with them came
Young boyhood's pictured love, and fancied fame ;
And wandering, and war,—afar to roam ;
Then last and best, the dream of blissful home.
Yet all these dreams have vanish'd, and my sigh
Breathes now but hopelessness, or agony,
While feelings wasted, wither'd to despair,
Seem but the death-like tomb of what they were !

Whilst thus I lay, and ponder'd on my pain,
And wept the joys too fleeting to regain ;
Sudden a Phantom burst upon my view,
It's cheeks were sallow, and the form I knew ;
I knew it by it's dark and piercing eye,
Whence keen reproof and withering glance could fly ;
“What would'st thou,—SATIRE?—hence!” I fearful
cried ;

“Silence, and list my words,” the Sprite replied.

“I come thy friend, obey a Friend's behest,
Drive senseless, idle sorrow from thy breast,
Bid thine eye brighten,—cast thy look around,
And mark where Fools and Folly may abound ;
Then take this scourge,—nor spare it's wiry lash,
Chasten the foolish,—and the vain abash ;

Speed thy keen Satires o'er this feverish clime,
Till men who scoff'd may tremble at thy rhyme."

I seized the scourge,—full many a thong was there,
Of every form and size, to wound severe ;
Or, driving dull malignancy aloof,
To tease it's object, playful in reproof.
One seem'd so heavy, that it's angry weight
Might bruise it's victim in relentless hate ;
Another less, yet barb'd, and poison'd o'er,
To wake the festering wound,—the ceaseless sore ;
Slender a third,—as if it's gentler stroke,
Might warn the dreamer, though it scarce awoke,
E'en as the laughing lip of her we love,
That chiding, pleases,—fondly can reprove ;
A fourth, half hidden, pointed, and though small,
Was charged with venom, and replete with gall ;
Satire's worst, basest scourge, by demons own'd,
Design'd for secret and unmanly wound :
This I pluck'd forth,—fierce kindling at the sight,
And flung it from me with indignant might ;
When sudden from beneath it's coils there sprung
A blood-stain'd dagger that in secret hung ;
I guess'd it's fearful purpose,—'twas the brand
That lurks too oft' conceal'd in Satire's hand,
And as she wanders on, in coward spite,
Stabs friend and foe amidst the gloom of night !
I started,—and away the scourge I threw,
But first the slender lash I slyly drew ;
That one light lash, which guileless of all harm,
Can gently strike,—too stingless to alarm ;

Then bade the Sprite begone,—she shrunk away,
And fled like shadow at the approach of day.

Arm'd with my theft, how often have I whiled
My sullen hours away, my cares beguiled ;
Now glancing round where cluster'd folly sate,
And bloated pride in nothingness elate ;
Now turning where the dotard scarce in health,
Of brains bereft, yet boastful of his wealth,
Sate proud, imbecile, in his pictured hall,
And forced from Juniors the exacted *call* ;
There slavered forth his worse than senseless joke,
Beneath the very scythe's impending stroke.
I've seen Commanders blundering on Parade,
Swearing at others for the faults *they* made ;
I've seen the Subaltern, manœuvre-lored,
Thunder his little learning at the board,
Whilst Youngsters *in the service* cast an eye
Of cold contempt on strangers sitting nigh ;
These have I seen, nor lash'd them in my rhyme,
For deeming personality a crime,
Still as I mark'd, I turn'd in scorn away,
Nor stoop'd to *single* folly for my Lay.

SATIRES IN INDIA.

No. 2. HOME.

Non unquam gravis ere domum mihi dextra redibat.

VIRGIL.

WHAT is the impulse of our Indian throng?
What the keen hope that guides our crowd along?
Is't not the wish of competency free,—
And with that competency blest,—to flee
From India's sun, and hail in bliss, again,
The sweeter scenes that deck our native plain?
Who, 'midst the swarms that Ind-impeopling pour
In every Fleet from Albion's cliff-crown'd shore;
Who of all these,—if ask'd his wish t'impart,
Swears not that HOME lies nearest to his heart?
Is it not strange then, that this hope confest,
This sigh for Britain, ever in the breast,—
Of all our pining, panting, exiled train,
Not one in twenty sees his home again!

Say not, that sickness wanders o'er the land,
To thin our numbers and decrease our band:

Disease, 'tis true, in varied shape appears,
And crops full oft' the promise of our years,
While Fever steals with trembling, aguish tread,
And swells our scatter'd mansions of the dead.
But search those mansions,—mark the sculptured age
Of death, recorded on the Tombstone's page ;
And read there many a tale of lengthen'd life,
That long escaped the toils of sultry strife,
And only sunk at last into the tomb,
When age, and not disease, had sought it's gloom.

See yon poor Soldier sink beneath the sun,
When Evening tells his hour of duty done,
His sun-burnt cheek, and dun and swarthy hands,
Brown as the grassless sod, on which he stands ;
Go,—bid him tell you of his long-left home,
And hear him curse the cause, that made him roam,
Then watch his hour of revelry and joy,
In barrack,—noisy as the thoughtless boy ;
How loud and boisterous peals his song of mirth,
But hark ! 'tis of the land that gave him birth ;
Such as in England once, with blithesome heart,
He caroll'd gaily by the harvest-cart.
Yet, when his corps disbanded, homeward goes,
His wish for England to the wind he throws,—
Spurns the late-hoped return,—and 'lists again,
To bed his corse beneath the sultry plain !

Turn to the source of ruin and of debt,
Prelude to lingering sorrow and regret ;

See the rash Youth, 'midst orgies of expense,
Scoff at each precept of his home-taught sense ;
See him in gaming or in drinking lost,
While Bonds of interest gladden at the cost :
See the keen native's bill "*in Master's name,*"
While twelve per cent. a dear-bought respite claim ;
See him with Arabs,—buggies,—dogs,—engross'd,
His bets at Billiards or at Racing lost ;
Till, ere one whelming, fleeting year be past,
The doom of exile for his life is cast !

When ALFRED first a home of fondness left,
With beating breast of every joy bereft,
His Parents' last advice then touch'd his heart,
He vow'd from *Prudence* never to depart,
The only balm to soothe his present pain,
Was hope to greet his dear-loved home again :
" But ten short, fleeting years !—they'll pass, how soon !
And then the Furlough,—hail thrice happy boon !
How pleas'd I'll speed me to my native shore,
And blest with this,—nor seek, nor covet more :"
These dreams amused on shipboard ;—when arrived,
Seized by a thoughtless set, he copied, thrived ;
Sported his ponies, hunted in a *frock*,
Shot with a *Manton*, or a favourite *Nock*,
Built a prime Kennel, kept a terrier crew,
And ALFRED's Buggy dazzled every view !
Debts crowded fast :—no matter, let them stay ;
They'll all be paid in time, *some* future day :
Without, 'twas smiling—but *within*, ah there !
Those debts waked many a sigh of bitter care.

Ten years have now elapsed,—and will he see
 His home again, as once he dream'd in glee?
 See it!—a burning sod shall clothe his tomb,
 Wither'd like all his hopes in self-wrought gloom:
 A Sun shall glow upon his grave of rest,
 But not that milder Sun of native West!

FLAVIUS is prudent,—he escapes the ill,
 Clear of each debt, and reckless of each bill;
 He seeks his Station,—lives within his means,
 Nay, monthly savings for his agent gleans.
 Surely at home he'll close a happy life:
 No,—FLAVIUS falls in love,—must have a WIFE!

Must have a Wife! I hear some Reader say,
 Casting in frowns the Satire's page away;
 A Wife! and are our years but care and toil,
 Cheer'd by no solace, season'd by no smile?
 Are hoarded lacs sole objects of our aim,
 Nor other comforts can our wishes claim?

Cease, kindly Reader, from my theme to roam,
 I sing but cause of exile from our home;
 True, FLAVIUS may be blest with rapture here,
 Be rich in happiness from year to year;
 May see fond pledges of affection rise,
 And hail those pledges with paternal eyes,
 Calm in content, of other views bereft,
 May breathe no wishes for the land he left;—
 But this is foreign to my subject still,
 I tell the cause,—nor deem *this* cause an ill;

For happy he, who 'midst his exiled doom,
Like FLAVIUS, builds in banishment a home.

But CALIDUS, *all prudent*, raves at wives,
And boldly 'gainst the lure of marriage strives:
Swears that to India's ills the firmest tie
Is matrimony's clog of family!
Married, or not,—'tis passing strange, I ween,—
Five thumping children at his house are seen!

Lo! sallow CUPEX breaks yon gloomy seal,
With eye *prepared* to weep, and heart to feel:
Why glistens pleasure sudden o'er his eyes?
Why swells his bosom with such glad surprise?
A distant relative is dead, I hear,
And left him full five hundred pounds a year.
How happy he!—he had a lac before,
And hastes he not to seek his native shore?
No!—sick as pallid death, he hugs this spot;—
But two years more,—a pension is his lot.
Fool that he is! ere two short years are fled,
CUPEX, alas!—lies number'd with the dead!

MERCATOR came to rear a splendid hoard,
Then fly Calcutta's scenes with coffers stored:
Keen as industrious, stoutly scribed away,
And conn'd his ledger's lore from day to day.
He soon grew wealthy,—he'll retire, no doubt.—
Never,—as wealth appears, it rushes out;
His gorgeous Palace,—splendid parties there,
Exceed a lac's dread cost each passing year:

How many a cotton-bale, and box of blue,—
Must sell, to buy that stud,—those chariots too ;
How many a one-per-cent.—all duly charged,
Must range their items,—till, in sum enlarged,
They swell an awful aggregate, to pay
For Claret and Champagne of one short day.
Thus, thus he gains to lavish,—but the page
Of endless Ledgers shall amuse his age,
And cares and ruin'd health shall wake his sigh,
Till once-fair hopes of Home all fading die !

One man is married, and his income grand,
And yet he squanders with a reckless hand ;
Decks his young wife in jewell'd blaze of dress,
Dies,—a *Subscription* lingers on distress.
A Second, eager liberal name to gain,
Rushes in damning Debt, to *entertain* !
Forfeits his hope of home,—to please each Friend.
His *Friends* deride him,—nor his cheer commend.
A Third, who boasts of Albion's sporting lawns,
Where health and vigour hail each day that dawns ;
Talks in fond ecstasy of horn and hounds,
Where sport is pleasure, and where game abounds ;
Here pants in labour o'er the broiling fields,
Where toil a snipe to weary sportsmen yields :
And cursing,—sweating,—in meridian ray,
He quaffs his brandy —till he *ends his day* !

Yes ! thus it is, beneath this sultry sun,
Where life in sorrow and in care is run ;

Where every hour is weariness and pain,
Where Friendship thrives not, and love throbs in vain ;
Where hearts are barren as the plains we tread,
And feelings wither, till their charm is fled !
Where merit pines,—effrontery lifts its claim,
And Hospitality is but a name ;—
Yes, thus it is, that fools in sadness sigh,
And long for Home,—yet in this climate die !

THE LATE MARQUESS OF HASTINGS.

Asiam istam refertam, et eandem delicatam sic oblit, ut in eâ neque avaritiæ, neque luxuriæ vestigium reliquerit: maximo in bello sic est versatus.—

CICERO.

THERE is nothing depends so much on the mere caprice of the moment, or upon the accidental fitness of the opportunity for it's existence, as the excitement and extension of popular feeling. The same events which at one period would pass unnoticed, or at most be acknowledged as holding only a secondary grade in the occurrences of life, are, at others, magnified into circumstances of the gravest importance, and assert louder claims on the attention and sympathy of the world, than would be warranted by the possession of ten times their intrinsic interest. At home, during the recess of Parliament, and in the period of peace and repose, a case of abduction, or a murder of little more than common atrocity, will fill the newspapers of the united kingdom for weeks; while the hero of the attempt, or the convicted assassin, is paraded before the public with as much pomp of notoriety, as would fall to the lot of the victorious leaders of

armies, or the statesman who has wielded the destinies of millions !

It is melancholy to carry this farther, and to reflect that the same capricious disregard of propriety, which at times gives unwonted importance to unworthy events, may also, under some adventitious circumstance of pre-occupied attention, permit the proudest and mightiest claims upon our sympathy to pass away unheeded and unhonoured. I was led into this train of thought, by a late calamity and real public loss, which reached us with less of awakened remark, less of avowed regret in it's announcement, and almost less of proper feeling, than could have accompanied the mere obituary record of an almost noteless stranger. Would it have been imagined some few brief years ago,—would it have been believed when we hailed the return to the Presidency of Bengal, of the conqueror of Central India,—the master hand and controller of it's empires !—that, ere a few seasons should have intervened,—ere the ploughshare, even in it's peaceful and protected labour, had yet had time to pass over the measureless extent of his victories,—remarks, like these, should be called for, on witnessing the heartlessness and apathy with which the death of our late revered Ruler has been received in the scenes of his triumphs !

It might be unbecoming to offer any observation on the absence of all *public* notice in India of the demise of the late Marquess of Hastings. I do not remember to have witnessed any such tribute of

respect to other departed rulers, who may have survived their term of Indian government, and retired to breathe their last at a distance from it's jurisdiction. Yet, without detracting from the merit of any predecessor of Lord Hastings, surely the latter has more recent and more immediate claims upon India, nay, upon the friendship and gratitude of many of our living and powerful superiors, who are yet within the scene of his glorious career ; and who owe to his kindness the very eminence that should take lead in our community, in the expression and public testimony of it's affection.

It is little consolation to say, that history will do ample justice to his merits ; yet this alone must now soothe those who feel disappointed in human nature itself, when they see one of it's proudest adornments sink to the grave so little honoured, even by the nations he has blessed. The Historian in after ages, when his labours shall bring him to the contemplation of the Marquess of Hastings' character, amidst the mingled detail of his eventful period, will find his task brighten. And if his mind be tinctured with the admiration of the noblest romance, or the chivalry of earlier days, he will dwell upon and hallow the record of one, whose knightly and generous feelings, whose chivalrous honour, and soul of high daring, would seem to place him by the side of the Cœur-de-Lion,—the Montmorency, and the Bayard of former ages ; while the mental attainments, the classic eloquence, and sound application of the fruits of later

knowledge, so apparent in this gifted nobleman, will rank him not only as a star of our country's Augustan era, but as one of the ablest patrons of it's since more matured Science and Philosophy.

Although of seeming robust and strong constitution, when our late Governor-General, as the Earl of Moira, first arrived in India, his Lordship was by no means new in public life, nor unadvanced in years. He was born 1754, and shortly after finishing his studies, which must have been well directed, for his classical acquirements and reading were eminently conspicuous, he attracted considerable attention in America, as a young and brave Captain of Grenadiers, then on the Staff of Sir W. Clinton's army; and before the peace, as a Brigadier. His subsequent conduct of an army, under very perilous circumstances, on the Continent, has been much praised by military men; and when, in 1805, he was appointed Commander-in-chief in Scotland, independent of the able discharge of his duties, the unchanging amenity and condescension of his manners attracted public admiration, and the warmest personal affection from all who were brought within the immediate sphere of his kindness. His marriage occurred in 1804; and two years afterwards he was called to the Cabinet, as Master-General of the Ordnance. His appointment of Governor-General of British India took place in December, 1812; and, in the following October, his Lordship arrived in Bengal, when our situation, and the relations of the Honourable Company with other

States, soon afforded ample opportunity for the continued display of his military and other talents.

There had existed, for some time previous to this juncture, a speciousness of repose in our Indian possessions. After the successful results of the expeditions to the Mauritius and Java, there was little apparent call for the exertion of force in support of our Eastern Empire ; and, excepting the punishment of some refractory chieftain, or the seizure and dismantling of some rebel post, all was peacefulness and outward tranquillity. A considerable reduction had been enforced in our military expenditure, and consequent seeming increase in the revenue : troops were disbanded, and even farther economy was held forth to the anxious wishes of the home authorities. But in an empire, constituted like India, diminished military means, and open relaxation of power, are poor preservatives of tranquillity ; and the truth of this was too clearly exhibited in the early consequences of the reduction. Notwithstanding the decrease of expenditure, the state of the Treasury was far from flourishing on his Lordship's taking charge of the Government ; and he found himself called upon at once to enter upon no less than five or six serious discussions with different armed powers, who were each at variance with the Company, on some point or other of alleged dispute. The weakened state of our army, equal only to the police and internal protection of the country, admitted, at the moment, of temperate explanation only, and most cautious nego-

ciation with these states. All differences were, however, shortly adjusted, excepting with the Nepaul Government; whose outrageous and aggressive conduct left no alternative, but a direct appeal to arms. This state, by our late temporising policy towards it, and it's own constant invasion of it's unprepared neighbours, had become formidably possessed of the whole line of our Northern position, and had even descended to our territories, and boldly asserted it's claim to all the provinces north of the Ganges. This war was therefore immediately resolved upon, and an increase to our treasury ably and seasonably obtained, from the friendship of the Nawaub Vizier of Oude. His Lordship's masterly application of the means at his disposal was now plainly perceptible. The military force was strengthened and re-established; and it's resources every where arrayed to the best advantage. His thorough acquaintance with every detail of an army, was also particularly conspicuous: his instructions and personal suggestions to the different departments and branches of the service, were as singularly complete in the minutæ, as they were powerfully valuable in extent. But the difficulties opposed to him were of no common stamp. Our ignorance of Nepaul was to be surmounted; the first points of assault, even, were to be selected and explored; our troops to be prepared for a perfectly novel warfare; and, in fact, some of the leading instruments of his Lordship's acts, whose rank in the service claimed the execution

of his plans, were to be tempered, excited, or controlled. How all this was effected is well known; and even during the first disheartening campaign against the Goorkahs, Lord Moira gave noble promise to the Indian Government, of what in Central India his genius afterwards so fully confirmed.

The assured and easy success of the second campaign against Nepaul, left his mind at liberty to turn to other and prouder objects; and never did any country exhibit a grander field for the display of political or military abilities, than Hindoostan at this juncture. The hordes of Pindaries, whose ravages extended over the greater part of Southern and Central India, protected too as they were by the powerful Mahratta states, to whom they were either useful or profitable, formed, by themselves, no despicable object for the infliction of vengeance. But when it is remembered, that they were in the heart of the territories of these powerful Mahratta confederates, who were well known to be waiting only their own time for a general rising against the British power, the task of their suppression became linked with more important and formidable considerations.

To prove to India, too, at this critical moment, the insufficiency of her vaunted fortresses, when the British strength was brought to bear against them, a splendid and terrible example was exhibited in the bombardment and seizure, after a few days' resistance, of the strong fort of Hattrass; followed up by

the discomfiture of some of the more turbulent leaders of the Jaut tribe.

Scarcely had the impression subsided, that this fearful display of our means had been calculated to convey, ere, in 1817, the troops of the three Presidencies were silently in motion, and the different points simultaneously approached which it was necessary to occupy. Nothing could exceed the fortunate seizure of the *time* for these operations. A few months later would have seen the whole of Central India in arms, and the Mahratta confederacy headed by Scyndeah, and backed by his disciplined Brigades and Artillery, in full force and angry combination against us. Other powers also were known to be waiting only such an event, for the signal of their own defection; while the unexpected, unthought of, and astounding movement of the British armies, upon every strong hold or key to their military positions, defeated the immature projects of the confederates. The occupation of the passes in the rear of Gwaliah, which cut off Scyndeah from his intended allies, and the introduction of an overwhelming force in the vicinity of his capital, effectually paralyzed and checked this Prince, the most powerful of the conspiracy: and when, one by one, the Peshwah, Rajah of Nagpore, and others, in the despair of their detected plans, respectively brake out, it was only to bring separately on themselves, irretrievable and instant ruin, and to afford the British Government a more ready opportunity of at once extirpating them as sovereign powers.

The treachery of the Peshwa and his instrument Trimbuggee, although the murder of their victim Ganguari Shastree was not prevented, was still amply exposed and punished. This, together with the protection to the Nawaub of Bhopaul, the disbanding of the lawless armies of Ameer Khan, and the settlement of Holkar's states; and last, not least, (for it was the primary object of the war leading to such extensive results,) the utter annihilation of the Pindaries, all formed glorious episodes to the other mighty events which completely established our supremacy in the East.

I have thus briefly exhibited a portion of the public claims of the late Marquess of Hastings: but it was in the more intimate relations of private life, that his Lordship's amiable manners and deportment to those around him, shone most pre-eminently conspicuous; and volumes might be written of the many daily acts of his condescension, and kindness of heart. The poverty, which it is so well known exiled him from the home of his pride and affection, in the declining years of his life, originated much from his princely assistance to others, particularly to the exiles of another nation; and many are the instances of benevolence, which require only to be rescued from that honourable obscurity, to which delicacy has consigned them, to adorn with still greater splendour the character of this most amiable nobleman.

In proof of this assertion, I am anxious to bring to notice a simple, and perhaps trivial, incident connected with his Lordship; which, although circumstances of

the kind were familiar to those immediately about his family, may be new to the generality of my readers. It relates, certainly, to humble and unimportant details; but still their very unimportance confers the more honour on his Lordship; and speaks loudly, indeed, in favour of the goodness of heart that could steal time from princely and weightier avocations, to turn to the lowly and uninviting task, of privately encouraging the literary efforts of a young and unknown individual. The particulars were communicated to me by the obliged and grateful party himself, who some years ago favoured me with copies of the whole, and permitted my transcription of the original Letter, which follows this narrative.

In 1817, when his Lordship was in the field with the centre division of the Grand Army, at the juncture when intelligence of the breaking out and movements of the different Mahratta powers was daily reaching the camp; and expresses were hourly under despatch from Head-Quarters, with the various instructions, and developements of his Lordship's plan, which led to the subjugation of Central India, it occurred that a young subaltern officer of a native corps received an invitation to dine with Lord Hastings. The subaltern in question was one of the very junior with the army, and although the honour of such invitations was far from uncommon, or under restriction as to rank, yet he was unknown to the Government circle, and had been heard of only by a very few, as the author of some literary

attempts, which had appeared in the Calcutta publications.

At dinner, little occurred. Some highly interesting intelligence of a signal defeat of one of the Mahratta confederates had that day been received in Camp, and was, of course, the subject of remark and conversation. But his Lordship's surprising tact, and capability of remembering the names of all introduced to him, and addressing each correctly, with some observation applicable to the habits or circumstances only of each, was here remarked; and peculiarly felt by the young man, who could not but be gratified by any unexpected notice of the kind. After dinner, coffee, as usual, was brought in, and the staff and others assembled were collected in groups in different parts of the spacious dining tent, when his Lordship, after conversing with the different parties, approached the spot where the Lieutenant was standing, and, quietly turning to him, entered into conversation. After a few kind remarks, his Lordship took from his pocket a folded newspaper, and handing it to the officer, begged him to read it at his leisure, as it contained some poetry which he had thus put aside for perusal. His Lordship farther requested that in a few days he would return to the Head Quarters' camp, and offer his opinion upon the production. Shortly afterwards, bowing to the company, his Lordship retired.

The poetry proved to be a "*Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*," which had appeared in the old "*Calcutta*

Times" of that period. On the appointed day, my young friend attended at the Government Tents with the paper, and his Lordship, after going over the Poem, and pointing out it's peculiarities, was pleased to converse with him for some time upon literary subjects. His Lordship at this interview, and at several others which ensued, (nor did the kindness by any means end here,) evinced considerable intimacy with the writers of the last century; and from his quoting passages from modern poets, and particularly from the dedication of Lord Byron's "*Corsair*," he must have found time also for the perusal of later literature. His favourite poet, however, was Goldsmith; the unaffected melody, and yet almost prosaic simplicity of whose beautiful style he so much admired. Several passages from the "*Traveller*," and "*Deserted Village*," were repeated by him with much evident pleasure.

Some months afterwards, when the Governor-General was at Gorruckpore, my friend took the liberty of forwarding to Head-Quarters an "*Ode to Gratitude*," composed in the same unusual metre as the former: in reply to which he received from Lord Hastings the following Letter. The author of the "*Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*," I have been unable to discover; the "*Ode to Gratitude*," as I have just stated, was written by my friend.

“ Gorruckpore, May 19, 1818.

“ I regret that having been uncommonly occupied, in preparing Despatches for the Court of Directors, it has not been in my power to answer your Letter earlier. Your verses on Gratitude are very good. They are free from the objection which exists to those contemplated by you as a model. In the poem to which I allude, there are many excellent thoughts well expressed, though somewhat disfigured by the adoption of an antiquated usage, in making the final syllable of the participle present a substantive rhyme. But the mind feels an uncertainty as to what it is that the poet is addressing. There is no personifying Intellectual Beauty. Gratitude is a quality or feeling of which the action is precise, as well as common to all men ; therefore a statement of it presents an image immediately and universally recognised. Intellectual Beauty cannot be the active impulse : it is the perceived fitness of conduct, of preferences, of selection, of relations, of mechanical exhibitions of objects ; and all this is to be squared by standards which will vary in different persons. Whether taste refers to Ethics, or to sensible objects, it is confessedly unsettled, and liable to controversy in it's application. Now Intellectual Beauty can be only the conception which moral taste frames on a particular point, so that it is in it's very nature disputable, and thence incapable of furnishing the same idea to every one.

“ In the eighth line of your first Stanza, there is an evident misprint ; ‘ it’s pleasing power’ answers to no other line, yet what you are likely to have written does not suggest itself to me.

“ I have the honour, Sir, to remain,

“ Your very obedient servant,

(Signed)

“ HASTINGS.”

“ *Lieutenant* ———.”

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
 Floats, though unseen amongst us,—visiting
 This various world with as inconstant wing,
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;—
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
 It visits with inconstant glance
 Each human heart and countenance ;
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,—
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
 Like memory of music fled,—
 Like aught that for it’s grace may be
 Dear, and yet dearer for it’s mystery.

Spirit of BEAUTY ! that doth consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
 Of human thought or form,—where art thou gone ?
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
 This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?

Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river,
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shewn,
Why fear and dream, and death and birth,
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom,—why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To Sage or Poet these responses given;—
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour.
Frail spells, whose utter'd charm might not avail to sever ;
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone,—like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night-wind sent,
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart,
And come, for some uncertain moments lent ;
Man were immortal and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies,
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes ;
Thou;—that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame !
Depart not as thy shadow came
Depart not,—less the grave should be,
Like life and fear a dark reality.

While yet a boy I fought for ghosts, and sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
 I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed ;
 I was not heard, I saw them not ;—
 When musing deeply on the lot
 Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
 All vital things that wake to bring
 News of birds and blossoming,—
 Sudden a Shadow fell on me ;
 I shriek'd, and clasp'd my hands in ecstasy.

I vow'd that I would dedicate my powers
 To thee and thine ;—have I not kept my vow ?
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, e'en now
 I call the Phantoms of a thousand hours,
 Each from his voiceless grave ; they have in vision'd bowers
 Of studious zeal, or love's delight,
 Outwatch'd with me the envious night ;—
 They know that never joy illumed my brow
 Unlink'd with hope that thou wouldst free
 This world from it's dark slavery,
 That thou,—Oh awful Loveliness !
 Would'st give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is pass'd ;—there is harmony
 In autumn and a lustre in it's sky,
 Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
 As if it would not be, as if it had not been.
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth

Descended, to my onward life supply
It's calm,—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair! thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

TO GRATITUDE.

THERE is a feeling in the heart of man,
Pure as th' ethereal source of vital heat,
Pure as the prayers which Angels' lips repeat ;
It cometh not like thoughts which lovers scan,
Nor like the glowing sighs that youthful passion fan ;
But yet it fills and fires the breast,
With that, which proudly dares the test,
Of days, and months, and years.—It's pleasing power
Palls not on minds where once it dwelt,
Or where it's charms are truly felt :
For where indeed that soul so rude,
That can have known and spurn'd thee,—Gratitude !

Yes, Gratitude ! 'tis thou can'st teach the child,
Yet wordless, on it's Parent's bosom lying,
To rear it's little arms, fond love implying ;
Breathing it's thankfulness in lisping wild !
'Tis thou can'st bid the man, 'midst worldly care beguiled,
To cherish, honour, and revere
The guardians of each infant year,
Though other ties had fled, on Childhood's flying.

'Tis thou canst bind in flowery chain
The trembling wretch, awaked from pain,
Who starts from fearful dream of grief,
And pants to bless the hand that brought relief.

What were the world without thee?—a wide den
Of soul-less wretches scorning social tie,
A wilderness of hate or apathy.
Hush'd were the Poet's song of feeling then,
Mute were the praises of beneficence in men;
Remembrance would but fiercely aid
The murderer's deed, and guide his blade
To bosom of unpardon'd injury?
While pale Oblivion's only charm,
That power to soothe the vengeful arm
In sweet forgetfulness of ill,
Would cease;—and sense of good alone be still.

Hark!—'tis the Organ lifts it's solemn swell,
Where meek Religion bows in holy love;
Now rising anthems hymn the God above,
And every breath delights of Heaven to tell.
Why seems the panting soul in ecstasy to dwell?
'Tis that thy voice,—Oh Gratitude!
Hailing the Power, all kind, all good,
Thus tells the soaring thoughts from earth to rove;
Thou bid'st the thankful mind reflect
On Him, the mighty Architect,
Who spake, and lo! a world was seen,
And light, and life, and joy,—a glorious scene.

Oft' have I sat me down, and wildly dream'd
 Of bliss, my youth hath panted for in vain
 Till Fancy smiling led her fairy train,
 And rais'd a scene where seraph brightness beam'd!
 Oh! then, while visionary worlds all rapture seem'd,
 How oft' a cherish'd wish arose,
 To share my dream, my joys, with those,
 Who once were kind to me in hours of pain.
 And when, alas! the vision fled,
 And with'ring Fancy droop'd her head,
 Hath not my saddest, bitterest sigh,
 Been still, that 'Gratitude's warm hope should ever die?

Memory of kindness past! whene'er I fail
 To keep thee in my heart, to prize thee there,
 E'en as the breath I breathe, and life I share;
 May sorrow doom that life to trembling pale,
 To dreary hours of care, that may not cease to wail:
 What though my lowly thanks can prove
 My only gifts of grateful love?
 What though my proudest recompence, a prayer?
 Yet in this breast there 'bides a thought,
 With pure and blissful feeling fraught;
 Nor would I change that thought's one thrill,
 For every joy that crowns the worldling's will.

The reproach to the Indian community at the commencement of the preceding Chapter, was much obliterated by a Public Meeting held subsequent to it's original publication; which was succeeded by a magnificent subscription for a Temple to the Marquess of Hastings' Memory.

HUMBUG.

Humbug! Humbug!! Humbug!!!

JOHN BULL.

It has long been the avowed, and well-pursued purpose of a certain portion of the English press, to give chace to that most assuming and offensive of all monsters,—Humbug: and whatever may be the sins of the abused and ever-abusing portion in question, there is still one redeeming virtue in it, namely,—the unflinching and indefatigable ardour, with which it scents and seizes upon the glorious specimens of that disgraceful quackery so frequently walking forth in our native country. Nor is the bitter wit and severity with which it fixes and pins to the gaze of ridicule the many essayists and actors of over sanctity, would-be science, or too fervid public spirit, the least commendable of its qualifications.

It is to be lamented, however, that no attention has yet been given by it to the vast field which British India so ceaselessly presents; and it would almost seem that we have been too sparing in those mighty appellants of aid and good will, in the shape of pecuniary votes by Houses of Assembly, by which the

Western Indies have propitiated the editorial affection and patronage of so many of the stern, inflexible Catos of the English and Scottish Press. Be this as it may, they have seldom noticed Bengalees, with any thing like amenity or kindly feeling. Had they been as well acquainted, as we are, with the counterpart, and more than equal-paced examples of Humbug, to be met with also in British India, we may be sure that the witty delineator of the bilious Nabob in "Sayings and Doings," and that the *accurate* describer of pet Boa-constrictors and kicking Adjutants, would have trotted forth many a poor *Koe-hye* to the killing amusement of his readers.

Never, indeed, was Humbug, or Humbugging, (I know not the correct term for the essence of this virtue, and Dr. Johnson unfortunately does not apprise us, though he ably announces and instances the character Humdrum,) never was it more splendidly patronised than in the provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa; with the other districts, countries, and principalities, in and without the happy code of the Bengal regulations. Very nearly with us all, from the highest to the lowest,—from prince to peasant,—the civilian, the soldier, the bar, the learned professions, the duftukhana, the outcry, or the counter, Humbug is the aim of all our acts,—the leading star of our efforts; and if I bound my field of it's daily practice and existence here, and include no further objects in the outstretched circle of it's votaries, it is only that I, the Bengalee, am most busy myself in

the goodly employment of Humbugging. For while one of my main objects is to exhibit myself as a quiet, inoffensive, industrious, and good sort of creature, would it not be ruinous to mar the toil and set countenance of years, merely to give a luckless hit at those, who can strike harder, methinks, than my poor wit may do?

Is not Humbug in India reduced to a science? Look at the saintly frequenter of Churches, (an unfrequent character *this*, I admit;) the abstainer even from smiles on a Sunday; if Rupees but gleam upon his sanctity, his conscience is ——— where? If he chance to be an agent or a merchant, he will talk of liberality by the hour, and affix his name, with princely benevolence, to the subscription for the family of some poor ruined devil of an adventurer; perhaps of a constituent, an Indigo Planter, or country captain, whose bankruptcy has been sealed by the accumulating charges of interest upon interest, bond upon bond, life insurance, forced consignments and commission; with other glorious pickings for the agent, which enrich and fatten him, till he gravely doles out his post-obit munificence, and grants a poor portion of the plunder to the pennyless widow of his victim.

Lo! yonder Prince of Smiles and Hospitality! How affably he hails his guests; how he patronises the humble applicant, and “breathes bland favour” upon every friend! ’Tis all Humbug! He cares not two straws for the wide worldfull of us all. If

a second deluge were inflicted, he would enact Noah without a sigh; and millions might drown beside his ark, so *it* were safe, and *he* in the calm enjoyment of his hookah!

And yonder fair Coquette, how she plays with the young soldier, and trifles with the best feelings of the boy! Does she love him?—Not a whit: she has no love for two hundred and fifty rupees per month, and a bungalow. She likes *him*, it is true; nay, has affirmed it often to himself, and wonders at his fears and idle jealousy of yon bilious and antique Judge of Appeal. But she ruins the peace of the deluded youth, that she may dance quadrilles with a good partner; and finally accepts the Civilian, that she may live in a palace, and spend four thousand rupees *per mensem*.

My once friend and contemporary, Will Woodby, next my superior here, and now member of Parliament at home, is a happy instance of the successful and unceasing practice of Humbug. He arrived in India with a tolerable person, a ready quickness of manner and remark, which passed for ability with many; and with a real northern ambition of standing well with all around, still better with all above him. He was restless, busy, and ambitious; and yet as intrinsically idle at heart, as the merest loiterer, or Beau Fribble of his standing. There was no College, fortunately for him, in those days; for fag, at that period, he could not. But if a College had existed, he would have contrived to

make as much show of hard study, as the steadiest Persian and Arabic would have been the leading themes of his open admiration; and ten to one but the Examiners would have passed him through the languages, simply from the seeming fame and asserted extent of his attainments. He was at first appointed an assistant in one of the public offices at the Presidency, when he was oftener absent, than in attendance on the public duties; and if seriously enquired into, it must have been detected that he performed truly and positively nothing. Yet business was ever in his mouth, and if you met him at outcry, or at morning visits, or the shops, the livery stables, or the riding school, (a favourite lounge in that day,) Will was always in a hurry, always *going* to office. At his house too, Will played the same good game; he was ambitious of the character of being clever and literary. This cost him more pains than his own inclinations would willingly have subscribed to: true, he had no particular want of modest assurance; he could speak on all occasions like a Hume or a Hunt; but he wished to *seem* to speak well, and subjects unfortunately could not be prepared and selected without some trouble. Reading he liked a little, but it was the light and easy style of Fielding, a Smollett, or the romances and tales of a circulating library, which captivated his fancy. Nevertheless he purchased a collection of standard works, and moreover a most splendid and stately reading desk: here he ever displayed a volume of

the Classics, with marginal notes in his own pencil ; and to avow his admiration of ancient lore, he would mouth away a few lines of Homer, and acquired by heart the leading verses of half a dozen books of Virgil's "*Æneid*," with as many stanzas of a few of the odes of Horace. These he could at any time recite with good effect. But if you dropt in upon him cleverly and unawares, you would surprise him stretched on his couch with Roderick Random, or something not quite so good, claiming his delighted attention ; and probably Herodotus, announcing itself in proud and eminent display on his reading desk, but untouched and unthought of, by it's unassuming possessor.

From Reviews he culled forth the character and titles of different works of our literature, and oftentimes selected a subject for bold descant at a dinner party. And strange to say, this *took*.—"Do you know Mr. Woodby?" said a Member of Council one day, "he is remarkably clever, and, I predict, will rise in the service."

And rise he did. Of his registership I never heard, for he was then in a different part of the country ; but as an acting Judge, when little more than four years resident in India, his fame rang loud in every part of it. He was indefatigable in Cutcherry, from sunrise to evening ; he gave more business to the circuit than a dozen other districts, and if you believed himself, and he did not assert it unfrequently, *his* district was in better order, and

more clear of decoity than even Kissenagur, under old John Elliott himself, of thief-taking notoriety. Ye powers! how he once held forth at a dinner in the Barrackpore Lodge, on the occasion of a January's meeting. *His* Police,—*his* Serishtadar,—*his* Omlah,—*his* Cutcherry,—*his* Jail and Kydees; like *Bayes* in the "*Rehearsal*," it was all "*his* Thunder!" no wonder we soon heard of him as confirmed Judge of Hooghly; and next as an acting aspirant in the Judicial Secretary's office, conducting it's labours, nay looking forward in a brief period to the Secretarial Sceptre itself!

Now it was that Will began to shine as an orator. If a great man had occasion to renew a portion of his liver, and meditated a voyage to Europe; lo! it was the signal for a meditated speech on the part of Will Woodby! He would write out fair manuscript oratory for every occasion and event, and learning the whole diligently by heart, let but the glimpse of an opportunity present itself, Will was on his legs at the Town Hall, or elsewhere, with a two hours' specimen, *ad captandum vulgus*; and I must add, most religiously, *ad laudandum magnos*! When great men, however, failed him, he would "do" a little benevolence, and hold forth in advocacy of a free, or a Charity school; or, in fact, of any such object for eloquence. He was, in a word, the most public-spirited, the kindest, the charitablest, (as far as speaking went,) and the most laudatory of any man of the three Presidencies.

Well, virtue ever meets its reward, and a very few years saw Will Woodby at first Judicial Secretary, then Chief, and from his fame and high standing with the Court of Directors, he at length had "the honourable" prefixed to his name, and the honour of fingering the still more honourable stipend of a Seat in Council. My intimacy, of course, had long since ceased with him, but he was always "delighted" to see me to the last; at least he always said so, and most smilingly patronising and encouraging when we met. It is many years since he retired to England, and though he failed in his canvass for the Direction, yet his interest soon obtained him a seat in Parliament. But, somehow, in that house he defeated the hopes of all his Indian admirers. He spoke, once or twice, it is true, in his best style; but whether they had a distaste for eastern claptrap, and nabob oratory, or whether the field of Humbug was all pre-engaged, or whether, as my wicked acquaintance Frank Touchem has often asserted, "they *smoked* him there;" I knew not. Certain it is, his exertions in that assembly, and in his new sphere, have since been confined to a silent assent in favour of some great man, or in swelling the steady majority of some omnipotent minister of the day.

SATIRES IN INDIA.

No. 3. MARRIAGE.

Talia connubia,—tales celebrent hymenæos.

VIRGIL.

Such is their wedlock !—such their nuptial tie !

MARRIAGE!—thou blessing, or thou purchased bane,
 Thou tie of pleasure, or thou bond of pain !
 Is it for me to sing thy bliss or ill,
 For me, who know thee not,—and never will !
 Far hence the task ! but list a lowly tale,
 Of fancy call it,—though it's end may fail,
 Yet well it's purport shall declare in rhyme,
 How Love *promotes* the Marriage of this clime.

FLORIO was rich in fairest hopes of youth,
 And o'er his features blush'd the tint of truth,
 When lured by boyhood's dream of Eastern fame,
 Far from his native West, to Ind he came :
 And he was one, who cherish'd in his breast,
 The wayward glimmering of each vision blest ;
 Could fondly raise a prospect ever green,
 Till fairy gladness glisten'd o'er the scene,

Where he would picture some enchanting maid,
Breathing her angel beauty round the glade ;
Fair, as the heated Fancy could portray,
With blushes beauteous as the opening day !
He'd gaze for hours on eyes of seraph blue,
Where tears could glisten, trembling as the dew,
Would watch bright tresses, waving in the wind,
'Midst sighs, that spoke the feeling of his mind :
But yet 'twas all a dream,—and he would start,
To wail the fleeting Phantom of his heart !

Yes ! he was "Fancy's child" and every thought
Was still a vision, though with beauty fraught ;
And thus his moments fled ; till ah ! 'twould seem,
His heart must waken from its fairy dream ;
He saw ALEXA, and he thought her fair
Like those who peopled bright his dreams of air.
He saw her, and he loved,—adored,—but how ?
With maddening warmth that hearts like his but know !
His was a feeling fervent as the beam,
When the warm Sun darts noon's meridian gleam :
He could have prized her, though her charms should cease,
Nor know their flight but in his love's increase ;
He could have loved her, till in Evening's gloom,
They sought the ever undividing tomb ;
Till death should lay them, partners of one bed,
In the last grasp of love, embraced, and dead !

I may not say *she* loved him,—where, in sooth,
Shall Eastern-maiden love the wealthless youth ?
I may not say she loved him, yet her eye
Would brighten sweetly, when the youth was by :

And oh ! how free,—how lightsome would she bound,
 When led by him the dance's mazy round ;
 I may not say she loved him,—yet her hand,
 Unconscious, guileless of the soul's command,
 Would tremble oft' in his, and then her sigh
 Would breathe so softly ! Why was this ?—Oh ! why ?
 For soon a grander, prouder Suitor came,
 Wither'd alike in feeling as in frame :
 And boasted he of Salary,—Settlement,
 The last, I ween, but begg'd at twelve per cent. ;
 And Salary, wasted at keen Hazard-bets,
 Though large, a drop, compared with whelming debts !
 Yet this was he who gain'd ALEXA'S Sire,
 Won the lost maid, and saw the youth retire !

Who now so loud as FLORIO at the board,
 Or who so boisterous, or in song or word ?
 Who, while the sparkling glass flew wildly round,
 Like him, could seek oblivion for each wound ?
 Or who, in whirl of loathed debauchery's hour,
 Like him intent to fly thought's maddening power ?
 And could he fly it ? Aye, like him unblest,
 Who flies the cancer, gnawing in his breast ;
 Or as some burning wretch who seeks the wave,
 To drown the tortures, which he dare not brave,
 Who tempts in struggling agony, a death,
 To rob his deep-scathed bosom of it's breath !
 Oh ! I have heard his laugh like frenzy peal,
 Till even Bacchants stay'd their song to feel ;
 And there were moments, when his bleeding heart
 Could paint the picture of it's fallen part ;

For when his Friends would mark his sunken eye,
 His haggard look of wasting agony,
 Oh ! then he'd turn, and, with a smile of woe,
 Would mutter wildly,—“*'Twas not always so !*”

But he is gone !—no matter how or when,
 His dust is now return'd to dust again !
 Not haply in the spot, as wont at home,
 Where Travellers see the pathways meeting come,
 And shudder, as they think beneath that sod,
 Lies one who died—defying e'en his God !——
 But once he met ALEXA,—she was sad,
 Her looks were lustreless,—in sorrow clad ;
 And FLORIO's scorn lay powerless and weak,
 Their trembling glances met,—they did not speak ;
 But that one look told his wrung bosom more,
 Than years of tale could tell, or life deplore :—
 He fled him homeward,—frenzy in his eye,
 He fled him homeward, but to sin and die !——

* * * * *

Had lost ALEXA's Parent halved the sum,
 That deck'd in bridal pomp her cheerless home ;
 That *saved her Lord from jail*, and splendour bought
 For her, who *now* but deemed it's glare as nought ;
 Had he done this, and with it FLORIO blest,
 With means to joy the partner of his breast ;
 Half—half that waste had stay'd a damning fate,
 Nor doom'd a daughter to a bed of hate !
 Such is the picture I must paint of one
 Who died, his every dream of joy o'erthrown ;

But now, I turn me to a happier pair,
Happier,—it may be,—Oh! 'tis past,—they *were* !

The ship is here, the tidings are in town,
Each anxious watching, every care is gone !
The Parent's heart that late was sunk in fear,
That thought the tedious ship would ne'er appear ;
Now, joyous, hastens to the sunny strand,
To welcome there the glad arriving band.
For *she* is come !—the daughter of her love !
Ah ! ten long years,—how painful can they prove ;
And yet such absence it is thrice repaid,
When clasping to her heart the full-grown maid ;
The Mother wildly wonders that the child,
Who late but as a prattling infant smil'd,
Should now return her fondest hopes to bless,
A seeming woman in her loveliness !

And she is now her doating Mother's pride,
Who drags the blushing Clara by her side
To Balls,—to Concerts,—to the Course,—to all
Those scenes that our Calcutta fair enthrall.
And Clara, too, hath softness in her eye,
For gazing youths hang round admiringly,
And some with smiling daringness draw near,
To whisper gentle breathings in her ear ;
While fond Mama exerts her busy care,
That none but *Elegibles* whisper there !

Nay,—*Eligibles* !—who are they ?—what sign,
What blest distinction, bids these heroes shine ?

Is it superior sense bedecks the brow,
Or do war's laurels o'er their temples glow?
Is it the Bar, the Church, the Sword, the Pen,
That fling their halo round these honour'd men,
Till like the light that some bright gem o'erplays,
We see not what the jewel in it's blaze?
Say whence such proud facility to please,
Hear then th' Enigma in one word,—Rupees!

Yes, Rank!—for I must hail thee,—chief as known,
In the high Civil service of this Zone;
Or on the staff conspicuous in thy place,
Rich in thy deep blue facings, and broad lace;
Though age and ugliness are in thy train,
Or sallow pride, or spleen, to thee pertain,
Thou, and thy partner Wealth may boldly seize,
To bless your withering beds, whome'er ye please:
To ye the willing fair ones bow the neck,
And gladdening beauty meets ye at your beck.

Among the host who sigh'd in Clara's train,
Was one whose timid glance scarce look'd his pain;
Not twice ten summers had the boy appear'd
An inmate of our world;—nor yet a beard,
Nor sign of manhood mark'd his youthful face,
A very stripling in his gait and grace.
But he had bloom, and parting sunny curls,
To lure the stolen gaze of wishful girls;
Roses on either cheek, and bright blue eyes,
That look'd so soft,—e'en though they looked not wise;
And puny hands, so delicate,—and teeth,
Like purest pearls the coral lip beneath:

And Oh ! he was a writer !—dear, sweet youth !
That Civil Service,—nay, in solemn truth,
Who shall withstand such charms where they assail ?
Alas ! no Mother,—though their daughters fail :
They know the worth of a Civilian's smile,
They see perspective Judgeships to beguile ;
Collectorships, or secretarial power,
Or seat in Council at some distant hour !
And since the senior magnates now are rare,
So numerous now the list of maidens fair,
Each writer-boy becomes a powerful prize,
A very hero to maternal eyes !

But STREPHON was so bashful, every lure
That parents bring to make their winning sure,
Bland invitations, tiffens, evening balls,
Music, quadrilles, and oft' urged morning calls,
These all were brought to play, and though they seal'd
Their victim's fate, his love lay unreveal'd.
He look'd all fervour, but his heart was weak,
Whene'er the simple boy would wish to speak ;
And had not kind Mama forestall'd the task,
The silly swain had never dared to ask.

But it is over now,—the deed is done,
The youthful pair are pledged, and fears are flown :
They wait but his release from College ties
For holier, happier bands to bind their prize ;
And now escaped from books,—the amorous boy
Hastens to Church and claims his full-grown toy !

Lo! who so blest as STREPHON and his bride,
As on the course in dalliance sweet they ride ;
Or who so fond, affectionate, and dear,
As these new married innocents appear ;
And children still themselves, 'tis sweet to see,
How fast they people their young nursery.
Papa so young,—Mama so yet a child,
In lieu of toys, by living pets beguiled ;
And all this bliss increasing, till I ween
Long years have wrought a change upon the scene.

Yes years ! for they fleet on, and noiseless steal,
Till Time shall bid us his revolving feel.
Ten years have changed our STREPHON's baby face ;
And mantled o'er his brow a deeper grace ;
His well-grown limbs evince maturer strength,
The stripling boy hath grown a man at length :
But what his gentle Clara ?——She, alas !
Hath seen her girl-hood's charms for ever pass ;
And in their stead, her young maternal cares,
Have sign'd upon her cheek the tale of years ;
Sallow and wan, emaciated, pale,
With rayless eye, and trembling limbs that fail,
Untimely aged in the prime of life,
She seems more Strephon's Mother than his Wife.

The sequel shall I tell ?—nay, why relate
Estranged affection, faithlessness, and hate !
True, these were slow in growth,—but they *did* come,
And darkly fell at last their sealing doom !

THE MOFUSSIL.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

La Ville est le séjour des profanes humains ; les Dieux habitent les Campagnes.

ROUSSEAU.

It was resolved I should go by dâk. The visit so long promised, so often disappointed, could no longer be deferred : so, the bearers having been some days previously written for, and myself fully equipped for the trip, my petarrahs laden with a due proportion of linen, one of them, together with the netting of my Palkee, amply stored with sandwiches, biscuits, oranges, beer and other accompaniments for a dâk trip, I soon adjusted myself in my silk pyjamahs, dressing gown and slippers, and away we started cheerily by the light of our mussals.

Man, after all, is the mere slave of place, as well as of time and circumstances ; and like his companion of the feline species, it is truly a domesticated and home-revering animal. Far be it from me to confess that I am a prim, immoveable, old-maidish sort of a Bachelor, to whom it is death to be put out of the way, and the disarrangement of the economy of daily habits, is an earthly misfortune. But still the misery

of packing up, the horror of disturbing the cherished confusion, the heaped disorder of that *sanctum sanctorum*, and holy seat of slippered retirement, a Bachelor's study, was truly overwhelming: the very anticipation of the task afflicted me for days, and I sat and pondered over it's difficulty, long before I could muster heart to attempt it. The old guns, the scattered fishing apparatus, every ancient and discarded hat, whip, stick, bridle, portion of old harness, broken tool, and empty medicine chest, the collection of accumulated chits, cards, newspapers, auction catalogues and pamphlets, all, all were dear to me. The very dust itself, that encased and embrowned them, enhanced their value in my affection; as the mellowing of age enriches the faded colouring of a Rembrandt or a Guido. I hallowed even the very sites where they had reposed and been enriched, as it were, in this the temple of my lounging. With what delight did I pounce upon an ancient roomy chest in one of my godowns, in which I could shut up, *en masse*, the whole of my last collection of letters, MSS. and other papers, to arrange or separate which would have engaged me for months. But at last all was happily adjusted; and on the evening of the 15th October, 182—, the bearers were noisily conveying my Palankeen through the northern suburbs of Calcutta, and in full pace and progress towards the Mofussil station of Sahibpore.

Happy, indeed, are those able and ready sleepers, who no sooner dispose themselves to rest, than the

leaden hand of Morpheus lets fall their lids, and consigns them at once to deep and undreaming slumber. It is not so with me; and alas! more especially when journeying by dâk. I do dose sometimes, but the first jolt of the palkee, the momentary flaring of the too close mussal, nay, the very smell of the foul and fetid oil that feeds it, without dwelling upon the merciless importunity of the bearers at the close of each stage, soon dispel every thought of sleep; and leave me only to the refuge of my own rueful meditations.

And thus I journeyed on; long, long past midnight. The moon had risen in the heavens, and the chill air of the approaching cold season had induced me to wrap myself in my *rassye* and boat cloak. But I left unclosed the door of the Palankeen, for the solemn grandeur and stillness of the night scene, as we passed along an extensive plain, broken only by the scattered topes of mango trees, or the straggling villages, with their mounded tanks, had awakened within me a train of thoughts, till I could have contemplated the scene for hours. Except the voices of my own bearers, and sometimes the barking of some disturbed village dog, there was not a breath to dispel the stilly and seeming death-like solitude of the way. What a crowd of reflections stole upon my mind! I was thousands, thousands of miles from my own native country, far amid the land of the stranger and the subdued: in the invaded, the spoiled, the conquered country of the Indian. I looked around; the proud fortress, the em-

battled wall, nay, the wealthy tenement and retreat of the once possessor of the soil, had mouldered away on the plain; and the descendants of the once noble and powerful of the clime were now lowly suitors at the portals of their foreign masters; or earning their daily sustenance in the few humiliating employments still permitted them. They were menials, perhaps, or lowly followers in the very scenes, where the voices of their forefathers breathed only the edicts of command. And yet in the lonely and silent night, a weak, defenceless individual was journeying in peaceful safety amidst the vestiges of their humiliation; no restless and brooding avenger of his country's wrongs came to demand restitution from his foe; or to wreak vengeance on the solitary straggler from the bands of his invaders. The millions of the East are then happily sunk in their subjection, even as the careless sleep of infancy; and if the scaring of their dreams, or the waywardness of humour, may at times break forth into a transient cry, or agitate them for an instant, it needs but the soothing, or the correcting anger of a word, and all is again composed to rest, and sinks into resigned and stirless slumber.

Heaven knows where my meditations would have carried me: but the Russians, Runjeet Sing, and the Prince of Persia, were beginning to flit before me in the drama, which my imagination had conjured upon the Indian stage for my travelling rumination and amusement; when the changing of the set of Bearers, and the wonted eternal "*Sahib, Sahib* ;—*dâk budlee*

oua, bearer logue kooch, buarish munchta;" soon roused me from my thoughts, or, as I verily believe, in spite of my complaining, from my own sound slumber and dreaming. And thus it was I journeyed on, till the accustomed number of hours brought me to my destination; and deposited me at the Bungalow of my old friend and chum Tom Alport, now a grave married man, with a large family, and Civil Surgeon at the station of Sahibpore. I would not permit a soul to be disturbed; so a servant quietly conducted me to my apartment, where a bed was invitingly ready; and most willingly did I retire to it, and repay myself with some good sound sleep, for the jolting and misery of my *dâk* trip.

I was awakened at rather a late hour in the morning, by my worthy friend himself, who was standing at my bed-side, and we had a comfortable long chat together about our good selves and old acquaintances. We should have travelled back into some ancient events of Lord Cornwallis's æra, or the courtier days of Lord Wellesley, if Mrs. Alport, who had already kindly delayed breakfast an hour and a half for me, had not deemed it full time to announce it in readiness. I was therefore led forth, and most warmly welcomed by the good and estimable lady herself, and then introduced to her daughter, a rather pretty and interesting girl of seventeen, who had lately joined them from England.

By dinner time, which in the Mofussil, is at the rational hour of four, when no guests from the station

are expected, we had settled down into a most comfortable state of sociability. Mama had communicated to me all the chit-chat of the neighbourhood; Miss Alport had sweetly played some of her usual lessons, and gone through her hour of practice before me without ceremony; while Papa had paced me, for a couple of hours up and down the long and well-shaded verandah, and discoursed to me regarding his many plans for his family. Alport had been a sad wild fellow in his younger days, when concerned in several Indigo factories; and was formerly one of the first sporting characters of the Mofussil. He had also dabbled a little on the turf; but, my friend Tom was an indifferent disciple of Cocker after all, and but a poor arithmetician; and never could calculate, with any tolerable accuracy, the theory of weight in his various bets. He had capital cattle, but no judgment in matching them, and still less in backing others. One lucky hit, however, by fair and downright hard running, brought up a main portion of his lee-way; and very wisely, he cut the matter short, and seceded for ever from the race stand. His stud was immediately sold off: and at present he merely now and then attends the race ordinaries; looks knowing when a bet is proposed; tells long stories of Brown Bess, a once-favourite mare of his; and is much gratified when the young hands consult him about their stables: on which subject it must be confessed he is somewhat of a competent judge.

He soon let me into all his family history and

secrets. His eldest boy was out in the army, steady and doing well. His second, by great good fortune and the kind recollection of a Director, whom he had once attended through a dangerous illness at Lucknow, was in the Civil Service. But the young dog had given his family more annoyance than all the brothers and sisters put together. He was still in College, after two years' trial of it, and his Mother heard such awful accounts of his Calcutta debts, doings, and extravagancies, that, after finding her long letters of epistolary reprehension and advice were of no avail, she fairly gave him up in deep sorrow, and trembled at each day's dâk, in anticipation of learning some fearful calamity. Papa, however, always declared he was a fine young fellow, and only strove to look grave and mysterious when they called the lad a chip of the old block. "As for his debts," he said, "they'll bring him up and punish him in good time, and who can put wise heads upon boys' shoulders." They expected him on a visit in a month or two, if he could get out of College, of which there were hints of every chance of success; for, unknown to many of his compeers, he had lighted the midnight lamp to his studies for the last few weeks, and was seriously disposed to escape the Buildings. His Father added, with something like trembling in his voice, which I affected not to remark, but well understood, that "the young scamp was a good hearted lad at the bottom, and was secretly resolved not to distress his poor doting and affectionate Mother any

longer." The eldest son had just been appointed Adjutant of his regiment, leaving the whole family in admiration of his acquirements and promotion. There were still, however, four or five in England, and the old gentleman told me, with a rueful face, that the girls were the very devil to educate and bring out: that Maria had cost them last year, including her last masters, outfit and voyage, nearly 10,000 Rupees. "And now," he continued, with a half doleful expression of countenance and manner, "the silly girl is anxious, we all believe, to throw herself away, on a young subaltern in cantonments here, without a rupee but his pay; and who has nothing to recommend him but a baby-like, handsome set of features, writing verses, sketching in Maria's Album, and dancing quadrilles like a puppy."

After some farther disclosures and communications, I made out quite a little romance in my old friend's family. It appeared that Mr. Chillum, the Magistrate, a very excellent, good sort of a man, who was just beginning to rise above the world in his agent's books, and recover the effects of the Buildings, Calcutta subscription pack, Champagne tiffin parties, and other first claims on the griffinage of a civilian, was now an avowed suitor of the pretty Maria. It is true, the climate has begun its ravages on Mr. Chillum, and he is meditating a voyage to China, for his liver; but he has Mama's open and decided approbation, and teases the young lady most incontinently at every party of the station. Still, her averted looks, and the

stealing glances that unconsciously follow her young subaltern, have told a tale to many ; and prove, in her estimation, how much Lieutenant Aylmour's lowly claims excel the rank and worldly advantages of the haughty but unprized Judge and Magistrate. Alas ! for the latter—

“ His gifts, his constant courtship nothing gain'd ;
For she, the more he loved, the more disdain'd.”

At a Mofussil station, the usual complaint on every side, and with every member of the society, is the unhappy dulness of the place. I remember a foreign lady in the upper provinces, whose invariable remark, after the necessary commencement of all Indian conversation,—the extreme unprecedented heat of the individual and particular day,—was ever in lamentation that the station was *bien triste*. The young men had at length appended to her the title of Madame Triste, and she was known by no other. There is hardly a letter from an up-country cantonment, or civil station, that does not contain the expression—“ we have been exceedingly dull of late.” If from an old hand, the complaint is the dearth of news, with no essential changes rumoured in the Government or high offices, to afford matter for speculation or comment : if the epistle be from a military man, it is sufficient that he has been for a few weeks at the station ; then, like the sailor on ship-board, he is at once a privileged and licensed murmurer : but if a young lady be the fair inditer, she deplores the dul-

ness, because there is but one Ball, with a few dinners, in anticipation ; and because the men are very stupid, or possibly there are but two *Eligibles* in the whole vicinity.

As for myself, although my old friend, for the first few days, has been continually apologising about the apprehended *ennui* of the place, and wearying himself and his guest most unmercifully, in seeking out the supposed necessary wherewithal to amuse ; yet it would be difficult indeed to impress me, who am just escaped from Calcutta, with the conviction that any situation in the country, with tolerably decent friends, and without any positive bore, or *desagrément* in the way, could deserve the character of eternal dullness, with which the habit of talking and complaint has so stigmatised the Mofussil.

Time, to the larger portion of the Eastern community, is the direst opponent to their happiness ; and it may not be asserting too much to add, to their health and moral feeling. From the moment of leaving the morning couch to the hour of again seeking it's unblest and unsoothing retirement, the aim of many is not to seize, improve, or rationally enjoy the passing day, but how to drive it hurriedly away ; how to destroy and obliterate it's very being and existence ! From breakfast to noon, there may be a few forced dispendants of the hour ; a morning visit or two ; an occasional attempt at the performance of an official duty ; the inspection of a stable ; the trimming of a horse's mane or tail ; nay, the more able exercise of skill in cut-

ting a terrier pup's ears ; followed by a solemn debate and elucidation of the subject, together with an interesting discussion as to the better expediency of "*foxing*" or "*rounding*" the ear. All this, with the adjunct of billiards, cheroots, and perhaps a morning game at Piquet or Loo, may contrive to exterminate the enemy till Tiffin ; but, even then, the watch is ever in hand, amidst deep wonderment and repining that "the Time passes so slow !" After Tiffin, although a new edition of cheroots, and possibly the now somewhat unfashionable hookah, may afford destruction to a portion of the afternoon, while the siesta may master the remainder ; yet with those to whose bilious habits is denied the luxury of the latter, how lingeringly the day lags on ! How comfortlessly, how miserably they lounge about their bungalows ; or wander, *en deshabelle*, through their verandahs until the sighed-for departure of the sun enables them to dress, and creep forth languidly to enjoy the same insipid drive on the same unvaried road, which day by day has wearied them for months with its stale and cheerless monotony.

The asserted want of employment, the impossibility under such a climate of pleasantly and profitably distributing the time, the little inducement or opportunity for the mind to seek improvement in intellectual pursuits, or even amidst lighter resources, such as reading, music, or other arts,—these are the wonted and ready excuses to which people ascribe their state of listlessness and inaction in India. The climate

and heat are triumphantly adduced as dampers to all exertion : and if, in reply, one might venture to suggest that, in the short history of British Hindoostan, there are brilliant instances to the contrary, we are informed that these are extraordinary examples that must have excelled anywhere; or we are then silenced by the luckless exemplar of some premature victim, and asked "how long the exertion lasted!"

I have been led into these reflections by the odd coincidence of complaint, and the concurring identity of the observations that greeted us at almost every house we visited, when my friend Alport "took me round," as he termed it, the station of Sahibpore.

A few mornings after my arrival, we got into his buggy, and away we drove; first to the Civilians, as they resided in the immediate neighbourhood. We paid our respects to two Judges of the Court of Appeal; the Judge and Magistrate, Mr. Chillum; the Collector of Revenue, with his brother Collector of Customs; the Register, and one or two of their young assistants. At some of the houses we deposited our cards only, as the gentlemen were at Cutcherry, and the ladies not visible. After this, we drove into cantonments, and made a regular tour of the Bungalows; but if we except the ridiculous concurrence of all, in complaining of the dulness of the place, and which complaint came equally from the civil and military residents, there was nothing particular in our string of visits. One thing indeed struck me; my host, Tom Alport, seemed to be a mighty

favourite every where : all were glad to see him, and he had something of good nature, either in his greeting or subsequent communication, for every soul he met. There was a young rogue of an Ensign, whom we discovered amidst a dense cloud of smoke from his cheroot ; he reminded my old friend, who vainly affected to look grave before me, of some late jollification at their Mess, when it would appear they detained the Civil Surgeon a few hours beyond midnight, and of which, by the bye, I had heard, very deplorably, from his good lady since my arrival.

I must make one exception to the idle and unemployed, that we met with in our various calls ; it was the young subaltern, Mr. Aylmour, who was busy writing as we entered. He was evidently surprised and gratified by the visit paid him by the father of Miss Alport. After being seated for a few moments, I had leisure to look around me, and saw a decent enough little library in one corner of the room, and an open colour box, with materials for plan or landscape drawing, and a few sketch books, &c. On a side camp table were Persian and Hindoostanee dictionaries, with the Nuchliad, Gulistan, Muntakhabat-i-hindi, and one or two other books of that class, which he must have been studying in the morning ; for chairs for himself and his Moonshree were yet unremoved from the table. A hunting cap, frock and half hunter which I perceived on a clothes-horse in the next room, with a few favourite billiard cues, and a double barrelled gun cleaning in the veran-

dah, impressed me, however, with the conviction that my young lover could mingle field sports and other amusements with his more studious avocations. I verily believe, it was this part of his character, that prevented my friend Alport from downright cutting him; but, if he had any secret leaning toward the young gentleman on such account, it's avowal was religiously suppressed in obedience to the still, but omnipotent wishes of his lady; and he assured me that he only called on the lad, as it would have been absolute rudeness to have excluded his Bungalow in the general tour of our visits. There had been something of confusion in Aylmour's manner at our first entrance, which, however, soon wore off, and he shortly evinced himself a pleasant, unaffected young fellow; perhaps his employment at the moment we dropt in, might have occasioned his embarrassment. He was writing in a lady's Album, and my eyes very innocently and unconsciously caught, during our conversation, the first two lines,—

“And if you love me, why withhold
The one sweet word, mine ears to bless!”

He speedily shut up the book, and on a splendid gold medallion on the outside, appeared the name of MRS. PERMIT, the lady of the Collector. It might, of course, have been the seeming idle and unprofitable nature of his task, that brought the blush to his youthful, and, in justice to Maria's taste, I must add, very handsome features.

After quitting the Lieutenant, my good friend remarked to me that "he was a prime, hearty chap after all;" while I secretly determined to help, aid, and abet, to the best of my humble ability, and as far as should in me lay, the very proper and anxious wishes of the young folks: and this too, as, in my opinion, the best and kindest return I could offer for the unfeigned and ceaseless hospitality of my old friends, the Alports.

But our next and last visit for the morning brought us to the spacious and comfortable lower-roomed house of Colonel Bonassus; a veritable specimen of a Company's field officer of the old school. He was slightly known to me, many years ago, but his life and circumstances were once related to me by a cousin of my own, previously in the same corps, and I cannot do better than close my tour of introduction to the station, by briefly introducing the Colonel, also, to the better acquaintance of my readers. Colonel Bonassus, in his early career, had been truly unfortunate in his promotion. He came to India somewhere about the year 1778, just before that happy period when the liberality of his Masters had reduced every possible establishment both civil and military. It occurred that three or four hundred subaltern officers were made supernumeraries, on ninety rupees, eight annas per month; and, like the hardy Spartans of old, were expected to bear this infliction on their youth, health, and vital prospects, without wincing or a murmur. After the period, therefore, of twenty-two

years' service, at which the Solons of East Indian enactments, and the framers of military remuneration, have established that our officers may retire to their native country, and rest there from their labour, with a withered heart and broken constitution, on the noble provision of the *full* pay of their rank,—Lieutenant Bonassus, for such was then the extent of his advancement, was utterly unable to avail himself of the indulgence. He had before this served on the Coast, and against the northern Circars ; at Seringapatam ; and by singular chance and removals, opportune or otherwise, as people may deem them, was present at our failure against Bhurtpore ; was in Monson's retreat ; and narrowly escaped sharing the fate of the gallant Lucan, so cruelly sacrificed on the advance of Holcar, that the first day's flight of the imbecile Monson might be made good. He was in the assault of Komonah and Bowanee, and other employments in the upper provinces against mud forts and rebel zemindars, till, after these services, the worn-out lieutenant of twenty-two and more years' standing had the option of retiring, to be happy in his old age, on the princely pension of about eighty-eight pounds, five shillings per annum !

By this time, however, and according to good old custom, Lieutenant Bonassus, although no married man, had a tolerably large family to provide for ; retirement from the army was therefore quite out of the question. Fortunately for him, he was of tougher materials, and less sensitive emotions than many who

now help to fill, and adorn with their monumental effigies, the various walled enclosures in the neighbourhood of the different stations of the army. And though he grumbled with the loudest, yet when he *did*, at last, get his company, Alexander the Great, on the tallest pinnacle of his triumphs, was a sorry jest to him ! I know not whether he was then included in the proud Triumvirate, so well known to Bengal military men, who

“ Ne’er would condescend
To herd with Subs, or call a Sub their friend ! ”

yet it was certain, that, whatever Captain Bonassus’s person might have lost of it’s bloom, youthfulness, and activity, during his long lieutenancy, it now gained every thing in stateliness and becoming demeanour, on the happy attainment of the honours and eminence of a Company !

It was true, his time had often hung heavily on his hands, for he had no resources within himself ; but he could tell you Hume-like histories, as to length, of every service he had seen ; and if he once got you into Monson’s retreat, you were as distressed, as wearied, as bewildered and assailed, as the poorest fugitive of that army, long before he brought you within mention of the wished-for haven of Agra. Bonassus never in his life read for three whole hours. They accused him once, indeed, of commencing a course of study and reading, on his coming near a large station with his regiment ; and that he took up

Lord Chesterfield as a ground-work for gentlemanly literature. But he invariably fell asleep after a few pages, and one of the wags of his corps as often contrived to put his mark back, till, after some days of reiterated study, and most grave re-perusal, the captain pronounced it "a very valuable and intelligent work, but evincing a considerable degree of sameness."

Since that period, in the routine of the service, and under the various changes of the army, he has attained the rank of Lieutenant-colonel, and commands the Regiment of Native Infantry at Sahibpore. He is a strange compound, in appearance, of a *Koe hy*, a military martinet, and a gentleman of the old school; of which he still pertinaciously cherishes the pig-tail; and, if it were not for his grown-up daughters now living with him, would rather too often enact, they say, the pleasant character of Colonel Oldboy. He used once to be eternally on parade, and was regular as the morning gun, until the never-to-be-sufficiently-reprehended dismissal of Dundas, and the nineteen manœuvres; and the modern, and, as he terms it, unhandsome introduction of Torrens' new practice into the army. This fairly posed him, and brought on, as he admits, a most bilious abhorrence of parade. But he still has the officers very frequently about him, makes them breakfast with him on muster mornings; and gives a regular "blow out" on Christmas, the King's, and his own, birth-day. He never dispenses with the daily attendance at his

house of the Adjutant and Quarter-master, at the orderly hours ; and the scandal-coteries of the corps say, he does this with an eye to the staff-appointments for his daughters. How he stands at Head Quarters, or with the Supreme Government, it were rash to surmise ; but if they have a respectable opinion of his military character, the repeated disregard and supercession of his claims for the various commands of the army, might well be as worthy of surprise to all, as with him they are a wearisome and endless subject of complaint.

On the second day after the tour of visits which I have just described, I was witness to what the French term a *Scene* at Alport's, of an interesting, and yet, in some measure, so ridiculous a nature, that I hardly know of what class to determine it. I shall therefore leave my Readers to form their own judgment, and simply hasten it's relation, as official men would say, "for their immediate information and guidance." To proceed, however, in due form, it will be necessary to turn back to a few initiatory events of the day.

At the wonted ceremonial of breakfast on the morning in question, and at that cheerful Mofussil meal, where beam forth firm home-made butter, delicious bread, splendidly fresh ruee-muchee, with Hindoostanee cake, cuwab, and kidgiree,—for my old friend shines in nothing more than his hospitable *hax-ree*,—we were honoured with the company of Miss Alport's judicial and magisterial lover, Mr. Chillum. He came over in his Tonjaun, preceded by the full

public allowance of personal *suwaree*; nay, I verily believe I counted sixteen or eighteen spearmen, pykes, and burgondosses, who ushered in and announced, in due style, the tonjaun of the burra sahib, as it entered the well-trimmed compound of the truly honoured Civil Surgeon.

I had now an opportunity of seeing Maria's elder swain, to more advantage, and with better means of observation than before. He has a gentlemanly exterior, it must be confessed, and some years ago may have been in possession of good looks. But former habits, something of years, and a goodly portion of climate, have now played sad havock with his person, and sallowed over his small and very inexpressive features. His mode of address, also, betrayed *too much* of the gentleman in it, however strange the assertion may appear; and the prim ultraism of his white linen dress, in which the fashionable and latest improvements were neatly, but oddly dove-tailed into the still cherished style and mode of the year 1800, the revered epoch of Mr. Chillum's official debut, could not fail to strike even an antiquated observer like myself. His stiff, full cravat of former days, composed of a pad, and two or three handkerchiefs, with the *tie* somewhat in the shape of two rosettes, primly placed at the very top of the edifice, and immediately at the point of his chin; all this, surmounted with a *well-congied* modern shirt collar, gave his neck a fixedness and immobility of appearance, which looked fearfully quaint, and added not a little to the unhappy stiffness

and hauteur of his demeanour. By the way, the fame of this portion of Mr. Chillum's outward adornment had reached the Writers' Buildings in Calcutta; for I understand that young Alport had written up to Maria, and begged his sister's kind intercession with her lover for a pattern, or full description, of this most "immaculate tie!"

Mr. Chillum did not fail to assure me, after we were seated, and it must be observed also, after he had obtained no return nor encouragement, for many amiable looks, and superabundantly polite things, he had addressed to Miss Alport; that he had taken this early opportunity of returning my very kind visit of the day before yesterday.—"With this view, he had done himself the pleasure of breakfasting with his friend the Doctor; particularly as his attendance in Cutcherry prevented his visiting at the more formal and customary hour of noon."

Portions of this intimation were conveyed with becoming, and very intelligible emphasis; while Mama essayed her utmost to make amends for the incivility and apathy of her daughter, and I really was unaware, before this, that the old lady could talk so eloquently and so much. Mr. Chillum was complaining of his servants; and Mrs. Alport tendered her kindest and readiest assistance to replace them with better. Then she was in perfect rapture of gratitude at a dalee of early green peas, which he had lately sent her from his own garden. She once or twice informed him that she had a boat shortly to leave Calcutta, with supplies

for the cold season:—"Could it prove of any service to Mr. Chillum, to offer part of the accommodation for his stores?—but at all events, he might indent freely on hers, on their arrival! He must not be in a hurry, and why think of Cutcherry?—He surely, for one day, could steal half an hour from the Court!—And after breakfast she intended to beg Maria to play to him the air which he admired so much at Mrs. Permit's, and for which she had written only yesterday."

Poor Maria looked more unhappy than ever: but no sooner was the cloth removed, and the hookah duly introduced, than the Piano was opened, and at Mama's reiterated request, the unfortunate girl was condemned to play, at that early hour of the day, a stupid air, with some fifty variations; simply because it happened to remind Mr. Chillum of some favourite tune of the year 1800, when some favourite belle of that favourite era, was wont to ravish with it the ears of himself and other collegiates of his standing.

Thank Heaven! at last the man took leave, as much to my relief as to that of poor Maria. He departed with an infinity of bows, and a smile of ineffable grace; lurking beneath which, I could decypher, nevertheless, no little mortification. The young lady instantly made her escape; but when she returned about an hour after, her swollen and tell-tale eyes betrayed ample proof, not only of what she had suffered from Mr. Chillum's annoying importunity, but probably from a secret lecture, also, which Mama, mean-

time, had been impressively conveying. She was soon seated at her little rosewood writing desk, and busily employed in reading portions of some book before her.

I was at the farther end of the room, pretending to be as busily engaged as herself, with one of the once Great Unknown's novels; but in truth watching her every look, as if designing her for a study for the portrait of "Love's own gentleness," to be given to the world in some future lucubration: for I will confess me, if there be a feeling in the solitary bosom of an old bachelor, which, in it's interesting and gentle nature, may approach the hallowed, the indescribable love of a Parent, it is that which an old and, I may add, affectionate, fellow like myself, may still experience towards a young and innocent being like that before me; the daughter of a long-tried friend; and, in her looks and loveliness, the recaller of once fond dreams and foolish recollections!

She was leaning pensively over the book; and the position of the room in which I was placed, gave a very favourable view of her graceful, and, but for it's absence of commanding height, most elegantly formed figure. Her hair was gathered in large curls on each side of a beautifully fair forehead, with one or two larger ringlets, which fell shadingly upon her cheek; and I would just then have paid very liberally for the happy elegance and facility of Chinnery's pencil, to have sketched her in the look of intense feeling she thus betrayed. She had thrown up her gaze thoughtfully, but yet unconsciously, to a window, a

little removed from that where I was seated, and in my life I never witnessed any thing approaching the young Cecilia-like expression of that raised glance! Something had evidently awakened her emotion; I perceived her bend again and again over the book, and then proceed to extract some portion of what was before her. If it was curiosity that now impelled me to her side, it was not impertinent, nor improper curiosity, and I approached the table, playfully enquiring what peculiar circumstance was so seriously engaging her attention and study?

She was confused, and immediately blushed her distress at any observation at such a moment; but soon unhesitatingly closed her book,—an Album; and pointing to the name of MRS. PERMIT, in it's well-remembered medallion and gold letters, informed me that she “was merely copying some few extracts which Mrs. Permit had allowed her to make, and who had kindly sent her Album for the purpose, with the music Mama had written for.”

My mind instantly apprised me that the lady of the Collector, either from Mofussil idleness, or a favourable opinion of young Aylmour, in preference to Mr. Chillum, (with whom, by the bye, I had heard that her husband was officially and privately at variance,) was now engaged in the same good and secret office as myself, of aiding and abetting the young folks. I asked Maria if I might open the book: and after the permission of a half kind of affirmative only, soon came to two or three things in the same

hand-writing as the two lines I have already noticed : at length I turned to the continuation of the very lines themselves, and lost no time in reading the entire little production of Mr. Aylmour. It was as follows :—

“To * * * * *

And if you love me, why withhold
 The one sweet word, mine ear to bless ?
 Or if those lips may not unfold,
 Or maiden fears the sound repress,—
 Still let me in thy glances see
 That you can love, and love but me !

Ah ! if you love me, Lady fair !
 Regardless then of angry fate,
 For thee, alone, I'd fearless dare
 The world, in all its 'whelming hate :
 Then why permit the doubt to be,
 If you can love, and love but me !

Oh ! if you love me, why delay
 The moment that shall end my pain ;
 The moment which shall so repay
 The pangs it cost that love to gain :
 Oh ! deign at once to bid me see
 That you can love, and love but me !”

“Very pretty and very beseechingly romantic,” I exclaimed, on finishing the stanzas, which I had wick-

edly read aloud, and then asked Maria, if she knew the author of them? But before I could bring myself to look at the poor girl for a reply, who should be announced, by a card, brought to myself, but Mr. Aylmour? Any farther jesting or trifling, to add to her confusion at the moment of his entrance, would have been too bad; so away I hurried to receive him at the door, and detain him for an instant, till my new and pretty protégée should be sufficiently at ease to receive him. Her Papa was absent in the Provincial Battalion lines, on professional duty; and Mama had announced that she should be busy for the morning, preserving some young oranges, which she had promised to Mr. Chillum, and in which notable piece of housewifery she was peculiarly skilled.

After taking our seats, and the gentleman and lady had sedulously endeavoured to converse, without awakening observation from the tormenting Monsieur de Trop, now in their company, I at length suddenly remembered a note to answer in the next room, and walked away to my desk, to enjoy the consciousness of being secretly blest at the moment, by two at least, of my fellow creatures. I was not altogether ten minutes absent, yet abundantly long, I am sure, for the young gentleman to take happy advantage of his opportunity, when I could not help catching one or two involuntarily broken sentences, with the sudden and inexpressively soft tone of the "in tears, Miss Alport?" by the lover. Going also to a side table for a wafer, the half-kneeling figure of Mr. Aylmour at her side,

was seen by me, before I could avert my glance; but at that moment a servant also entered, with a summons for Miss Alport to Maria.

Shortly after, I joined the young gentleman, who was with his back to the door, all alone, and affecting most industriously to admire a Saracen-like portrait of my worthy friend Alport, graily designed by that eminent artist of the upper provinces, Low Ghee; and which, by the way, no entreatment could persuade Mrs. Alport to remove from its present frightful conspicuousness in the sitting room. I let him continue his admiration for a reasonable time, but we had scarcely attempted a conversation, when the sound of distant voices, and one of them in anger, struck our attention. They came nearer and nearer, — nay, were entering the next room, — and now distinctly and at once burst upon us in the highest tones of Mrs. Alport — “I tell you, Maria, this proposal just received from Mr. Chubb must not, and shall not be thus rejected. It is useless your denying your silly reason for declining it,—that impertinent young man, Mr. Aylmer, ———”

“Hush, hush, Maria! for Heaven’s sake! —”

“No! I will not spare you, Maria; you care not for our feelings! our continued and affectionate solicitude for you; our extraordinary expenses in your education and masters in England; all, all to be thrown away on a thoughtless boy of a Subaltern.”

“In mercy, Mama! *he* is in the next room!”

“In the next room! where, who, child?”

And now the whole murder came out ! we were all confronted ; Mr. Aylmour very angry ; Mama in hysterics, with her black silk apron on, for preserving young oranges ; the Bengalee endeavouring to soothe, and soften down ; and Maria, the pretty, the timid Maria, to my utter astonishment, suddenly throwing off the seeming gentleness of her nature, and firmly, but respectfully, addressing her Mama,—

“ Sincerely, most deeply, my beloved Parent,” she exclaimed, “ I lament this : but I am no longer a child. True, this morning in folly, and overcome by my feelings, I have pledged myself to Mr. Aylmour. That pledge, for the folly of it has been only in it’s confession, will be eternal with me ; but it’s fulfilment, however distant, shall depend only on my parents’ most full and willing approval.” Then, turning to her lover, who seemed mute in his admiring astonishment and gratitude ;—“ You must retire, Mr. Aylmour,” said she, gently offering her hand, “ This is no place for you just now : when your presence is sanctioned, and more kindly received, you need not fear that I—” she stopped,—her momentary firmness failed her, and amidst a burst of overpowering tears, I escorted her to the door of her own apartment.—When I returned, the room was empty !

THE MOFUSSIL.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Quando ullum inveniemus patrem ?

HORACE.

THE very afternoon of the day I have just described saw me in close confab, in cantonments, with my new acquaintance, Mr. Aylmour. We had an uncommonly long walk up and down the Verandah of his little Bungalow ; and before we parted, I learned all that my young lover had to communicate of himself, his affection, his hopes, and his future prospects. Of hope, he had abundance, for, after his beloved Maria's avowal of this morning, what had he more to think of, or desire ? But, as for the future, true, he would not subject one so dear to him to the annoyances of marching about with the regiment, amidst the luxuries only of his present means. But had he not had a most favourable reply, only a few days since, to an application for the Quarter-master General's department ? did not the Military Secretary to his Lordship announce to him, that "his name was upon the list of candidates?" After one or two close enquiries, I

found that Mr. Aylmour had lately transmitted a recommendatory letter to the Governor-General, from a gentleman of considerable property in Leicestershire, a county neighbour, and late brother-sportsman of his Lordship; but although the Lieutenant had no one earthly reason that I could establish, for his present over-sanguine expectations of success, he seemed, like all young aspirants, as certain of his wishes, as if in actual possession of a promise under the Marquess's own hand and seal.

I well knew that his only chance with Mrs. Alport, in the present desperate state of his love affair, would be his success with a staff appointment. Not that Mama was altogether as worldly-minded as might be concluded from this. In truth, she was a plain, good-hearted, unaffected, every-day sort of body, who made Alport a most excellent wife; though we were all assuredly in wonder, in our day, what miracle, or combination of fates, could have brought them together! He, in his season of wooing, a wild, betting, ne'er-do-weel of a Sportsman; and she, a simple, quiet, pretty-enough daughter of a neighbouring Indigo Planter. But, like most Mamas of a few years' standing in India, she had, by this time, acquired a delicate and very discriminative judgment as to the *eligibility*, or otherwise, of her daughter's admirers. The difference of the services; the nice point of relative situation; the distinctions of staff and salary, and the comparative advantages flowing from the snug fixture of permanent appointment,

opposed to the luckless inconveniencies of a scanty marching establishment; all these were as well understood by her, and as much a portion of her maternal belief, and hopes for her daughter's earthly happiness, as the very creed itself was, to her sense of religion, a necessary foundation for her future and everlasting welfare.

Under all these circumstances, I suddenly remembered me of pressing business at the Presidency; and wrote forthwith to the Deputy Post-Master, for an early dâk. I soon found that I should have the benefit of company this time; for Mr. Neilman, described as a most hearty good fellow, an Indigo planter, had ridden over to my friend Alport's from his factory, having ordered his dâk for Calcutta on the same evening as myself. We soon found ourselves perfectly good friends; and on our way together, before we had proceeded half a dozen stages, were as mutually communicative as two old *kooe-hyes* at home in a stage-coach, or two young Subalterns, in any part of the world, on a night picquet. He came out, he told me, some fifteen years before, as a Midshipman in the Honourable Company's Ship *Sir William Curtis*; but not admiring his Middy's berth on board, on reaching Bengal, he fairly ran for it! Having no friends at the Presidency, he must have had an edifying sort of retirement, at a punch house probably, for the first few weeks of his surreptitious introduction to India. At last, he made bold to write to his maternal uncle, an Indigo planter up the

country, whose agents, by return of *dák*, were desired to pack off the young gentleman in a small boat to the Leilpore factory. There it was that young Neilman soon became an expert assistant, and after several years of hard fagging and galloping along the cultivation, he was enabled, by his uncle's retirement, and the aid of his agents, to become lord and master of the works themselves, with the puckah buildings, bungalows, drying houses, vats, China pumps, ploughs, and I know not how many biggahs of cultivation, or thousands of outstanding balances!

For years, he told me, it was sad "*deek our mih-nut*," regular "*hyran*" kind of work; and but for the princely kindness of a partner of one of the Calcutta houses, whom he delighted to hail as the "*unum inter omnes*," the "*spem gregis*," it would have been "*ho-chuka*" with him long since. It is necessary to inform my readers, that my new companion, Mr. Neilman, had adopted, in his phraseology, a most happy, or, at all events, a most unceasing admixture of Hindoostanee aids and expletives. Half his native English had now given way to bad Hindoostanee. Thus he never dines, only *khana-khats*; he never touches wine, it is all *shraub* with him, or rather *beer-shraub*, his only beverage. When he inspects his Indigo fields, he takes a *dékh* at the plant, or *chuls* over the *kates*: he calls Alport his old *doost*; and conversing with his good lady, a little *bat-cheet* with the *beebee-sahib*! Without premising this, it would be difficult to follow Mr. Neilman

through his present Eurasian, or Anglo-asiatic illustrations in conversation. But such of my Readers as may find it difficult to keep pace with him, I can safely recommend them to the able expositions of that eminent eastern philologist and linguist, John Borthwick Gilchrist, LL.D. and Author of a very opportune work,—“The Orienti-occidental Tuitionary Pioneer !”

Mr. Neilman was giving me the history of his Indigo affairs, but paused to assure me he was *burra khowsee* that the Judge sahib had been *juwabad* by the young spinster at the Doctor's. “Lord, Sir !” he exclaimed, “he gives more *deek* to the poor *leil-wallas* of the district, than half the zillah courts of the country. Some folks say he is fond of *goose*, but I think it's all regular *sud* with him. It was but last season I cut my plant at some *Ruguts* of mine near Leilpore : it was all ready to bring in, when up came a gang of *loot-wallas* belonging to a *cala-feringee*, a low Portuguese chap in my neighbourhood ; and *lattees* in hand, they *chull'd* off with the whole of it ! Well, Sir, that bit of *suburdust* work would'nt do for me ; so I sent in a *durcast* to the Judge, brought a civil suit against the fellow ; lugged him also into the Foujdaree Court for a *mar-peat* affair ; and, just as every thing was *mokuddumah'd*, and my *Vakeel* announced the *Diggeree* in my favour, in walks my *feringee* friend with a host of *jootah-gowahs*, and I got my *rooksut* in grand style. I only wish I had

the Judge in one of my Indigo vats ! I'd give a tinge of blue to his biliousness, I'd warrant him."

The next subjects of Mr. Neilman's angry complainings, were the Calcutta agents, of whom, by his own shewing however, he had as little right to complain as most men ; " but he had got to the right side of these gentry, thank God !—Last May's account gave himself and his works all clear, and he'd make a new sort of *bunderbust* for the future ! Why, the year before last," continued he, " they sold my blue at *arrye-sou rupeeah* the maund ; and I was offered elsewhere nearly *puonee teen* for it all round, dust and broken, musters and all ! But, never mind, my good fellow," he continued, " I've enough yet to give a bottle of prime *beer shraub*, with a spare *hookah*, a *howdah*, and a sporting *hathee* for a friend at my Factory ; and when you return to Sahibpore, the old Doctor sahib and you shall have a few days' *shikar* of it."

I only took leave of my talkative companion, as we passed the house of his agents, on reaching Calcutta. And I could well see, that in spite of his boasting, he yet stood in awe of the " Dear Sirs," even like a big school-boy, who still looks back with secret terror at the birch, as it fearfully betrays itself in the well-remembered corner of the school-room ! I saw no more of him in Calcutta.

After a few hours' rest, I turned my mind gravely to the *purpose* of my hasty and temporary return to

the Presidency; it was nothing more or less than a most unpresuming wish on the part of the Bengalee, to see how far *his* interest would extend with great men; and humbly ascertain, if he could place his young friend Aylmour in the Quarter-Master General's department. I bethought me of various favourable channels to approach the fountain-head; and after a hasty breakfast on the day subsequent to my arrival, away I posted to pay my respects to one of the Government, whom all declared to be the Arbiter Parcarum, and, under the supreme Head himself, the most influential of big men. Fortunately he was not a military person, and I must here entreat excuse for pausing to say one thing, which I have actually heard asserted, of course without the *slightest* foundation, and my military readers must pardon me, who am no soldier, for this piece of second-hand and idle reproof to the chiefs of their community. I say it has been affirmed, that in the circle of Calcutta great men, the least civil, the least conciliatory, and, with a few striking exceptions, the least encouraging to their own juniors, and their own brethren of the same profession, are the many various magnates of the Staff, who have chanced to gain for themselves the more exalted and fortunate stations of the official ladder.

I was ushered into a large house, and received stiffly, though as politely as you please, by my new patron. But, although petitioning, anxiety, and solicitation were written in every feature of my face,

and breathing in every tone of my hesitating articulation, yet I received no encouragement to disclose my wishes. After a few common-place remarks, and one or two heavy breaks in the conversation, which the great man took no pains to remedy or enliven, ringing only the changes on one or two official and set phrases, in which the *State* or the *Government*, or the *Government* or the *State*, formed three-fourths of the words uttered; why I fairly came away as I went, without having the heart or spirit to broach the very subject that had brought me some hundred of miles to Calcutta, for its sole furtherance and object!

The foregoing was a damper to my plan of *making interest*, as it is called: it at once determined me to step past all subordinates, and solicit an audience with the Governor-General himself. So I forthwith despatched a note to the Aide-de-camp in waiting at the Barrackpore park, and laid horses at Cox's Bungalow for the purpose of following it myself the next morning. On reaching Barrackpore, I took the opportunity of visiting Colonel Jhootboll, a very ancient acquaintance and ally of mine; most renowned for his extraordinary shots, and marvellous escapes from tigers, wild hogs, and elephants, with more of eastern adventures, mishaps, and miracles, to his share, than any man in the army. At his hospitable quarters I got a very warm welcome, and most excellent breakfast; and found waiting for me a reply from the Aide-de-camp, appointing the hour for my attendance at

Government-house. It need not be mentioned that I was punctual at the hour stated. On entering the Government residence at the park, and ascending the stair-case, I was met by a gentlemanly young officer, who very civilly led me to the centre room, and begged me to be seated, until he should proceed to his Lordship's study, or writing apartment in the north-west wing of the building, and ascertain if the Marquess was at leisure.

Perhaps there are few things less enviable than those moments of anxious suspense and trepidation, experienced by a doubtful suitor to patronage, when on the very point of introduction to the presence of rank and power. While hastily pondering over and conning an introductory speech, and nervously planning the best mode of prefacing the wished-for subject,—how devoutly the suitor wishes himself with Captain Parry at the North Pole, or with Mr. Buckingham at Jericho, or any where, rather than in his present situation of most uncomfortable nervousness. As for myself, I had seen his Lordship but once at a Levee; was known to him publicly, it is true, but still too slightly for so serious an intrusion. However, my state of suspense was not allowed to be very tedious; the Aide-de-camp returned to present me, and in a moment I found myself standing before the Governor-General in person. His lordship had risen at my entrance, and moved slightly forward to receive me; politely pointing to a chair near himself for my reception. My eye glanced for a moment upon the Go-

vernor-General,—on the noble ruler of British India, the late conqueror of it's central empires! How little is sufficient to soothe and tranquillise the heart of a suitor; how intimately the eye scans, in a single glance, the very mind and feeling of it's patron! I felt at once assured that I was in the presence of kindness and condescension!

I soon became myself, and capable of observing: his Lordship had on a plain silk undress coat, having relieved himself from his wonted general-officer's uniform, for the purpose of writing more at ease. On the table before him were several boxes containing papers or despatches, with some large thick quarto letter paper for his personal writing. Some of the boxes were open; and at his right hand was one closed, but with a narrow opening in it's lid, like a post-office panel, for the admission of closed and sealed letters. Various Secretaries' consultation boxes, containing recent reports, minutes or despatches in circulation for the perusal of the members of Government, were on a side table, awaiting their early turn for consideration. The punkah was moving by some simple mechanism, so as to obviate the intrusion of a servant, and the whole scene betrayed the study and retirement of an indefatigable, ardent statesman, but one necessarily systematic and methodical in the otherwise overwhelming magnitude of his public business. After one or two affable, almost kind enquiries, which proved that the Bengalee was remembered even after the slight introduction of a previous year, I was at

once emboldened, without farther trespass on his Lordship's time, to enter upon my solicitation for Mr. Aylmour. I stated the public grounds of my application; adverted briefly to his own recommendatory introduction, as I believed, from home to his Lordship; touched upon the young man's assiduity, and knowledge of the Oriental languages, and then dilated on his peculiar talents for the department to which he aspired.

At this moment his Lordship bowed to me, as in apology for the interruption, and rising up, proceeded to a drawer, and took out from it a small coloured plan, with the name of *A. F. Aylmour, Lt.* in the corner; "this, I believe, is by your young friend, and a very creditable performance it is: Mr. Aylmour is not unknown to me." His Lordship then informed me, that some months ago, struck by the name, which was that of a Major also, once well known in America, and a personal friend during that unhappy conflict, he had been induced to make enquiry; and was already in possession of some favourable particulars regarding the Lieutenant, who had proved to be a grandson of an early brother soldier.

On hearing this, I hesitatingly ventured on an appeal to the well-known generous and somewhat romantic part of his Lordship's character, too often abused by others, as many have sighed to think! and apprised him of Lieutenant Aylmour's situation with the Alport family. I faltered and paused, at first introducing the subject, but his Lordship listened to

me with such politeness, such evident kindness and attention, that I briefly detailed the whole circumstance. Never shall I forget the playful smile which illumined his benevolent and noble countenance, when he at length interrupted me by saying, "The young man's happiness then seems in a fair way of realization, for I have already handed, I believe, a memorandum to the proper office for his succeeding to the first vacancy in the desired department; and I apprehend a vacancy has occurred within these very few days." Thanks were not permitted me,—I was immediately pressed to stay that afternoon to dinner at the Government house, and the bow that acknowledged the grateful acceptance of the kindness, seemed to me as a signal to retire.

"They will be all rapture at Sahibpore," thought I, as I drove down to Calcutta in the evening. My dâk was again laid; and once more the accustomed number of hours saw me at the Civil Surgeon's Bungalow, whence I despatched a happy note to the Lieutenant.

THE MOFUSSIL.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb,
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
Earth's travellers meet.

BLAIR.

IN a small community, the absence, by death, of one of its members, the diminution of the ascertained and well known number of those around, throws a gloom upon the survivors, which the residents of a large and populous city seldom either experience or conceive. Amidst the more extensive communities, and we may here instance Calcutta, the decease of an individual may be deeply felt within the immediate circle of his friends; but the generality of people can know the event no farther than by its brief record in the public papers. Perhaps a few here, in their evening progress to the course, may meet the solemnity of the funeral procession; these may check the vacant smile, and stay their vehicles by the way-side, to pause in becoming respect, while the mortal remains of a brother citizen are passing to their long, long home. But the impression lasts not beyond the line of mourners in the rear; and the

next barouche with its party of listless acquaintances; and the necessary exertion, and slight movements of recognition which ensue, soon dispel the faintest lingering traces of the late too melancholy spectacle.

But in a small society, the bereavement falls, as it were, within our own immediate ken; the home itself of all. Even where the deceased may have been barely intimate, he was yet of the few, whom the eye often recognised amidst the friendly circle; and in the failure of some slight office, some trivial but accustomed event within his share of the social compact, his absence is yet felt, and the wonted companion missed and regretted! The vacant habitation daily meets the eye as we pass along, to tell the tale of its present desolate loneliness, and denote the gloomy withdrawing of its tenant. 'Tis as with the sad inmate of a cell; the removal of a companion of its solitude, of the very insect which had spun its web for months before him, brings a damp upon the soul, and the heart becomes more depressed in its new bereavement. In the narrow limit of a secluded station, where the affections, or even the simple regards of mere acquaintance, must concentrate, and fix upon the few, necessarily known to each other; 'tis a link broken in the chain that binds every one; 'tis an inroad upon the inclosure and fold of daily feeling; a speaking and fearful tale to all! Men, indeed, shudder, and the heart recoils within itself, when, from the scanty band of pilgrims, one falls

from among the few on the narrow pathway, and sinks before themselves into the grave.

What pang is there like that which strikes upon our own hearts, and our nearest sympathies? We hear of war; till fancy, with it's colouring of romance, paints to us a scene of devastation; but we know it not, we feel it not, till the scourge spreads upon our fields, and the shell of the besieger falls beside our own tenement. 'Tis as with the warning voice in the land of Egypt; it was unheeded and despised by her people; but there arose amidst their own domestic hearths the wild cry of affliction; the first-born of their love were fearfully given from before them to the tomb, and then the voice reached them!

Such were my reflections after returning from the solemn, and to me most affecting ceremony of a Military funeral. For several days the communications from Mr. Aylmour had been brief and hurried; he was attending the sick couch of a brother officer, and, as he told me, of one much esteemed by him. And what proved more afflicting to the kind-hearted young man, and added to his solicitude, while he anxiously watched by the bed of his dying friend, were the melancholy circumstances connected with the scene before him. There was not, it is true, in this case the sudden and awful stroke of death hurling to the grave, in this clime of dread uncertainty, the hale and the robust. But it was more painful, perhaps, to the eye of regard; the wasting and last sinking down of a frame, which the climate

had assailed only, when the weariness of the spirit, and the failing of the heart, had prostrated it,—a too willing victim to its ravages.

I soon learned the history of the deceased. Mr. Seymour was by no means so youthful as many when he came to India, nor was he originally intended for the army. Brighter prospects once awaited him at home; but his father, who held a high diplomatic situation under Government, was suddenly displaced, partly from the intrigue consequent to a change of Administration; yet much it was feared from the opening afforded by himself, and the means of injury which his own misconduct had given to his enemies. The son received a Cadetship shortly after his parent's misfortune, and came at once from Oxford, where he had been for the past term, to join an Indiaman at Portsmouth; hastily proceeding for a few hours only to London, for the purpose of transacting what was absolutely necessary at the India house. For some unaccountable reason, some unhappy mystery, he refused to see, or take leave of, his Parent before leaving England. There was a whisper regarding an engagement with a ward of his father, which attachment had been thwarted by him; and in the public papers had also appeared the report of a Chancery case, developing some peculiarly disgraceful transactions of the guardian, which affected the property of the ward, and eventually forced the elder Mr. Seymour to fly to the continent. But whatever may have occurred, it was unrevealed, to

the last, by the young man, though it must have sunk deeply, deeply indeed, within his mind. In his Indian career, apart from his brother officers, a stranger at the Mess, and a recluse in general society, he might have been unnoticed at all as the resident of a station, but for the affectionate testimony borne to his worth by the few, whom circumstances, as with Aylmour, had forced upon his regard. The interesting appearance also of Mr. Seymour himself, when met, by chance, in his solitary and distant rides, had awakened remark; and when the several residents heard of his last dangerous illness, a continued and lingering fever which wasted, and at length destroyed him, frequent were the enquiries, and many the fervent, though unavailing wishes for his recovery.

At his death, the station order-book announced that a subaltern's funeral party would attend the remains of the late Lieutenant Seymour to the place of interment; and at the appointed time I was touched to observe that many like myself, who resided away from the cantonments, had come in, to pay their last respect to the deceased.

The attendance upon a funeral, to a person of common feeling, is at all times a solemn and affecting ceremony; but in this case, I know not why, whether, to me, the novelty of the little procession, the circumstances relative to the deceased, or my own peculiar state of mind at the moment, yet frequently as I was endeavouring to preserve the mea-

sured pace with the other mourners following the party of Sepoys, I would have given worlds to have turned away, to weep outright: and how difficult was the task to repress the full tear, which every moment came swelling to my eyes. There was no regular military band with the procession, but the shrill, piercing fife, unnaturally, as it were, attempting the slow and solemn dead march in Saul, the wistful and serious looks of the Sepoys on the duty, and of others with side arms, belonging to the deceased's own company, who in evident sorrow were voluntarily following his remains,—the deep muffled beat, at times, of the large drum, and the low rolling of the smaller ones; and but for these and the shrill fife, not a sound, save the measured tread of the military: it was indeed a thing to speak to the feelings of every one! Not the nodding pageantry of the plumed hearse, nor the proud splendour of a Calcutta burial, could have affected the heart half so deeply, as this simple and little procession now winding before me.

It reached the enclosed burial ground. There was no Clergyman then at the Station, and the commanding Officer of the post attended to perform the last sad duty to the remains of a brother soldier. The Sepoys forming the funeral party wheeled back, and arranged themselves into a street, resting upon their reversed firelocks, while the Coffin, covered with a plain velvet pall, surmounted with the deceased's cap and sword, and followed by the mourners, was.

borne along between the line of Sepoys towards the grave. It was here that the deep and manly voice of the aged commandant, whose grey hairs and tall military form we perceived, as he turned with the pathway, and led the solemn procession, now broke upon the ear. And when he reached the newly made grave, and proceeded with that most beautiful of all services, nothing could equal the indescribable solemnity of the scene. I have heard the office for the Burial of the dead read by many, and the mind is seldom at such a time prepared to cavil at, or even admire the mere delivery of the prayer; but the age, the veteran and soldier-like form now before us; the clear unaffected fervency of the petition to his Maker for mercy to this, his departed brother, and companion in arms; never can I fancy a more intense impression, than that which such a scene, for hours and hours, conveyed to the mind. So completely had it absorbed me at the moment, that I believe I scarcely heard the filling up of the grave, nor the hollow descending of the earth; while the subsequent wheeling back of the Sepoys was unnoted by me; and it was only the wonted firing of the soldiery over the grave, that recalled me to my recollection.

Lieutenant Aylmour has since forwarded to me a copy of some Poetry, a fragment only, written by the deceased but a few days previous to his death, and apparently describing a burial ground. It may possess interest, perhaps, from the facts connected with it, and from the melancholy state of his feelings,

which it so evidently betrays. I shall, therefore, make no apology for giving it to my Readers:—

“ ’Tis a fierce glowing scene,—the hot west wind
Is loud upon the plain, and almost roars,
Like a red flame in it's consuming course,
Exulting in the ruin it conveys.
High rolls the volumed dust, and quits the plain,
Till the parch'd earth, unbared to it's dry skin,
Breaks into yawning fissures ; or it's face
Moulders and flits away ! Now sudden clouds
Of driven sand shadow the scorching sun,
And though they fail to darken o'er the glare,
Yet fling around a red unhallow'd hue
That leaves the whole more desolately wild !
'Tis a meet time for fever'd steps to rove
And riot in the danger of the noon.
I'll forth to yonder tombs,—fit solace now
For one who sighs to rest there ;—*rest ?*—aye, rest !—
That stirless, sighless rest,—that sleep of sleeps
That knows not—thinks not—dreams not—wakes not up
To all the damning, dread reality
Of life and living ills ! Be calm, my brain !
Burst not thy aching tenement ;—be still,
Till I have wander'd o'er yon tempting graves,
And braved the noon-day sun !—Alas ! alas !
My frame is feebler than my will ; e'en while
My hot and fever'd blood, o'erwild with force,
Runs it's tumultuous race,—it cannot tempt
These failing limbs to one poor moment's task !

'Tis past ! the fever, and the glow of day,—
Both have departed. It is Evening now,

And the hot wind hath died away to peace ;
Changed to the fitful breeze, that breathing soft
It's freshness o'er my brow, brings comfort there,
And lulls me with it's languor :—Oh ! 'tis glad,
'Tis grateful now, the very weakness stealing
So sensibly along each limb,—'tis calm
Even as sleep's fond opiate to the anguish'd.
Why, it were bliss to die ;—to pass from life
In such sweet dreamy consciousness of failing :—
To *feel* the spirit, as it were, departing,
Nor wish, nor sigh to stay it !—Bear me forth,
Oh ! bear me to the tombs ;—in my late feverish dream,
I sought to tread that sanctuary, and again
I fain would wander there, and drink the dew,
The languor of the night.

There, soft and lay me down ;—for I am now
Seated 'midst many friends, and every tomb
Is sacred to some social tie of love,
The blow of death hath scathed, but not divided.
Hush ! hush !—they speak, and fancy would conform
And syllable each breeze,—each whisper here,
Into the hallow'd language of their greeting !
See, how the moonbeam plays and glistens o'er
The golden summit of Alphonso's tomb,
And mocks it, as it flings it's lengthen'd shade
O'er yonder lowly mound.—'Twas thus in life
The gilded splendour of Alphonso's course
Outshone his humble neighbour ;—shadowing o'er
His every step,—his path,—his love,—his life,—
And now they sleep together ;—proud and poor ;
The aggressor and the injured ; scarce a fathom,

A handful of that earth, which once could seem
 Too scant for both to meet on, now divides
 Their fast commingling relics. 'Tis a train,
 Of sad, sad thought to dwell on !

* * * * *

Ha ! yonder new made grave !—untenanted,—
 That waits the coming morn to welcome here
 Some late departed victim ! There are tears,
 Fresh burning tears, then, falling at some home,
 Which now must miss it's inmate ! There are sobs,
 All uncontrol'd, in their new burst of grief,
 Somewhere amidst the stillness of this night !
 Where hath this fresh blow fallen ? Is it some link
 Of life-long proved affection, that is rent ;—
 While those who clung uplifted by it's aid
 And hail'd that tie,—their sole supporting joy,
 Now fall in staggering, hopeless ruin round ?—
 Is it some widow'd bride, who now awakes
 From a short dream,—a wild and earthless vision,—
 Too blissful to exist beyond the breath
 Of a fast fleeting hour of young affection ?
 Say, does she see her heart's own loved in death,
 And fall in shrieking senselessness beside
 The clay-cold form, which late she almost worshipp'd ?
 Is it some Mother who is doom'd to see
 Her first born perish in her own young arms ;—
 To pause in wordless agony, and watch
 As the pale hue of Death first passes o'er
 Her child's each fixing feature ?—Nay, not this ;—
 Oh Father ! in thy mercy grant that this
 Be not th' affliction now ! For I have mark'd
 That harrowing hour ; seen a poor Mother rush

In horror to her angel infant's couch,
 Scar'd at it's loud convulsions ; till she seized
 The struggling innocent, and bore it up
 To her fast beating breast,—'midst shrieks for help,
 Help ! help ! to save her infant ! All too late,
 The help was unavailing ; they removed
 The lifeless treasure from her clasping arms,
 That knew not why they clung.—Oh God ! and then
 Shall I depict the look, the speaking gaze
 Of torturing wonderment, of wound up grief,
 The crush of earthly hope, that harrowing came
 With her one piercing cry—' My babe is dead !'

* * * *

And did that Mother weep her lost, lost child ?
 Poor blinded woman !—why the babe sleeps now
 In painless slumber here : and had it liv'd
 It might have been the poor heart-broken thing,
 The stricken wretch that I am.—In it's time,
 Have seen it's youth, it's every early dream—
 Lie dimly wither'd in a clime like this,
 And *then*, all gone ; heart, hope, health, peace away,—
 Pant like myself, and like the wounded deer,
 For some lone spot to ——"

* * * *

"Well, really, it is very kind of Mrs. Permit to send us the Government Gazette this week, when I know it is constantly engaged to so many," said Mrs. Alport, on taking her seat at the breakfast table, about a fortnight after the occurrences just described.

"Some bad news in it, I would bet three to one," observed Mr. Alport. "Some clipping and cutting

of appointments, some reduction of medical allowances, or other gracious act of Government, which the lady has great glee in announcing. Mrs. Permit's attentions of this nature to her neighbours, like the fond music and approaches of a musquito, are generally quite as amiable and well-intentioned !"

"La Pa !" exclaimed Maria, affecting warmly to defend her friend Mrs. Permit; but, in fact, merely endeavouring to conceal the deep blush and agitation, which the appearance of the Government Gazette had excited.

"Will Miss Alport kindly read the paper aloud, while they are bringing coffee?" enquired the Bengalee, with a sly look at Maria: but which glance, as well as the entreaty, she pretended to have been lost upon her attention. "Well then, I must even put on my spectacles, and discover myself, what the Gazette saith in the shape of novelty. Why let me see, —Oh! here are some new civil appointments,—Mr. A. T. Salthouse to be Judge and Magistrate of Sahibpore."

"Dear me! what is to become of Mr. Chillum?"—exclaimed Mrs. Alport in utter astonishment; but immediately checking herself, and biting her lip.

"Mr. Peter Chillum to be Judge and Magistrate of the Jungle Mehaults:" continued I, still reading aloud, "Mr. Frederick Alport to be Assistant to the Magistrate at Sahibpore."

"Fred out of College! and coming here!" half-screamed Mama.

“And *there!*—Papa!” cried Maria, with tears of joy—“Mrs. Permit, you asserted, had sent the newspaper illnatureably; Dear, dear Frederick! how delighted we shall be to see him!”

It was long ere the burst of pleasure which this intelligence had conveyed, had subsided into any thing like calmness. Even my old friend Alport seemed quite lost in his delight; he arose from his seat, and would not be contented, until he had seen the Government Order with his own eyes. He then shook me heartily by the hand in token of his joy, till I was half pinched to death by his ecstasy.

When again all were quietly seated, and while sipping my tea, and demolishing the muffin, with the Government Gazette at my side, I glanced my eye on another piece of intelligence.

“Eh!—what’s this? They seem determined to make a thorough breaking up, and change in your station of Sahibpore.—The most noble the Governor General in Council is pleased to appoint Lieut. Aug. Fraser Aylmour, to be a Deputy Assistant Quartermaster General of the Army, Vice Bradshaw, resigned.”

All was immediate confusion; Poor Maria’s cup of tea had unfortunately deposited the whole of it’s contents in her lap; and the consequent bustle and jumping up on every side, seemed to have checked all further perusal of the Government paper. Mrs. Alport and Maria forthwith quitted the room, and left the old gentleman and myself to discuss the late intelligence over our tea and hookahs.

"Your son, Alport, can prove himself a sharp young fellow, you see, when he does set his mind to it. I quite envy you the pleasure of having him with you for the next year or two."

"Ay, aye, he is a young knowing one, I'll warrant him," replied the Civil Surgeon; "he seems to have an eye to the good sporting months in this part of the country! Why he'll not leave a hog, or a black partridge in it, before he quits us. I must write to him, however, to bring up a few good hog-spears; and as for myself I must have an inspection of my armoury, and brush up my Joe Mantons a bit."

"I am glad to see, also, that Mr. Aylmour has got an appointment," I carelessly observed,—venturing at this moment of exhilaration, to introduce the subject of his good fortune likewise, as Mrs. Alport had just returned to the table.

"Why, yes," replied my friend: "I wish the lad well with all my heart."

"Who?—what?" enquired his wife.

"Our Maria's beau in cantonments," explained Mr. Alport; "he has obtained some staff appointment, it appears."

"He is a very forward young man!" was all the congratulation afforded by the good lady. "True," she added, "I bear him no ill will, and may be pleased for his own sake. I only trust that such early promotion may not render him more presuming."

Mrs. Alport's remarks, and her reception of the intelligence, seemed so unlike her wonted general kind-

liness, and good will to all, that I raised my glance to look at her. Her eyes were immediately averted, but there was enough to tell me, that her affected unconcern at the news, or rather her assumed disinclination, was only to cover the new impression, and the little vista of possible contingencies, that such tidings had conjured up to her view.

After breakfast, Mrs. Alport requested me to escort her in a few visits, which she had to pay in the vicinity. I well knew her present motive for seeing her neighbours,—to wit, the pleasure of talking of her son's expected arrival: but the maternal feeling and exultation so exhibited, was too natural and pleasing to permit me to deny myself the happiness of witnessing it. So the ancient family carriage, and the Doctor's old arabs were brought up to the door, and we drove off, after Mrs. Alport had carefully equipped herself for the occasion. She was perfectly gay, with a prim, new looking lace cap, and veil, pinned up at the crown: a worked scarf of Dacca muslin, white cambric gloves, and huge bead bracelets, the handy work of Maria; an ivory cut fan, with a deeply carved tortoise-shell card case, of most antiquarian dimensions; the whole set off by a very portentous sized black velvet reticule, with gold tassels, almost of the magnitude, contents, and character of one of an old Dowager's now exploded pair of pockets.

We visited several houses: wherever Mrs. Alport found they were yet unacquainted with the news, it was wonderful, the skill and able tact, with which she

introduced the wished-for subject of her son. With her intimates, there was ever a good-natured scene of unaffected congratulation; but where the respective families were only on distant terms, it was really laughable, if one had dared to laugh, to observe, first of all, the *pioneering* to the subject; and then, the matter-of-course manner, and assumed calmness, with which she adverted to her son's release from College, and his expected immediate arrival at Sahibpore, as events long contemplated as fixed and certain. It was at Colonel Bonassus',—the military gentleman with his grown up daughters, whom I have before introduced to my Readers, that Mrs. Alport had just played off the same cool unconcern on the very subject she was so solicitous to communicate to all,—when a fresh visitor was announced, and in walked Mr. Aylmour! This was very awkward for the Misses Bonassus, whose education, though it had been admirably and ably superintended at one of those first of all Calcutta seminaries,—Mrs. Durell's, or Mrs. Beck's, or Mrs. Bean's; yet, somehow, the course of their accomplishments, and the finishing of the Eastern metropolis, had not quite robbed them of the pleasing propensity of tittering to each other. And they tittered away most incontinently on the present occasion! Poor Aylmour blushed up to the eyes at finding himself thus unexpectedly seated opposite to his most awful of all opponents, the Mama of his Maria! and it was long before the conversation could become general, or resume it's former composure. At length, however,

to my inward astonishment and happiness, I caught Mama edging in one or two side references or observations to, or rather *at*, the new Deputy Assistant Quarter Master General; and at last she perfectly astounded me by a direct reply to one of his casual and general remarks ! The ice, once broken, in a few minutes they were both engaged in positive, and, to all appearance, very edifying conversation together. His late repulse by her was of course perfectly well known to all the station, and one of the Misses Bonassus sat with her mouth fearfully wide open before them, in admiration of the scene ; nor was the wonder decreased, when the visitors took leave, and young Aylmour was seen handing the old lady into her carriage ! While she was seating and adjusting herself, I briefly whispered to him, “You will find a note from me at home this afternoon; call at our house to-morrow, or the next day, as if nothing had occurred: I will prepare all !” A fervent pressure of the hand was the only reply ; I got into the carriage, and we instantly drove off.

Before Tiffen, I got Alport into his dressing room, amongst his medicine almirahs, surgical instruments, sporting, and every other apparatus: and in this *Sanctum sanctorum*, I spoke seriously to him about Mr. Aylmour and Maria ; I adverted to our meeting him in the morning, and the friendly way in which his wife had received the young Gentleman, notwithstanding his late discomfiture at her house. In fine, the point was so pressed home to him, that he plainly and decidedly told me, he liked the thing well enough him-

self, and if Mrs. Alport could be brought to consent; he was perfectly prepared to accede also. Now remained the tug of war, as I apprehended, with the good lady: not that I despaired with her even, after what I had witnessed; but opposition was temporarily to be expected, and I tortured my ingenuity how to introduce, argue upon, and carry so delicate a subject. But when I joined her little work-table, and was preparing circuitously to lead to my wished-for topic, how was I taken a-back, when, with frankness, and the good sense, which I am ashamed to say I had little expected, she at once interrupted me, by saying,—“I perfectly understand your present purpose: you are desirous to intercede here for Mr. Aylmour. In a word then, I do not *now* object to him; I am a weak woman, as you, my worthy friend, would often deem me, but for our old intimacy and good will; and I have not risen in your estimation, perhaps, by my late conduct towards Maria. I know, however, more of these things than you, or many, can do; and it would have been the worst of enmity lately, to Mr. Aylmour and my daughter, to have acted otherwise. I never would have forced her inclination in Mr. Chillum’s case,—and some control was needful in the other; at all events, until the Lieutenant could support a wife. I shall now be most happy to see your young friend, whenever he wishes to renew his visits.”

To close, then, a long business, and bring my tale to a blissful consummation, Mr. Aylmour, the next day, was duly installed in the happiness of an ap-

proved and an accepted admirer of the daughter. Frederick Alport arrived by dâk, a fine, handsome, dashing young fellow: the licence was applied for; the Clergyman summoned from Dinapore; and a more happy family circle could not exist than that of my friend, the Civil Surgeon; nor was the least happy among them, their old Fidus Achates, that busy-body, the Bengalee.

SATIRES IN INDIA.

No. 4. WOMEN.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall;
Most Women have no characters at all.

POPE.

WHAT ! “ Women have no characters ! ”—away !
Plead not the sanction of a Poet’s lay.
Can rash assertion dare the test of time,
Because it boast the harmony of rhyme ?
Shall raptured listeners still, as truth, receive
What the fond heart delights to disbelieve ?
Not all the pleasing witchery of song
Shall e’er enslave, or lead the soul along.
Truth claims her brighter sway,—her powers appear,
Burst the Bard’s spells, and disenchant the ear !

Is there not feeling, then, in Woman’s heart ?—
Claims not affection, there, it’s purer part ?
Is there not mildness, Life’s sad path to smooth,
And Love’s endearments, still each care to soothe ?

Yes,—WOMAN!—this thy character, indeed!
These are thy charms, that willing captives lead;
And though awhile the memory of deceit
May bid some once fond heart in rancour beat;
May waken cold misanthropy and spleen,
Till man, ungrateful, fly from Beauty's scene;—
Ah! yet again one dear alluring smile,
One glance of beaming love shall still beguile;
While the dark joyless frown shall cease to lower,
And throbbing feelings own again thy power.

In every dream'd-of bliss Youth's fancy rears,
In every hope of joy for future years,
'Midst hours of expectation, when the breast
Pants for some moment, dearer than the rest,
Then, then, it is, that WOMAN seems alone
The fair possessor of our Fancy's throne;
Then, then, it is, we breathe the anxious sigh,
We think of some fond glance from dewy eye;
Dream of some heart, to angel fondness given,
Of Beauty,—Tenderness,—best boons of Heaven!
And still the dear,—the cherish'd dream to crown,
We hope,—we pant to call these charms *our own!*

In genial clime like this, where every ray,
That bursts unceasing from the orb of day,
Gives the fond heart to all the fire of love,
And all the passion's fierceness bids it prove,
Hear yonder Lover to the winds complain,
Though warm his vows, those vows are all in vain,
Proud Beauty scorns his true, though humble, prayers,
And only smiles, when Wealth or Grandeur glares.

But oft' complaint is rash, and wide from truth ;
 Observe yon amorous boy,—yon beardless youth,
 He singles out an object of desire,
 Burns with a thoughtless flame, or feigns the fire ;
 Then stung, at last, with well-deserved neglect,
 He rails, to find that Prudence can *reject*.

Yet other ills,—alas !—our Youth assert,
 (And grant, Oh Heaven ! their tales the truth pervert,)
 That there are Fair, who pant to try their power,
 And, playful, search for sweets, from flower to flower ;
 Who strive to wake th' impassion'd Lover's sigh,
 And catch the thrilling languor of his eye ;
 Who listen, smiling, to his tale of pain,
 Till melting looks half tell that tale again :
 Or when his hand, in trembling touch of Love,
 With timid pressure would their kindness move,
 Then that dear kindness,—fearful to deny,
 Bids a soft hand, in gentler squeeze reply.
 Thus—have we heard,—the glowing farce is play'd,
 Till some fond fool, enamour'd of a maid,
 Half urged to Frenzy, ventures to *propose*,
 And paints some dismal picture of his woes :—
 Repulse appals him !—the loved fair *explains* ;
 The fool's *refused*,—and laugh'd at for his pains !

SELINA boasts each charm that Poets seek,
 The softest dye of Love illumines her cheek ;
 The milder graces on her steps await,
 Lurk in her form, and ambush in her gait ;
 There is that angel something in her eye,
 That men adore, nor can it's magic fly,

That soft retiring look,—that timid glance,
Which, more than every lure, bids Love advance ;—
The sweet, half-childish semblance of alarm,
Which sighs to cling to fond Protection's arm ;
That ever seeming wakefulness of heart,
Whence tears of tenderness, too prompt to start,
Flow, at a word, from glistening orbs of light,
Till Beauty, gemm'd with feeling, beams more bright !
Oh ! who would think, beneath a guise so soft,
Beats a proud heart, that pants to soar aloft,
That ever pines for conquest, and for power,
And, like some haughty Hermit in his bower,
'Midst well-feign'd lowliness, allures a name,
And seeming still to shun it,—sighs for fame !

But let us turn from this the Lover's gaze,
Nor judge our fair ones by a Lover's praise,
Seek we the walks of calm domestic life,
And view, awhile, the Mother and the Wife ;
And here are they, whom eulogy may claim,
Bright, as her favouring hymns e'er voiced to Fame ;
Perchance there be, that Satire best may suit,
And Satire sings, when eulogy is mute.

Ere blooming MIRA left her humble home,
Or ever dream'd from native bowers to roam,
Then, every Sunday, deck'd in best array,
Prayer-book in hand, to Church she tripp'd away ;
Smiled, as she caught each young admirer's stare,
And read their eyes more deeply than the prayer.
Full many a dashing clerk had sigh'd his pain,
Full many a spruce apprentice own'd her reign ;

At home,—her samplers ranged in order fair,
And counterpanes of patch-work, proved her care ;
Her younger brothers' shirts, so neatly made,
So neatly mark'd, her industry betray'd ;
While smiling guests declared her tarts and pies
Confess'd her skill, and claim'd the housewife's prize.
Such was fair MIRA,—when an Uncle came,
Rich as a Nabob, fraught with wealth and fame,
Fresh from the East ; and then her heart was fired ;
The dream of Indian pomp her soul inspired :
Nor long her wishes vain, her Uncle's care
Bade his loved niece some masters' lessons share ;
Till soon, how changed in every art to please !
She painted skies all blue, and bright green trees ;
Could rattle, " Ah vous dirai-je " with an air,
And dress'd in newest, gayest "*style of Hair !*"

Thus all accomplish'd, and o'er seas convey'd,
'Midst gay Calcutta's scenes, appear'd the maid,
Where, first attacks of fierce Musquitos o'er,
The damsel learn'd to prize her Beauty's power ;
For, ere one year could steal upon her charms,
A wealthy suitor gain'd her to his arms !

Now see glad MIRA,—blest in all her pride,
The fair one's envy,—and a Judge's bride !
She, who once pass'd each hackney-coaches' stand,
And sigh'd in vain,—hath chariots at command ;
She, to whom frock of chintz gave happiness,
Now shines in lace, and scorns a humbler dress ;
With crowds of vain admirers at her sway
'Midst listless elegance consumes the day ;

To think of once-dear Friends can never deign,
And lives the gayest of Calcutta's train.

But mark fair STELLA, ornament of worth !
Of milder manners,—though of prouder birth ;
In her, the Lady,—Sister,—Friend combine ;
In her, the Wife's more moral virtues shine ;
How bright the welcome of her sparkling eye !
How kind her greeting in Society !
And, blest the truth,—that where a MIRA's seen,
A STELLA yet can deck our Indian scene.

VIRGINIA sees a spark in every swain,
Sighs oft' for Marriage, and may sigh in vain ;
The hated name of *Miss* would still remove,
And throws dear looks in languishment of love !
And yet, when first the maiden's charms appear'd,
To what a height her Marriage-views were rear'd :
Twas then, indeed—" the wonder of her life,
How paltry Subalterns could keep a wife !
It seem'd quite strange, that foolish girls could bend
Their thoughts so vilely low,—and condescend
To marry, where perhaps a *palankeen*,
Or *buggy* at the best, might chance be seen."

These thoughts of grandeur lasted for a year !
No suitor came,—no husband would appear ;
And now, alas ! when year on year creeps by,
And still VIRGINIA breathes th' unechoed sigh,
Fain would the Fair her former views forget,
And condescend to—*catch at a Cadet !*

Precedence is *SUPERBA*'s dear delight,
Her busy thought by day,—her dream by night ;
But see *SUPERBA* plunged in saddest tears !
Is fair *SUPERBA* ill ?—nay cease your fears ;
The lady only weeps, and sobs to see
HONORIA married to a rich C. B. ;
And,—death to think !—dire incident of woe !
“ *That thing, HONORIA ! takes precedence now !*”

SENESSA,—still as blooming damsel gay,
Intent to catch each Fashion of the day,
Hath scarce a thought, beyond some newer dress,
Or varied robe, her dear loved form to bless :
How happy fly her busy morning hours,
At *Bell's—Balmanno's* millinery bowers !
Each Europe-letter that arrives, displays
Some novel Fashion's pattern, and it's praise :
No matter then,—the season, be it hot,
The mode, unsuiting to our sultry spot,
Still in that dress she decks her fainting frame !
French hats and bonnets now her fancy claim,
And now young Beauty's style attracts her care,
It's sylphid dress, that floats upon the air,
It's arms of snowy white, to view display'd,
It's shape in Houris' loveliness betray'd
SENESSA sees,—and thinks *her* form might prove
Alike the semblance of ærial love !
She gives to view her long and shrivell'd arms,
Her shorten'd robe each gazer's eye alarms ;
Till all be dizen'd forth, to woo the sight,
What is *SENESSA* then ?—a worse than fright !

OLIVIA is so delicate, her sigh
Betrays the helplessness of infancy ;
So lifeless, and alas ! her nerves so weak,
She scarcely can respire ! To hear her speak,
You think it is the whisper of some breeze
Wooing the trembling foliage of the trees :
“ The punkah is too much,”—then heat o’erpowers—
“ Oh vile, vile hookah ! pest of social hours !”
How languishing she looks ; can such a form
Withstand the least approach of earthly storm ?
And yet OLIVIA hath a babe each year,—
Each day,—unseen,—a bottle of *strong beer* !

METISSA, too, is mild ; ’midst circling friends,
The softest languor every look attends ;
No angry glance e’er glistens from her eye,
No inward passion can her words imply.
One fatal day, she dream’d no step was near,
No guest at hand, to lend a listening ear.
Ah me ! she gave a loose to angry tongue,
A wild alarum in her chamber rung !
Her *Ayah* she chided, scolded, beat, abused,
And frantic ire her angel-face suffused.
Good Heavens !—what language ! if Metissa guess’d
One half the meaning her abuse express’d,
She’d shrink in shame, and inly conscious pain,
And never dare an Eastern term again.

LAURA is lovely as the breathing morn,
While yet the sun’s young tints the east adorn,
Image of sweetest delicacy’s flower,
At every period,—save the Tiffen-hour ;

And why not then?—nay pr'ythee, cease to ask.
For how unpleasing is the Poet's task,
To paint at such an hour a pouting lip,
Where late the fancy seem'd but Love to sip,
Now all besmear'd with *Curry*,—hideous fright!
We turn in terror from the fearful sight.

Where is the eye, so blind to every charm,
That hath not gazed on ARAMANTHA'S arm?
Who hath not said—"May such an arm as this
Wreath round my form in some lone hour of bliss!"
And yet that arm can lose it's power to please,
It's fairness vanish,—and it's beauty cease,
When half-dismay'd, within her grasp we see
The Hookah's monstrous snake held fearlessly;—
That type of eastern Luxury's excess,—
Emblem of aught but female loveliness.

When proud CECILIA condescends to play,
What seraph sounds allure the soul away:
How sweet, to catch the magic of her song,
While o'er her seat the breathless listeners throng!
But then, alas! how sad to view the maid,
In all the consciousness of Pride array'd,
Which, 'midst it's affectation, seems to say,
"Thus, for applause, my sanction'd due I play."
Unwise CECILIA! learn the better part,—
To please the ear, and yet secure the Heart;
Would you for ever charm the fleeting hour?
Prove but the wish to please, nor boast the power.

Ah me !—if Women knew their faultless worth,
When modest grace can draw each beauty forth :
When unaffected softness seems to bless,
And brightens still the charm of loveliness :
When Pride repels not, and no lure betrays,
But unreserve to all it's ease conveys :—
Silence were then the Satirist's complaint,
Fled were the faults that social pleasure taint.
The heartless Poet,—deaf to Beauty's sigh,
Durst not to Woman character deny ;
And Bards, too full of heart in every theme,
In every Fair would realise their dream !

AN OLD CIVILIAN

I love every thing that is old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, and old wine.

SHR STROOPS TO CONQUER.

It is with no slight pleasure that I introduce to my readers a very grave and sensible communication from my worthy contemporary, Mr. Senex Hardcastle, of the Bengal Civil Service, who is now at the Presidency, in doubt whether he shall take advantage in his tour, of the benefit of the Civil Service Annuity Fund; though, as he seems determined to go home, we may probably hear, in a few days, of his also accepting the annuity, with the three gentlemen, whose names have been advertised in the Government Gazette. Since his arrival in Calcutta, he has amused himself by addressing his old friend, the Bengalee; and sincerely am I obliged to him for this recollection of me, as well as for the communication of his ever valuable opinions.

Mr. Hardcastle is entirely of the old school; a living semblance of the portraits of former days, when Zophini, the venerable and able Home, and other artists, whose names I have unfortunately for-

gotten, used to delight their friends and patrons, with the faithful representation of ancient Bengalee-ism. So little changed is Mr. Hardcastle in habits, mode of life, or even prejudices, now hallowed by their age, that the younger hands of his service have wickedly conferred on him the appellation of "Old Century," and describe him as the "perpetual settlement of ninety-five." He yet preserves the good old Indian predilection for short inexpressibles, and long Cossimbazar stockings; and his lengthy white jacket still folds amply around his hips, and general portliness, somewhat after the style of a false verandah to a Bungalow. His hair, of which, it must be confessed, there are but few locks remaining, is carefully dressed and powdered every morning, and the pig-tail retied by his own house-barber, who, even in these degenerate times, ranks far higher than most in his domestic establishment, being second only, in monthly pay and consequence, to the aged and portly Khansumaun. In his opinions and obstinate hatred of all innovation, he is exactly in India, what John Bull, in the country and landed interest at home, still exemplifies in England. There is one difference perhaps,—the Mofussil leisure, the loneliness and frequent dearth of employment with the Civilian, have forced him into a habit of extensive reading. Thus, unlike John Bull, who will neither read nor listen, he is acquainted with all the principles of the new school of Philosophy, and his knowledge has kept pace, as it were, with the present grand "*March*

of Intellect.” But, like the Mahratta Cavalry, Mr. Hardcastle hangs upon the march only to discover the weak points of his enemy; and woe to the new-fangled movements and tinsel-covered troops of the Philosophers, when he once essays a charge on the shallowness of their advancing lines. Had he been in England, the late Duke of York’s speech on the Catholic question would have been framed by him in letters of burnished gold; and I do not think that Mr. Brougham, or Cobbett himself, could be more heartily abhorred by him, than the late *liberal* measures of a few of the Ministers. To complete his character, like many of his standing, though somewhat petulant and haughty, he is as warm-hearted, and honourable a man as any in existence; a very Chesterfield frequently in outward demeanour; and, although ever opposed to *Liberals*, as famed for sterling liberality, as the highest in the Service. But my Readers must be impatient for the old gentleman himself—so, without farther preface, I hasten to produce his most esteemed letter to the Bengalee:

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Thirty-odd years have flown over my head, since I was first set down in India, a Writer on the Honourable Company’s Bengal Establishment. I am at length packing up for the land of my birth; and in leaving the country, where my habits have been formed, and, I may say, my opinions imbibed, such as they are, on the great subjects of humanity, I

have been led naturally enough to take a last and parting look at it. The silent and gloomy tombs, that rise in monumental splendour in the environs of Calcutta, contain the remains of not a few, who were endeared to me by the associations of early friendship; of *one*, who was knit to me by still nearer and dearer ties; and of more than one, to whom I once trusted the transmission of a name and memory, which must now, I fear, perish with myself. The living, for some time past, have scarcely presented to me one whom I have found worthy to supply the place of the dead, as a friend and a companion; indeed, my residence in the Mofussil has separated me from the great herding-place of my countrymen; and the changes in the Service, to which I belong, have precluded me from cultivating an acquaintance with any one, sufficient, with a man of my habits, to ripen into friendship. Books have been my chief delight, and my most efficacious solace during my exile. These I have received regularly from England from a literary friend, to whose taste and judgment I entrusted the selection of my intellectual food. He has kept me supplied liberally with the most popular, and according to his estimate of the effusions of the English press, the most useful works of the age. My library has accumulated around me, and my leisure has allowed me to cultivate a personal, if not a very close, acquaintance with all its inhabitants. Visitors, when they used to see it, called it a '*Circulating Library*,' from the evident marks of pe-

rusal, which it's various volumes displayed. It may have been termed so properly enough, if each, coming in it's place and it's turn, to be read, according to the system of study, that I laid down from the beginning of my life in India, and have steadily pursued, can be called 'circulation.'

"Beyond my own hands, however, my library has been but little thumbed. The Civilian and the Soldier, who have made, as many have, a resting place of my house, occasionally robbed a shelf of a volume, with which to beguile a hot and sultry hour in the forenoon: but both the reader and the volume, I have regularly remarked, have soon slept, side by side, on the same couch. With those, who did me the honour of making my home 'a half-way-house' to the Upper Provinces, I uniformly found, that my cellar, which was also well-stocked, was an object of greater study and delight, than my library; and that a taste in wine was far more universal than a taste in books. In the earlier part of my residence, this taste was still stronger than it is now; and liberal potations, in honour of the 'best in India,' were certainly more in vogue in 1806, than in 1826. So far times have changed, even in India, for the better, that men *drink* less, and *read* more, than they did. If, however, I am to judge from the aspect of society, as I now find it, on the eve of my departure from the East, compared with what it was when India could first rank me among it's *Sahib-logue*, there has been no improvement in either the

character, the conduct, or the consequence and opinion, entertained of Europeans. There has been a most visible falling off from the high ground on which the conquerors of Hindoostan formerly stood. I remember the day, when, on an Englishman passing in his Palanquin, every native, of whatever rank, paid him the compliment to come out of his, and make his salaam. Now-a-days, Sir, a native of the lowest caste will, in Calcutta at least, rub elbows with a Member of Council! Since I arrived here, measures have been also in agitation, which, in my younger days, never would have been dreamt of. It was then a received opinion, that the *wisdom* and *power* of authority could not be publicly called in question, without the estimation, in which every Englishman stood in the country, being brought down in the eyes of the Natives. Now, it is not only openly resisted, but the Natives are called on, to lead and to lend their aid, in withstanding it! Be assured, Sir, from one, who has been long on habits of the closest acquaintance with the Native character, that such amalgamation, as we have lately seen, is madness itself; it is absolute suicide. No native, however high his rank, ought to approach within a yard of an Englishman; and every time an Englishman shakes hands with a Baboo, he shakes the basis on which our ascendancy in this country stands. Two such meetings, as I have lately seen, would do more to subvert our power, than two Burmese wars, in which we should chance to be unsuccessful. From them,

and their evil effects, we may expect to recover ; but when the English Merchants sit down, and hob-nob with the Bengalee Sircars ; and when the Gomastahs of the Burrah Bazar are found seconding the resolutions of the Barristers of the Supreme Court, then depend upon it you are playing the game of your enemies. You are losing the 'vantage ground, on which you have all along stood ; and this ground, once lost, cannot be regained.—Don't speak to me of the change of times, the progress of opinion, and the march of intellect. Why hasten, by your own folly, the event which these changes must one day bring about ? Why teach the Natives of India, in a course of lectures, to which at present you almost drag them by force, that you are no more their superiors in political rank, and privileges, than you are in numerical strength ? They are themselves astounded at your folly. They will not be driven so fast, as you would drive them, to the point, from which they are to achieve the expulsion of their conquerors : and it is some consolation to reflect, that when you do get them to take so fearful a step, as to congregate for the purposes of opposition to all which they have hitherto been taught to respect, they are frightened at their own doings, and are not found to stand so faithful as their teachers anticipated, or so ready as they thought they had made them, to take another and a still bolder step. You speak to them of a Free Press, and they wonder what you mean : you tell them of the rights of British subjects ; and the

only comprehensible commentary you can give them on this text resolves itself into a lesson of disaffection and revolt against the British power and authority! Such are they taught, and such they have always been; and, if we look alone at the permanence of our power in this country, such let us hope they will long be. But who are the teachers? It gives me pleasure to acquit the Service, to which I belong, of any thing so truly absurd as is indicated by this conduct towards the Native population of India: and I believe in no department of the Honourable Company's administration are there found half a dozen of men so lost alike to what they owe to their employers, to themselves, and the people, in whose government they share, as to become the preachers of doctrines so utterly to be deprecated by every Englishman, who knows his country's honour and his country's interests. The leaders in this Crusade of danger to our Empire are those who have nothing to lose amidst the general wreck, to which it would inevitably conduct,—a race that has multiplied, though not yet very extensively, since the opening of the free trade. They are the only promoters of measures, of which they either see not or care not for the issue. For I must do the older mercantile residents in India the justice to say, that I find them as hostile to *radical* measures, as they are termed,—for want, perhaps, of a better denomination,—as are the gentlemen in the Services: and under their advice, and with their example before them,

I have no great fear that the rising generation of Agents and Merchants will enlist under the banners of an ignorant and mad reform, raised by some democratical Barrister, or some 'broken down' aspirant after a subsistence in more humble occupations, turned instructor of the world, and reformer of its errors, through the medium of—a *Calcutta Newspaper*! Why then, you may ask, am I so indignant, when those, on whom my wrath descends, are so insignificant? I am an old man, and perhaps peevish: I have lived, all my days, where no such mad affronts assailed my understanding as are now daily put upon it by the *Calcutta Press*! and as I have no patience with such fools as pester society with their nonsense, I have no rest until I find a vent for the feelings of contempt I entertain for them. I am also not without my hopes, that, through the Press itself, I may contribute my mite to correct the evils arising out of it. I am told that the day of radical absurdity here is on the decline; and I am glad to hear it. To me it appears to have lately attempted a step in advance, and been too much countenanced, where it ought to have met a very different reception. But, perhaps, it was the dying struggle, indicating a vigour which was not possessed, and the forerunner of a fate, to which every true friend of England and of India will pray, that *Radicalism in the East* may speedily be consigned.

“Your's sincerely,

“S. HARDCASTLE.”

SATIRES IN INDIA.

No. 5. FRIENDSHIP.

Vox, et præterea nihil !

OVID.

And what is Friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep ;
 A shade that follows Wealth and Fame,
 And leaves the wretch to weep.

GOLDSMITH.

LATE sung my Muse the Fair, but now she turns
 Where FRIENDSHIP's incense-fire so dimly burns,
 Where votive wreaths of fondness withering die,
 And Bards, unfit to sing, are taught to sigh ;
 Where Suns exhale all feeling from the breast,
 To leave the bosom but a desert waste.

Must this, my Muse, be now thy thankless lay,
 To wail at feeling blighted, or away ?
 Once thou could'st sing of Friendship, could'st delight
 To swell thy gayer strains in carol light :
 That hour is past, like Evening's glimmering pale,
 Casting it's fading blushes o'er the vale,
 Chased by the darkling night, that moves behind,
 In dearth of joy,—in dreariness of mind.

Yet Suns may set, and darkness lower on high,
 And gloomy shadows mantle o'er the sky :
 But this, the solace of the traveller's pain,—
 The Sun but sinks, to rise in might again.
 When Nature gladdens, and the morning breaks,
 Roused by her gentle hand, the Pilgrim wakes,
 Surveys the opening landscape with a smile,
 And speeds him onward, braced for every toil.
 Not so Affection : when it's sun is set,
 'Tis gone for ever. We may still regret,
 And weep, as Youth will weep, it's faded hour ;
 Alas ! we weep in vain,—it comes no more !

Say, what is FRIENDSHIP with our Indian tribe ?—
 Is it the "*Your's sincerely*" we subscribe ?
 Is it the call reciprocal, and feast,
 Can link our crowd *so closely* in the East ?
 Is it the nod of languor, or the bow,
 That listless ladies, on the Course, bestow ?
 Is it th' enquiring Note, in prettiest fold,
 That weeps a head-ache, and deplores a cold ;
 Or other forms, that in observance, vain,
 Yet unobserved,—bid worse than warfare reign ?

Know, then, that farce of Friendship with our *Great*,*
 Is mutual visits,—or dissembled hate ;

* For the benefit of some Readers, it may be necessary to say,
 that in our Indian phraseology the definitions of Great and Little
 are generally understood to be thus :—

Great,—people who entertain,—and give Claret.

Little,—people who are entertained,—and drink it.

While with our *Little*,—with our Junior train,
 Too free for form, and too sincere to feign,
 'Tis joke, and jibe, and laughter,—*manual* wit,
 The tongue to *quiz*,—the ready hand to hit ;
 The careless liberty,—and frolic glee,
 Not Friendship, but—Familiarity !

I've seen a man, without one slight regret,
 Laugh at his neighbour, when he's seized for debt ;
 Reach forth his hand, at sight of Friendship's face ;
 Absent, declare it void of every grace ;
 The first to greet a step with welcome ray,
 The first to slander,—when it turns away.

CÆLUS is blest with just enough of brains,
 To shield his day from blunder and it's pains ;
 To bustle through his wonted Office hours,
 And sign his name, in self-sufficient powers :
 With share of vanity, that lacks e'en rule,
 And falls to lot of many as great a fool ;
 Compound of folly,—flattery,— prompt to lie,—
 Of adulation, and frivolity ;
 To equals insincere, superiors mean,
 To juniors courteous with a syren-mien ;
 Fickle as falsehood, ever wont to vow
 To stranger-faces, more than friendly glow ;
 Skill'd but to fleece the younger hand at play,
 And mar the promise of some brighter day ;
 Sage but in wiles, to lure the heedless heart,
 Ere waked suspicion can detect his part,
 And, when detected, shameless as the face
 Of proud, unpunish'd villany in place !



But I deny it :—turn to scenes of Youth ;—
 Can we remember there no bonds of truth ?
 Have we not seen our Friends, in home of peace,
 Where Friendships blossom'd not to fade or cease ?
 Have we not heard of those who loved as boys,
 Yet felt in age that love no age destroys ?
 Have we not mark'd the partners of one home,
 Blest with the kindness which could never roam.

Love is not ever weigh'd by *Interest* there,
 And *some* can marry, whom affections pair ;
 And some are true, in pleasure or in pain,
 Nor deem it Friendship's all—to *entertain* ;
 Yes, some can sigh and sorrow for the good,
 And weep their loss, though unallied by blood :
 But who will say, that, in this sultry spot,
 Our feeling's page is ever pure from blot ?
 Who will declare, that, after exiled years,
 The same fond sensibility appears ?

We tear the seal, we find some heart is fled,
 Some once loved Parent, Brother, Sister, dead !
 One sigh we breathe, in pity for the gone,
 And brighter thoughts obtrude, the sigh is flown !
 The widow'd mourner scorns a gloomy life,
 His love scarce buried, seeks another wife ;
 The late sad Widow, smiling in her weeds,
 In open chariot on the Course proceeds ;
 And sireless Orphans, deck'd in Sorrow's show,
 Revel at Balls, and dance amidst their woe !

THE DURBAR.

And, like this insubstantial pageant, faded !

SHAKSPEARE.

It was my fortune, some time ago, to be present at a Durbar at the Government House; and, notwithstanding it was conducted with all wonted etiquette, and propriety, yet, as every thing connected with Eastern ceremony presents itself to the imagination only in the semblance of expensive show and magnificence, for which alone I had foolishly prepared myself,—I returned from the spectacle, more than ordinarily disappointed. There were circumstances, also, which gave rise to feelings I had little anticipated. As far as regards the splendour of the exhibition,—with the exception of the Body Guard in it's full dragoon dress, and military equipments, and a company of Grenadiers, from the regiment in the Fort, there was nothing peculiar or imposing, and certainly nothing of Asiatic character or magnificence in the scene. Among the whole assemblage, the only richly dressed performers in the spectacle were the Aides-

de-camp, and a few of the Staff; and there was as little of the East in their style of equipment, as could well be imagined; if we except the Persian or costly Hindoostanee sabres, worn by some of them, and which I am not aware were expressly adopted for the occasion.

The European gentlemen, Civilians, and others, who attended, were collected beforehand, in the entrance to the Marble Hall; and on the Governor-General making his appearance, he was received with all honour, by the Grenadier Company and Body Guard, the latter of which were ranged in standing files, along the northern windows of the extensive vestibule, or anti-room. As his Lordship reached the centre door of the hall of audience, preceded by his personal Staff and Secretaries, and accompanied by the members of Government, the military officers and visitors following in the rear,—the whole of the native gentlemen, who had been previously assembled in the Marble Hall, stood up,—the Governor-General proceeding through their ranks to the Chair of State at the further end, while these descendants of the former nobles and princes of Hindoostan paid their respectful homage to the representative and delegate of their foreign rulers.

His Lordship took his seat under the canopy, with his suite, the general staff, and others, ranged semi-circularly on either side; and now commenced the ceremony of introduction. The native Ministers, Vakeels, agents for neighbouring states, noblemen,

descendants of Nowaubs, of Rajahs, and others, were brought up, one by one, and their rank, titles, and pretensions, announced by the Persian secretary. The low salam was given; and the half European bow, and half Asiatic raising of the hand, returned by his Lordship. After the presentation of the whole, *Khelauts*, and other ornamental dresses, were conferred on a few, and *uttr* and *paun* given indiscriminately to every one: at the conclusion of which, the Governor-General bowed repeatedly to the assembly; and with the same ceremonial and arrangement of the suite and others, his Lordship retired from the hall of audience.

My readers may naturally enquire, why I have thus entered into a description of what must be familiar to half the Calcutta community? But the fact is, the scene fastened upon my mind, with an impression I can little pourtray, and one which, certainly, I shall never forget. It was, by chance, the only Durbar I had ever witnessed in the country,—and the unhappy and too apparent poverty, the low broken fortunes, and, yet more striking than all, the calm, respectful apathy, the forced contentedness of many of these fallen representatives of ancient sovereignty and power,—came to my heart with a feeling far from pleasurable to myself, and, as it then seemed to me, not very honourable to our own policy, and our own situation in this empire.

And yet I am aware, that the now penniless and exhausted state of their coffers,—the wealth of which

once laughed to scorn the proudest possessions of our European aristocracy, must mainly be attributed to their own degeneracy, their own inaction, or profligate extravagance; while other numerous, and even more wealthy, families of their countrymen are fast rising in the scale of importance, and profiting by the mercantile pursuits and commercial intelligence of their conquerors. These last are far surpassing their teachers in the benefits and riches which such knowledge has opened to their exertions. But still the mind, while it witnessed the remains of the once proud nobility of the East, and felt a humiliating pang at this public record and display of their now lowly degradation,—could not be disposed to recognise as their successors to eastern importance, the head Banians or Shroffs of the Bazar; however respectable some of the latter, or however removed from the habits and general character of the trading community of their brethren.

Among the presentations at the Durbar, was that of an old, infirm, native gentleman, with the vestiges of a tall and remarkably fine person. He was related, I ascertained, to the ancient Moorshedabad family, and now subsisted, partly on the relics of a once extensive Zumeendaree, which the chicanery of his neighbours, amidst the Zillah courts, had curtailed to its present scanty insignificance, and partly on a small pension or monthly stipend from the Government. On his feebly approaching the Chair of State, I was much struck with his appearance,—the very

shape of his turban,—the style of his plain muslin, but amply folded dress,—the faded antiquity of a rich and once handsome shawl, and altogether the *passée*, and now fallen appearance of his fortunes, could not but awaken notice and sympathy. The natives of Hindoostan are ever at home, and unabashed in public ceremonial; and the merest boy will conduct himself with scrupulous observance of etiquette and propriety, on all public occasions like the present. Therefore the elegant, though decrepid, manner of the old gentleman, was not so much the subject of my remark: but, as he bent himself in his salutation before the raised seat of power, his strength failed him, and he almost sunk at it's feet. He was immediately supported by a moonshee, or other native attending the Persian Secretary, and the thing passed off, I believe, unheeded by many. To me, the little incident, though simply accidental, and resulting, perhaps, only from the age and infirmity of the individual, yet seemed a deep and heart-reaching tale; for the idle wandering of my fancy had conveyed me to other times and changes, and placed me amidst happier events for this low scion of princes. My mind pictured him, as he might have been, upon the haughty musnud of his ancestors; and then, it brought him here again before me, poor, fortuneless, aged and decrepid,—sinking in shame and sorrow to the dust, as he performed this his last earthly exhibition of submissive and too humbling degradation!

On my return home, the picture of the Durbar kept haunting my imagination; and when, in the evening, I had retired early to rest, before resigning myself to sleep, the circumstances of the day came confusedly and strangely before me. There was the marble hall; —the guards, the tottering and falling old man, the military band, the presenting of *uttr*,—and when at length I sunk into slumber, the unquiet state of my mind resolved itself into an unaccountable and most unnatural dream!—Years, centuries seemed to have passed away, and yet I was alive and present amidst earthly scenes! I was in Europe, in my native country; —but whether, like Rip Van Winkle, I had overslept myself for this portentous period; or whether, in the Brahminical course of transmigration, I had, meantime, passed into other bodies, and again been doomed to reanimate, for my sins, the unhappy person of the Bengalee;—yet so it was, I was alive, and still observing every passing event, though ages had flitted over my country, and wrought their fearful and distressing changes upon it.

It's History, indeed, meanwhile, how eventful! Parties and politics had changed sides;—the Whig had merged into the supporter of high Toryism, and the very names and principles of party had become extinct! But, in their stead, the “March of Intellect” had boldly and majestically advanced; all Middlesex and the surrounding counties, with their laity, labourers, and all, were gownsmen, fellows, dignitaries, or honorary members and professors of the London

University. The Catholic question had been long since carried, and it's politics had for a time toiled only in secret ascendancy; till at last it boldly threw off the mask, and subverted Protestantism, it's Church and government. By this time there were annual Parliaments; and, as an improvement upon universal suffrage, subordinate county senates, and village council-boards had been gloriously adapted: new trade and commerce had been opened by the *Liberals* to the nation,—agriculture had been gravely and deliberately exploded for ever; while Captain Parry and his successors, completing their discoveries at the Pole, had laid open a new world and continent for enterprising speculation. Gelatia, the discovered country, proved a powerful and wondrous race of people; and the outlet for broad cloths, woollens and manufactures, with the blessings of open and reciprocal trade, had raised the British nation, under it's new most Catholic monarchy, to a pinnacle of unheard-of, unprecedented glory! It was true, there was no army, and the wooden walls of Old England had long since fallen into discredit and disuse,—but the pen of the now intellectual philosophic people was ever brave and prepared, and the public press more omnipotent,—more influential than ever. The Gelatians, however, found out some weak points in our power: their ports were suddenly shut; they declared war at an unhappy moment of intestine public discussion, when half the county parliaments were in open feud with their neighbours. There was no possible mode of new-fashion-

ing a navy at this juncture, for we had kindly permitted other nations to be our carriers, and had neither mariners nor shipping. Invasion ensued, and a few years saw Britain only in the character of "*one of the brightest jewels of the Crown*" of Gelatia!

Now came my dream:—There was a grand Levee at the former St. James's, and the Gelatian Viceroy was receiving the homage and obeisance of the natives. It was a heart-depressing spectacle. The descendants of our Russells, our Pagets, our Howards, Wellesleys and others, were attending the Levee in lowly guise, and had been detained in their humble vehicles, opposite the vice-regal palace, by a crowd witnessing the punishment of a culprit, a lineal descendant of one of our once leading Ministers, who had been convicted, by the new laws of our conqueror, of charlatanism, and tricks of sleight of hand! I saw them afterwards in the hall of state, poor, dejected and despised, while the new rulers, with their furred and splendid habiliments, seemed proudly to hold in scorn the humiliation of their vassals.

The sight overpowered me!—my spirit seemed bursting in it's anger: I tried to think it some delusion of the troubled fancy, and to break away from it's unhallowed influence,—as a huge whiskered and furred Gelatian seemed to watch and oppress me;—at last he rushed fiercely at my breast,—when the "Sahib! Sahib!" of my sirdar bearer most happily aroused, and relieved the Bengalee from the appalling incubus and horror of the *Night-mare*!

SATIRES IN INDIA.

No. 6. SOCIETY.

Αγέρωχοι ἐν εὐωχίᾳ ἡλίθιοι εἰσιν.

GREEK PROVERB.

Pride shrinks to Folly at the festive board.

I'VE heard it said, that Fame's proud notes were high,
 In praise of Eastern Hospitality :
 It may be so ; but Fame hath rung as loud,
 To hail some falser notion of the crowd ;
 And oft' is loudest, when it's sickly blast
 Stills at th' approach of Truth, it's clamour past.

Tell me, shall Hospitality survive,
 Where cordial Friendliness can never thrive ?
 Where pale Dissension lifts it's sullen reign,
 Nor greets the lovely wanderér of the plain ?
 Where proud Distinction draws a barrier line
 And says "*such path is our's,—and such is thine ?*"
 Ah, no !—the social Virtue flies in shame,
 To leave behind a shadow and a name !

When Hospitality first dawn'd on Earth,
 Blest were the joyous moments of her birth ;

She came to cheer the lonely and forlorn,
To joy the hamlet, and the Court adorn ;
Shamed at her smiles, formality had fled,
And cold hauteur conceal'd it's gorgon head ;
Freedom and honest Mirth were then adored,
And jovial Plenty smiled upon the board.
Dissension saw, and canker'd at the scene,
And frown'd at Pleasure with it's careless mien ;
It call'd Politeness, bade it take it's seat,
(Of Hospitality, the feint and cheat,)
Taught it to measure out it's senseless bow,
Here a slight nod, and there a reverence low ;
To seat it's guests in order and in rank,
And check the rustic warmth of Candour frank ;
Till Hospitality abused, unknown,
Fled, and Dissension revell'd on her throne.

Oft' have I wonder'd, seated like a fool,
At end of Table, where no Punkahs cool ;
Oft' have I wonder'd, why such crowds should meet,
To spend their heartless hours in pain and heat,
To pant in dull formality, and soon
Retire, as if the parting were a boon !

Gods ! what a picture does a Dinner give,
Of Indian habits, and the way we live :
(And, here, a Dinner is the only tie
That links our boast to Hospitality.)
The day is set, the evening-hour is come,
Bright gleam the wall-shades in the festive room :
The Mistress of the mansion, gaily drest,
Lolls on a couch, to wait each coming guest.

They come : the wheels of carriages resound ;
 In silence dull the guests are seated round,
 'Midst scrutiny of muslins, robes, and lace,
 Of satins, silks, and rouge on healthless face.
 Late comes the dinner : now the beaux repair
 To table, while perhaps, on anxious chair,
 Sits some lorn damsel, unregarded, left,
 Her charms neglected, and of beau bereft ;
 Till, haply waked to pity at her fears,
 Politer age to hand the fair appears.

Seated at table, sighing at the heat,
 Where all is warmth, save where required in meat ;
 Where all is silence, save, in tones divine,
 Some Puppy craves " the pleasures to take *whoine* !"
 Save when, in murmuring sighs, some amorous pair
 Their whisper'd passion to the world declare,
 While glancing looks, with maiden pleasure fraught,
 Tell triumph to some Friend, for Suitor *caught*.

Thus till the cloth's removed,—when hookahs, round,
 Give puff for puff, and bubbling sound for sound.
 The Ladies rise ; each smoke-encircled beau
 Would fain talk politics, but kens not how ;
 While new Collectors with their *imposts* bore,
 And Acting Judges rant *Cutcherry-lore* !

Of all the ills that make this hour accurst,
 The dearth of conversation is the worst :
 Not but our talkers babble by the night,
 With grinning glee, and unconceal'd delight ;

But lure each speaker from his one loved theme,
The man's bewilder'd,—worse than in a dream :
This one in rapture boasts his "Manton's" gun,
Bets it against a "Mortimer"—while "done !"
Peals o'er the table, and a noisy few
Descant on double-barrels, breech and screw
And patent detonators,—till the ear
Thrills with the senseless din it shrinks to hear !
Another of his horses prates for hours,
To shew his farrier-skill, and stable powers ;
Stands forth for Taplin, or his rival, White,
As first of learned characters that write :
Boasts recipes for gripes,—for splents and sprains,
To prove himself a hostler for his pains.—
Here sit some Subalterns to railing given,
Hurling Commanding Officers to——Heaven !
While there a few absorb'd in stupid air,
Dull as the meaning of their senseless stare,
Bid not their heavy features brighten up,
Till mention'd are some bitch, or favourite pup ;
And *then*,—what busy tongues the ear assail,
In prosing how to cut a *Terrier's tail* !
What with all this, each expletive and oath,
Which throng our Conversation's hour to clothe,
The betting,—bantering,—attempts at jest,
Which make that edifying hour so blest,
'Tis passing well the native tribe, who wait,
Know not the language that their masters prate ;
Or, thanks to tales the babbling knaves would spread,
Of India's lords, dire objects of it's dread,
Soon Britain might bewail her wrested power,
Her "Empire of Opinion" cease to tower !

Now hail the next bright pleasures of the eve,
 When,—loath and lingering,—men their claret leave ;
 Some listless seek th' untuned Piano's side,
 Where shrieks a damsel shrill, in songstress pride ;
 Others affect to puzzle and to fret
 O'er mis-spelt words of *Ivory Alphabet* ;
 A few, in hopelessness of power to spell,
 Seek *Trou-Madame*, or *Whist*, or *Bagatelle* ;
 And—*Tactics*,—*Riddles*,—*Puzzles* of each kind,
 Prove the resources of the Indian mind !

'Tis time to part, and now some Matron's eye
 Throws glances to her Lord, at whist hard by ;
 But he 'midst honours, trumps, and tricks reclined,
 To every look and speaking glance is blind.
 How dread the pause,—guests wishing to be gone,
 The Host as anxious to be left alone ;—
 The Hostess striving, but alas, in vain,
 A truant yawn's appearance to restrain ;
 Then murmuring softly—"Nay, 'tis not so late,
 'Tis *only One* !"—again a pause,—they wait,—
 Till many a wall-shade, dim around the room,
 It's oil expended, hisses into gloom.
 Now Beaux steal off, half-sneaking to the door,
 Blessing their stars the hour of pain is o'er ;
 While others, in politeness doom'd to stay,
 Envy the lot of such as steal away.
 At length the cards are o'er ;—all instant rise,
 And look their dull adieux from sleepy eyes :
 The doorway, throng'd with coach or palanquin,
 Gives a last bustle to the parting scene ;
 Each vehicle moves off,—the Feast is done,
 Hostess and Host retire,—“thank God, all gone !”

Oh ! for the pen of Horace, to describe
The passing Folly of our festive tribe !
Where self-styled *Greatness* simpers to a guest,
And dreams an Invitation makes him blest ;
Or thinks such dinner, at a joyless hall,
Too cheaply purchased by a *Morning Call* !

But, could my Muse, recalling former days,
Here turn to theme it loves,—fit theme of praise !
'Twould cease to dwell on picture, dull as night,
And hail a spot in social pleasure bright ;
There elegance, and wit, and beauty reign ;
There dulness enters, but to lose it's pain ;
There Woman lures, and charms the fleeting hour,
And softest witchery asserts it's power ;
Would that I dare in trembling lay proclaim,—
And bless one prouder couplet with a name !
For ah ! though sad to mark the cheerless cloud,
That flings along our path it's lengthening shroud,
'Tis sadder still, when brightness meets the eye,
To turn unheeding, and to pass it by !

LIFE IN INDIA.

Oft' hast thou told me, in those social hours,
 When Friend to Friend his inmost secret pours,
 That LIFE IN INDIA yields no calm survey,
 Or dully spent, or feverish pass'd away :
 Beset by men, whose loathed official pride,
 Now honest worth, and manliness deride ;
 Now taught to flatter, where they hope to rise,
 They praise a blockhead's talents to the skies.
 If high his rank, high are his virtues too,
 And sense must still to Indian Judge be due !
 An Indian Judge !—Would 't were a noble name !
 Yet aye they more than Ellenborough's fame,
 F——, with Mansfield, R—— with Erskine vies ;
 And e'en 'bove Kenyon would dull P—— rise.
 " CALCUTTA TEN YEARS AGO."—*M.S. Poem.*

" LIFE IN INDIA !"—'tis a strange misnomer ; there
 is no life there,—it is mere existence, as we all know :
 but such is the title of a chapter in more books than
 one, *de Nobis et Nostris*, and we must take it as it is.
 Many wise men of the West profess to give our
 friends in that part of the world a notion of our so-
 cial and domestic manners, and to trace the influence
 which the climate and customs of the East have upon
 an Englishman, when submitted to that ordeal. The
 picture I have sometimes seen drawn in a lively, if
 not a very deep, manner ; and at every turn I have

been called upon to make allowance for errors, which are to be ascribed to prepossessions so firmly fixed, that even ocular demonstration, I fear, could not eradicate them. The general sketches necessarily exhibit some features to which we are no strangers ; but they overlook traits and commit errors, which it is a part of the Bengalee's business to supply and to correct.

Nothing can be more erroneous than the notion, once entertained at home, of "Life in India." I believe that, now-a-days, fewer errors find their way into our countrymen's estimate of the extent of comfort, happiness, and luxury, which we enjoy, who toil away in these regions of sun, and superstition. The communication between England and India is now too general, and too easy and frequent, to permit many of the absurd conceptions formerly entertained, finding room for belief : and the greatness, the riches, splendour, and luxuries, enjoyed by us East-Indians, are pretty correctly appreciated over England at large. When, indeed, a wealthy Nabob returns to his native country, and sits him down, and acts the great man in the parish, where, perhaps, he once herded sheep, he does not fail to create such conceptions, as to the great fortunes to be acquired in India, and the sure road that leads to them, as conduct to some practical results very much to be deplored. The youth, just about to step into Life at home, and to follow the humble occupation of his father, where he would be happy, is seized with the ambition to go to India, where he is sure to be

miserable.—The Father remembers the Nabob, a poor man's son like his own; he argues naturally enough, why may not my boy also obtain a carriage and a retinue of servants?—he sends him to try, and soon, too soon, has to weep and wail over Life in India.

“Life in India” is, however, fairly to be estimated, as found in the different avocations, that it presents,—the Civil and Military Services of the Honourable Company, and the mere adventurer. So far as rank and consequence are concerned, the first of these holds out the great prizes of the Honourable Company, and is the great object of ambition. These prizes are necessarily limited to a few lucky sons of fortune; and they are, therefore, the higher esteemed. With a Writership in his pocket, the child of the first man in England, even at this day, fancies his fortune made; looks to a short and merry “Life in India;”—a long and wealthy one in England. Out he comes, always what I should call a genteel-looking boy;—somewhat slightly built in general, for encountering any of the rude blasts of the world, and having a goodly smattering of his Mother's drawing-room hanging about him. His manners,—I speak of the general race of young Writers,—always please me: there is something very English about him,—by which I do not mean very rough, but a happy mixture of that independence of mind, and amenity of manners, which constitute the true English character. When these embryo rulers are collected together, before merging from the Buildings, there is, no doubt, to be seen also

not a few of an Englishman's peculiar faults and weaknesses ; but these are such *rareæ aves* over the Services in general, that there is nothing I enjoy more than an evening in the Buildings.—“Life in India” is then, with my old recollections and feelings, something like to what I remember *was*—Life in England. There are good manners, and honourable and high feeling ;—articles, however, which, I must warn their young possessors, require the utmost care to preserve in this climate, and which are always best just on importation. It may appear finical, when I add, that there is an English way of putting on his clothes about a young Writer, before he is launched to rusticate in the Mofussil, which I like ; as in the company of a dozen of these dandies, I am reminded of the respect, in this particular, which I once,—once alas ! paid myself to the article of dress, when I was glad at the idea of pleasing a Mother, a Sister, or a still dearer creature,—a Sweetheart. In short, the only scene in the drama of “Life in India,” that is like Old England, is to be found in the Buildings. Once out of them,—once banished to a country station, where Englishmen are scattered some hundred miles distant from each other, or where, if they congregate, it is on the artificial graduated scale of Judge, Magistrate, Collector, Register, Assistant ditto, Doctor,—and all that is English is found to be on the wane. By the time the writer comes back to the Presidency a Judge, or something as great or greater, he has been converted into the most anomalous of all human beings.

There is still something English about him, it is true ; —he is generally proud enough ; but it is an Asiatic, not a European, bearing of consequence. He seems to expect that all that are in his way should hurry out of it, that the path may be left for him alone. He has been so long accustomed to measure his own humanity by the standard of a conquered and degraded race around him, that he fancies he has risen proportionably above every other class of mankind, with whom he may afterwards chance to come in contact, as above his Omlahs and his Chobedars ; and his own countrymen are but *Hindoos* in his estimation, however much they may transcend him in every thing like intelligence, honour, and common sense. I remember, when I was a youngster, once encountering one of these *Burra Sahibs* in company : the conversation turned on the nature of landed tenure in India, and having at that time been reading Paton, Colebrooke, Rous, and a host of other writers on the subject, I fancied myself qualified to say a word on it. Accordingly, I ventured, with all the diffidence an Assistant, in the presence of a Member of the Board of Revenue, may be expected to feel, to say something in opposition to the great man's views of the matter, about the Sovereign having *allodial* possession of the soil. "*Allodial !*" exclaimed the *Burra Sahib*, with a look of ineffable contempt and triumph, "*allodial !* there is no such word in the Regulations !"

If those at home, who are so ambitious of sending

out a son in the service of the Honourable Company, would look at the few who live to return to their native country, and remark the change that has come over them, I cannot help thinking that they would feel less anxious about procuring a Writership or a Cadetship, for Master Edward, and Master Tom. I was long ago a sojourner in old England, and had an opportunity of comparing some old folks, who had started from school together,—the one to rough it through Life at Home,—the other to plod his weary way through “Life in India”—Comparison there was none between the manliness, contentedness, and good humour of the home-bred Englishman, and the hauteur, restlessness, and discontented demeanour of the old *Koe-Hy*. Unhappy and displeased at every turn he took, the Old Indian found every corner sharp enough to ruffle his temper and destroy his happiness;—while the honest English Squire swore a big oath at the hindrance, brushed past it, and thought no more of it. I make all manner of allowance for the bile and bad liver, which reward the toils of a “Life in India:” but these natural evils would be surmounted, were it only possible to avoid the moral contamination, arising from cohabiting with a race, between whom and an Englishman there is no sympathy:—and I am borne out in my theory, if it please the Reader to call it so, by the fact, that this moral contamination is found to exist most unequivocally, and to the greatest extent, among those who have been most withdrawn from

European society, and who have spent the greater part of their "Life in India" amidst the native population.

I am not, however, contending that there are no exceptions to the general picture I have drawn. I have known some few men, so happily constituted, that, amidst all the temptations by which they have been surrounded, they have returned to the Presidency almost, if not altogether, as much English, as when they left the Buildings. It is, therefore, possible to preserve in this Country the feelings, and habits, and prejudices, if you will, without which Life in England, when "Life in India" is over, will present but a dreary blank: and as I write more especially for the benefit of my young friends in the Buildings, I hope they will keep this *possibility* in mind. They cannot look forward, even by the help of their Pension, to getting home again very soon; but they may contrive, I think, to keep alive the habits, that are to render that home a happy one, when at length they reach it. And, I believe, there is nothing will tend to do this more than a regard to economy, and a denial of many of those luxuries and indulgences, which first conduct to debt in this country. and, when separated from them after a long acquaintanceship, to discontent, and wretchedness in England, A regular habit of correspondence with the absent family would also, I am sure, do much to accomplish the object in view. I am afraid many of my young friends,—for as I am a great favourite with the young

Writers, I call them my young friends without ceremony,—too many, I fear, get careless and remiss, as to keeping up their acquaintance with home through this channel; and a connexion, which might in this manner be easily preserved, is broken so much, that, after the lapse of a few years, it is scarcely possible to renew it: and the mind becomes occupied with, and indeed solely engrossed by thoughts, which when once again on the other side of the Cape, are altogether insulated, and render their possessor equally so. Whereas, if the last letter of a friend or a relation detailed the history of a favourite old dog, old horse, or old servant, in whom we had kept up our interest, we should run to renew our acquaintance with them, as soon as we landed in Old England; and the scandal of the *Station*, the anecdotes of the *hog-hunt*, the details of the *Cutcherry*, or the changes in the *Service*, would all be put to flight, as they ought to be, where better stories and better occupations are to be taken up.

But I fear I am getting tiresome to my young Readers. I am a strange and rather flighty being. But lately, I was indulging in the dream of politics, and wandering amidst the great events of the world of Government,—by which I mean the liberal Government of these days; and to-day, I am reading a lecture to those, who are, perhaps, thinking of little else than their horses and buggies,—and voting the *Bengalee a bore!*

Let me, however, take a view of Military “Life in

India;”—a fair-haired young lad has escaped from School, and it's confinement, at the early age of sixteen; and, after the annoyances of a four months' voyage, has reported himself at the Town Major's Office in Fort William. He puts on his scarlet uniform, and looks round, on passing every sentry, for homage and salutation to his new military character. The first few weeks are but a series of disappointed hopes, and comfortless, pleasureless attempts at Indian enjoyment. He makes himself sick, in essaying to smoke a bad hookah,—and then barely survives a pukka fever, in having tried his new double-barrelled gun, which he bought on credit, at an exorbitant sum, and with which he toiled for hours under a burning sun, in the vain hope of hitting a few snipets or sandlarks. He has a relation, perhaps, in the Buildings, and madly attempts to rival him in extravagance: and though the Soldier's means do not go beyond a second-hand buggy for his driving, and an undersized stud galloway for the saddle, yet his humble endeavours have plunged him into debts, which hang upon his Indian career for years, and make him miserable for ever!

He joins his corps,—he has become a man now,—wanders about in the morning without his cravat or jacket,—smokes cheroots by whole bundles,—drinks brandy-paunee, curses his own folly for more faults than one, and lingers through the early and best years of his manhood in tasteless dislike of the little regimental duty that falls to his share, and in gloomy

despondency amidst the blighted prospects of his youth. From his brothers and young relations in Europe, he seldom hears, and their letters would be but wormwood to him. They have toils there, it is true: one is at College, another at a desk in a Merchant's office, a few are fagging for professions, or existing on subaltern's fare in country quarters:—but are they not at home?—aye, and in that one word,—HOME, lies all the earthly happiness, which an exiled Soldier sighs for, and hourly pines in vain.

But he has outlived his brethren in the subaltern ranks around him; has followed hosts upon hosts to the scattered tombs of our up-country Cantonments: he is a Field officer now, and with the attainment of higher rank before him. What boots the rank or increasing pay? He is a martyr to a broken constitution, and his yellow and wasted cheek, the sunken and gleamless eye, give token not only of withered health, but accumulating care! He is alone in the world; his native country has long ceased to hold out charms for him; he is unknown there, and the circle of his friends have either ceased to exist, or care for the expatriated soldier in the East! Is this a gloomy picture? The Bengalee could point out many who might sit for it, and who, ere they give their bones to moulder beneath the sun of Hindoostan, would feelingly bear testimony to the truth of its description,—yet this is “Life in India!”

But the Adventurer,—he surely is exempt from the evil. His sojourn in India is brief, luxurious,

and profitable. He transacts the business of the day with the punkah waving its cool breath unceasingly above his desk. He drives home from office luxuriously in his open chariot, and quaffs his iced claret, with his gay friends ever assembled around his evening table. These are his daily enjoyments: but in the glad hour of holiday release from the office, he sails away in some tall pinnace to the far retreats of Chinsurah and Hooghly. But, alas! his pleasure becomes tasteless and unblest; his eye has rested upon Serampore by the way, and he knows not how soon it may be his scene of refuge, and the dull close of his ruined adventures. He tries to remember *how many* of his brethren have retired to enjoy their thousands in their own country,—he can soon reckon over the scanty few; and then he dwells upon the outstretched list of the disappointed, the deceased, or the bankrupt, still within the East; the number appals him!—and this is “Life in India!”

SATIRES IN INDIA.

No. 7. INCONSISTENCY.

*Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina ; jus est
Judiciumque. Esto : si quis mala : sed bona si quis
Judice condiderit laudatur Cesare ; si quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse.
Solventur risu tabulæ ; tu misceus abibis.*

HORACE.

*If scribbling Bards offend the good in rhyme,
Censure their folly and rebuke the crime ;
But if at Vice they point their honest lays,
Bid them depart with honour and with praise.*

THIS man is mad for Hunting, that for Wine,
One swears that " Glasse" and " Farley" are divine !
Another boasts of temperance preferr'd,
Starves for two days, to surfeit on the third.
Amours have ruin'd this, and that a wife,
Both doom'd to debt, and penury for life ;
Folly is varied still, all disagree,
Yet all are like,—in inconsistency !

See yon old sinner, scarce a tooth in 's head,
To mumble sustenance from daily bread ;
Though years have check'd his power of seeking sin,
Yet still his tongue delights in hourly din,

Of that which should be nameless :—Dotard, hence !
 Know, “ want of decency, is want of sense ;”
 And learn, if shameless youth disgusts the eye,
 That shamelessness in age is infamy !

Pale SORDIDUS is blest with lacs of wealth,
 Hoarded in secret villany and stealth ;
 Result of peculation, meanly skill’d
 In dextrous plunder from each post he fill’d.
 Who now so loud as he to chide, deplore,
 In others, that which raised his villain’s store ?
 ’Tis thus the robber, chief in murder, rapes,
 Turns black informer, and the halter ’scapes !

SYPHAX is quite a gentleman, I wot,
 And stands the foremost in each social spot ;
 Talks well on every subject, quite *à fait*
 At each new passing topic of the day ;
 Flatter’d with mute attention from the crowd,
 His thoughts seem wondrous, as his words are loud.
 How free our politics he seems to scan,
 For Syphax is—a *Military man* !
 But mark this Soldier, sheepish on parade,
 Blundering at every step, of wigs afraid !
 Where is his confidence, his knowledge now ?
 And where the learning that he boasts to know ?
 Poor Syphax only reads to shine, alas !
 And knows as much of “ Torrens” as “ Dundas !”

DOCTUS, again, is learned in the lore
 That stamps and decks the classic page of yore ;

Fresh from a College, honored as M. D.,
Skilled in each science of Humanity,
How is it Doctus, silent as the tomb,
'Midst Friends seems buried in pedantic gloom ?
How is it wisdom never deigns a word,
One hint of all it's learning to afford ?
Who would believe it? Doctus is too proud ;
Considers all he meets a witless crowd ;
Thinks it would derogate from pride of lore,
To prove to fools how fathomless his store !

PAVUS, among Companions at the Board,
With every grace of wit, and worth, is stored ;
Sought by each circle,—cherish'd by his friends,—
Society for him but pleasure blends :
No wonder PAVUS seems so pleased to roam,
To fly the misery of his cheerless home ;
For learn the reason,—PAVUS, he, the pride
Of all around him, he to wit allied,
To seeming manliness, and worth of heart,
Acts at that home a worse than dastard part.
There, humble puppet, Haram slave of one,
Who leaves nor poorest wish, nor purse his own :
Ruled by a wretch, without a trait to seize
The youthful eye, without one charm to please :
'Tis strange ; the veriest trull, that shameless stalks
'Midst Drury's purlieus, or Saint Giles's walks,
Is not so loathsome as the thing that sways
O'er PAVUS, dooming to self-scorn his days ;
Till, as his heart's reproof beats fierce with pain,
He dreads, despises, hates, yet hugs his chain !

NASO in debt, still loves his jokes to crack ;
 Swears he has " turn'd the corner," owes a lac ;
 Receives, each day, of Duns full half a score,
 And daily wonders he receives no more ;
 Culls this "*Calcutta Correspondence*," smiles,—
 Says that receipt of Bills his hour beguiles ;
 Knows every Bailiff of the Court by name,
 And tells long tales of " Nosey," first in fame :
 Who would regret one moment, or bewail,
 If NASO died, and rotted, in a gaol ?

Poor FEBRUS shudders at the east wind's chill,
 And dreads, in every breeze, a blast of ill :
 Slave to his fears, he deems his days are done,
 If even glanced upon by beam of sun.
 See ! medicine ranged in store, on every shelf ;
 Enough to drain a sturdy nation's health ;
 With Calomel, chalybeate, julep, pills,
 While daily physic with it's poison fills :
 Oh ! for one bitter hour of racking pains,
 To make him know the illness that he feigns !

SEVIUS is constant in his sland'rous blame,
 And loudly cries upon his brethren,—shame !
 Who ever heard him breathe one word of praise,
 To crown deserving merit with it's bays ?
 Thou foul-mouth'd slanderer ! deign to look at home,
 Weigh thine own faults, thy tongue will little roam !

GALLUS regrets that he is doom'd to dine
 Away from home, and damns his neighbour's wine :
 See his own dinner, where the wretch is fill'd
 With fowl, part curried, the remainder grill'd ;

His Auction-purchased wine, and sugar'd beer,
Lo! this the man who rails at others' cheer!

Have I o'erdrawn the picture? Search around,
And say where pure consistency is found:
In some few instances, perhaps, there may;
But scarce as pleasure in our Indian day:
And e'en the Poet, fond of hymning love,
Whose song delights in gentler themes to rove,
Now wrapt in sudden gloom, to Satire turns,
And flies the lay, for which his fancy burns;
Detesting still the task, indignant dwells
On themes of censure, where he ne'er excels!

SATIRE, farewell! no more thy scourge I wield,
No more I war upon th' envenom'd field;
No more I lash the follies of the few,
SATIRE, I hate thy sullen task!—Adieu!
How sweeter 'tis, to wake some fabled tale
Of love, and maiden, gentle as the gale,
That breathes in Alla's heaven, where Houris rove,
And fan the air with ceaseless sighs of love!
On song like this, the Muse in rapture dwells,
And gazes fondly on the charm it tells;
But thoughts of Satire stay it's better flight,
And crush each feeling, every fancy blight!

Oh! who that wanders in the meads of rhyme,
Where bloom the blushing rose, and flowery thyme,
Where virgin lilies smile in spotless hue,
And every bud of Spring allures the view;

Say, who would turn from these, and stoop to greet
The weed of poison, rankling at his feet ?
What though the rose hath thorns, and lilies die,
And blossoms, withering, soon neglected lie ;
Yet these, while fresh, are fair ; and he who wrings
The rose's stem, may fear the thorn that stings :
But slight indeed the wound, where sweets remain,
To blush, and breathe a solace for it's pain.

SCANDAL.

At every word a reputation dies.

POPE.

THERE are certain classes of men, who are appointed by their fellow companions, to be life tenants of sundry honorary situations in Society; and, although the announcement of such promotion finds no place in the Red-book, the Register, or in any other public or official Return,—yet the said appointments are as regularly filled, and their duties as unremittingly performed, as the highest salaried offices, or the most important public functions in the State. Thus, in every circle we have the licensed and appointed Wit, —the wag of his little knot of friends; one who has a jest at every turn; who, either drily utters his sarcasm to those around him, or quaintly turns the laugh on some rash aspirant, who would unwittingly point a joke at his expense. We meet every where the Scandal-monger, the historian, or annalist of his community; the mimic; and, as my native friends would describe him, the nukl-bauz; with the fabulist also, or acknowledged fibber of the place, and a dozen

other such honorary characters, which the concurring kindness and acclamation of neighbours will force upon certain individuals, however they may shrink from the honour, or disavow the justness of the distinction they receive. Some few among them,—when the exercise of such honorary functions does not attach to it any personal labour, and depends mainly on their conversational powers, their invention, or mere locomotive qualifications in visiting from house to house,—some few wear their honours complacently enough; and are never so well pleased as when exhibiting their claims and pretensions. The wag and the retailer of Scandal stand pretty much upon the same eminence in this respect,—for the inclination on the part of the hearers to be pleased, and the certainty they themselves possess, after a time, of standing well with their company, induce a habit of fearless and wit-instilling confidence. While the audience still kindly afford a ready laugh at a stale jest, or are pleased with the idle tittle-tattle or rich nonsense, arrayed for their gratification,—it follows that assurance and practice will produce a glittering and false kind of perfection, and give a seeming success to every effort of these artists. The very semblance of excellence is enough;—men care not to draw deep from the well for amusement, when the shallow streamlet by the way side, sparkles with its ready means of allaying and gratifying the thirst.

My Readers, after this grave *preludio*, will, many of them, smile to recognise an old friend, when I an-

nounce Captain Gossip to their notice, as the hero of my present lucubration. It is true, there is a Captain, probably of the same name and qualifications, at every principal station in the country ; and at the Presidency, it may so happen, that at least half a dozen may aptly and unassumingly lay claim to the portrait ; but the veritable hero of my tale can be mistaken by no one,—if they will attend only to the true diagnostics, and peculiarities, which so adorn and distinguish *my* worthy candidate for universal favour and notoriety.

By the way, I am not quite certain that I am correct in the rank prefixed by me to my friend Gossip. He may be a Field Officer, or a new Lieutenant-Colonel by this time, for it is sadly difficult for unmilitary folks to carry the Army-list, and General Orders in their recollections. Besides, with our goodly army of Hindoostan, we get so accustomed to recognise our friends in one rank only,—we have the benefit of so many changeless years to learn correctly the designation of an acquaintance in his long wonted grade, that promotion, when it *does* come, seems like a breaking up of ancient landmarks, and an inroad upon long cherished sympathies ! It is like a new face to an old friend ; or, what is worse, like a recent wig on the venerable temples we have for years admired for their very baldness and antiquity ! One always drops into an unwonted sensation of reserve,—into a feeling of lessened familiarity, whenever a veteran military claimant upon our regard comes to us with a new

Colonelcy, or extra epaulettes, unexpectedly appended to his person. But Dick Gossip, whatever his rank, must be dubbed by me a Captain;—I have heard of him for the last sixth of a Century by no other title; and I know he will pardon the Bengalee for mere error in designation, when he is thus truly and accurately described in his own more valuable qualifications, his own more individual peculiarities.

When Gossip first arrived from Europe, he was a pert, forward kind of boy. Nothing particular had occurred on his way to India, save a sound thrashing, which they say one of the Midshipmen on board took an opportunity of applying, in consequence of some little tale, or amusing anecdote; in which, the young sailor did not admire his part of the *dramatis personæ*, as goodnaturedly assigned him by Mr. Gentleman Cadet Gossip. But this little accident, instead of acting as a damper to his organ of inventiveness, tittle-tattle-ativeness, and philo-talkativeness,—(are these in *Spurzheim*?) seemed only to give force to their developement; and the hardy manipulation of the Midshipman decided, as it were, their more distinct and prominent indication. Immediately on his arrival in Calcutta, he had the singular happiness of proving the importance attached to his conversation, by something like a horse-whipping at the Sunday band in Fort William; and by fighting a couple of duels with relations of some young ladies, whom he had happily conjured into the heroines of one or two of his amatory anecdotes of the voyage.

For the first few years of his Indian career, he was doomed to the annoyance of one of the upper provinces, in some of its most secluded stations, where deeply he deplored the dulness of his fate, and the absence of all field for his talent. But he was the life of the Mess-table for a time; and as he continued to lay the scene of his many historiettes at a considerable distance, young Gossip grew to be amazingly patronized in the corps. He had a tale for every pause in the conversation; and his *funny* descriptions of folks, far away, and but little known to his present auditors, were received somewhat in the style of Alken's inimitable "Symptoms." Often and often, the minor tea-table coteries, among the few families at the station, used to entice away the entertaining Mr. Gossip from the noisier Mess-Dinners, until he became the life of their laughing Evening-parties, even as he was the day star and attraction of a morning call. But unhappily, his budget of anecdotes became exhausted, and even the facility of invention extinct: amidst his illustrations he now ventured to turn to nearer objects, and at length, in search of subjects for his little pictures, intruded within the hallowed community of their own homes. True, he was by this time grown older and more cautious in the management of his details. He only rendered a family the honoured object of his remarks, when he discoursed of them to others, who chanced to be on distant terms. Or, again, when returning to the first circle, he wittily portrayed the peculiarities of the house he had just quitted, and thus kept

up the ball by a constant and unsuspected interchange of scandal ; yet he only practised this feat, where the supposed absence of intimacy seemed to warrant the conceived impossibility of a mutual comparing of notes. I remember hearing of his getting into a sad scrape, however, during one of these exhibitions of his ingenuity. An unaccountable chance had thrown the opposite heroines of some separate tales, Mrs. Cayenne Pepper and Mrs. G. Meritch, into an intercourse of sudden civility, while a most complete elucidation between the two was unhappily the consequence. Irritated beyond measure, they plotted an able mode of punishing and shaming the young gentleman. Mr. Gossip was solicited to call, on some pretence or other, at the house of Mrs. Meritch. Chance, and a little of concert, collected together one or two parties, at the same hour also, to pay their morning visits ; and before all of them, our talkative chronicler of events was induced to repeat a most amusingly funny story of Mrs. Cayenne Pepper. He had gone to the house, he said, to pay his wonted respects to the lady—"for," as he volubly continued in his own style,—“it is no joke, you know, to get into her bad books for sins of omission : and just as I approached the inner hall, who should I encounter, but the sweet child, Miss Clara Cayenne, who, fast following in the amiabilities of her Mama, was lisping out—‘Od ! dim my little eyes, who broke the saucer ?’ These imprecations of the dear innocent were interrupted by her Mama, entering the room *en deshabille*,

—nay, 'pon honour I believe she *had* a dressing gown,—and with one of her high-heel'd shoes beating an unfortunate Kidmutgar, till the poor fellow was in extremity, and at the very point of annihilation!——”

“Hush!—Mr. Gossip,” quietly remarked Mrs. Meritch at this juncture, “you had better be cautious just now;—Mrs. Pepper is in the next room writing a note, and may perhaps overhear——”

And in stalked Mrs. Cayenne Pepper, the very picture of smiling benignity! She walked onwards to the circle, till she came opposite Mr. Gossip,—while Mrs. Meritch approaching also, and taking her new friend's hand, the pair, in a few brief words, explained that they had been mutually enlightened, and continued courtseying before the gentleman, till the poor man without a word, and looking piteously, first at one and then at the other, retreated to the door, amidst the now undisguised and irresistible laughter of the assembly!

This induced Captain Gossip to adopt a new method of indulging his favourite propensity of abuse. He assumed a loftier strain, and took boldly to criticise the measures of the Supreme Government itself. On the failure of some affirmed interest of his with great men, which he had long persuaded himself into a belief of possessing, he savagely turned into a downright and unappeasable Radical. It was really alarming to hear him anathematize the acts of our rulers. He struck fearful daggers into the policy of

our empire, from the very tenure of our possessions in the East, (though I am not quite certain that he was critically correct, even in his first conception of the matter,) down to the very wording and mere inditing of the Government Regulations and General Orders. All with him was radically, intrinsically, irretrievably, bad ! The rulers were either wild beasts, or elderly ladies.—The Secretaries were all—*Secretaries*,—for he said he would call them no worse ;—The Members of the Boards were very Solomons in their decisions ;—The Judges were so indefatigable, and Collectors so immaculate ! And as for the Army,—he had such unfeigned respect for the vigorous antiquity and hoary wisdom of superior officers ! But no matter,—these and every unhappy soul in power, were doing their poor best to ruin and lose British India ; and my friend Dicky Gossip existed as the only wise, the only proper person within it !

We next lost sight of him for many years ; people had almost overlooked the now quiet existence of the once unceasing babbler, when, on a sudden, up started Captain Gossip to life, in more than ancient notoriety ! He had tried a new channel for letting off the amiability of his humour. It chanced that a rich tale of scandal had overspread all India ;—the peace of some half dozen score of relatives and connections was consigned mercilessly to weeping and shame ! The eyes of the saintly were uplifted in pious horror ; and the glances of the unholy glistened as they devouringly gloated on the foul repast of the details ! And yet it

proved to be a hoax after all !—not a designed hoax, but a mere little paragraph of innocent and unfounded news written by Captain Gossip, under solemn injunctions of secrecy, of course, to half a hundred friends, who were scattered over the entire country, and merely seduced into the receipt of his letters, for the sake of giving propagation to his calumnies.

This stamped him for ever ! His fame is now complete ; and, like the Lyric Bard, he may now proudly indeed exclaim,—

“ Sublimi feriam sidera vertice ! ”

THE CADET.

A TALE OF THE EAST.

———*Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.*

VIRGIL.

CANTO I.

THESE Evenings are abominably long,
 Unless one steals to bed at sober nine;
 And if we do, the Doctors deem it wrong,
 And say, that as in slumber we recline,
 Our dinners won't digest; of which a sign,
 Dull dismal dreams, and starts, and snores are given;
 So it were best to read, smoke, drink your wine,
 Till ten,—or half past ten,—perhaps eleven,
 Thus making it, alas! a long four hours from seven.

But drinking I detest, the world well knows;
 And as for smoking, there's a head-ache in't;
 And who can read old duodecimos?
 My cheap editions, with their dwarfish print,
 Dimm'd by the wavering wall-lights' feeble tint,
 By nine bring on my drowsy fit so strong,
 In vain I stretch, in vain would rouse by dint
 Of yawning, or of whistling, or a song;
 By Jove!—the evenings are abominably long!

At times I sit and ponder, till each thought
 Is clouded like the shadowing of a dream ;
 And crowding Phantoms in my brain are wrought,
 And scenes and sights are mingled, while I seem
 To mix up deeds and dates ;—wild as the theme
 Of Byron's vagrant Juan,—aye, that lay,
 Where force and foulness,—each in it's extreme,
 Beauty and grovelling littleness display
 A chaos of the heart,—a blended night and day.

Byron!—thou proud epitome of all
 That men adore and hate, abhor and hail ;
 Thou strange antithesis ! whose witcheries call
 The Genii of the mind within the pale
 Of Minstrel mastery ; well thy powers prevail
 To paint in daring brightness, till thy soul,
 Scared at it's own sublimity, can veil
 The dazzling of it's fires beneath a scroll,
 Where worse than Vice betrays a coward uncontrol.

Yet, Byron ! yet I love thee ;—thou art as
 A drug, that in it's subtle drunkenness,
 Steals us to sweet delirium :—and, alas !
 Like other joys the beating heart that bless
 With pulse of rapture, wild as virtueless,
 Thou leav'st behind a sorrow and a sting ;
 And more thy crime,—that in an angel dress,
 In guise of Minstrel beauty, thou dost bring
 A worthless passion-lure,—the heart's best chords to
 wring.

But what have I to do with Byron here?
 Or why should I abuse the noble Bard?
 That I have tried to copy him, is clear,
 And chiding thus his moral; is but hard:
 Although not profitless, 't may be a guard,
 To curb my wish of imitating; where
 His Lordship brightens, like th' eye o' the Pard,
 Flashing false lustre from a gloomy lair;
 Or more like rotten fish, that stinks amidst it's glare!

But to the point,—since th' evenings are so dull,
 Especially when I've no invitation,
 And cannot sip my Claret quite so cool;
 Or hear soft nonsense,—happy occupation!—
 I'll rhyme away my sleepy inclination,
 And write an Anglo-Asiatic tale, all true;
 And though my moral in it's application,
 Good Reader, hit your friend,—or haply you,—
 Hang me if I can help the mischief it may do!

I once bethought me of a nobler theme;
 And my heart dwelt in rapture, as I plann'd
 The tale of mighty Empires, now a dream
 Shrunk at the waving of the Warrior's hand:
 I thought to hail the powerful mind, that scann'd
 The dark Mahrattah's wile, and hurl'd to earth
 The pride and treachery of the gathering band;
 Ere yet their faithless force could steal to birth,
 To crush the Briton here, and cast his influence forth

But who can bask in one unvarying blaze,
And eye the brightness of an Eastern sun ;
Nor shrink in dazzled trembling from the gaze,
Leaving the task his daring soul begun,
To seek a lowlier,—a less brilliant one ?
Yet I have wail'd my weakness ; and I stood
As they who turn from what they prize alone :
For Oh ! the pain to curb that Minstrel mood,
The lay of stainless triumph,—hymn'd by gratitude.

In a rich County—thus begins my Tale,—
Of that loved Island which we call our home ;
For which at other climes we ceaseless rail,
From which we folks are somewhat fools to roam ;
In that same Shire, where every sweet can bloom,
Sweet girls, sweet apples, pears and gooseberries ;
Currants and cowslips, flowers of all perfume ;
In short, each good that under Heaven there is,
Excepting grouse and game, good garden peas, and
cherries.

Near to a Village Church, whose modest spire,
A simple belfry, peep'd above the trees,
Within the white-wash'd mansion of his sire,
Young Edward breathed an infancy of ease :
In such a spot, where peace no blighting sees,
Our little hero in his boyhood's hour,
Light as the wand'ring of his native breeze,
Roved o'er his Father's fields, from flower to flower,
Deeming young life a scene all sun, without a shower.

And then 'twas what it seem'd ; for though, perchance,
A wish withheld might check his sunny smile,
Or veil the lustre of his infant glance,
That tear of sorrow shadow'd but a while,
And fled for brighter pleasure to beguile :
The tear we mark in weeping childhood's eye,
Is like the dew which dims, but does not soil
The flowret that it moistens, where each dye,
Freshening beneath the drop, still glistens ere 'tis dry.

Soon Ned was sent to School ; and there began
The first of pain his little heart had known ;
No longer now from flower to flower he ran,
Or chased in glee the gaudy insect down :
But, coop'd within four walls, and moping grown ;
Brooding o'er Grammar's rules, or if at play,
Not play to him, his buoyant spirit gone,
He only pictured that far distant day,
When he might turn to scenes, far dearer, now away.

There ever is some haunt to which we cling,
One cherish'd goal in life's still varied hour.
The little infant pants it's arms to fling
Around it's Mother's neck,—her breast it's bower ;
The School-boy sighs for home : and where the
power,
Which in the heart of manhood can repress
The warmest prayer solicitude can pour,
That Fate and Fortune with return may bless,
To that dear scene of birth,—sole spot of loveliness !

I cannot say I like your public Schools,
 For morals there are somewhat in the lurch :
 The rod won't better knaves, and as for fools,
 They're seldom wiser for the pedant's birch ;
 Our Ned,—nor knave, nor fool, one day at Church,
 First wink'd, then nodded, then, alas ! he snored ;
 It reach'd the Tutor's ear without a search,
 And on the Monday Ned in vain implored,
 When o'er the tenderest part,—poor boy !—his rage was
 pour'd.

It alter'd him in toto ; some may think
 It *brush'd him up*, and made him *doubly smart* :
 Thus much is certain ; Ned, who late could think
 Deep in himself, and commune with his heart,
 Where his keen sense of shame bore better part,
 Led by example, now could break each bound,
 And though he loved baked apples in a tart,
 Yet there were some forbidden orchards round,
 And like our parent Eve, fresh fruit was fair he found.

He was amazing good at Class, however,
 And sometimes took his elder comrades down ;
 His exercises, too, were somewhat clever ;
 But he was sadly idle, and the frown
 Of threatening Pedagogues familiar grown ;
 Yet Accidence,—and Syntax,—Prosody,
 Both construed and by heart, were amply known ;
 As in *præsentî*, and the *Propria quæ*
Maribus dicuntur,—not indeed so fluently.

Selecta e profanis scarce perplex'd,—
 He made a tolerably decent figure ;
 As also studying the abstruser text .
 Of sage Cornelius Nepos ; then with vigour
 Toil'd he where Sallust deals historic rigour,
 Damning his own good fellow Cataline :
 And now, his list of learning growing bigger,
 Ned wander'd with the favour'd of the Nine,
 And got through Ovid, Virgil, Horace, every line !

In Greek, it's Testament was all the lore,
 All the acquirement he could claim or boast ;
 Arithmetic he thought a very bore,
 Nor Mathematics much his love engross'd,
 Of Dancing, French, and Drawing, he knew most,
 And vaunted these at home, in the Vacation ;
 In Geography, the names of Sea and Coast,
 Also the Capitals of every nation,—
 In fact, the full routine of *liberal* education.

But numberless the tricks our Hero play'd
 And numberless the floggings he received ;
 As many the repentant vows he made,
 With promise uncontrite,—and unbelieved ;
 Till sent to College, when he soon achieved—
 No matter what,—th' affrighted Council met,
 Declared the youth of every hope bereaved ;
 And sent him to his Friends, whose dark regret,
 For one so past redemption, doom'd him a Cadet.

He was no worse than wild ;—though that's a crime
To crush all mercy in the minds of most,
Who prophesy a dreary fate in time,
Such dangling death as highwaymen may boast :
Confound them ! be the prophesy their cost ;
Well I remember an old pedant fool,
Who vow'd my youth on gallows *must* be tost,
Because from Ashford Abbey's stagnant pool,
Some poor half dozen perch, a truant boy I stole.

'Tis said, removal is a wondrous surgeon,
Curing the hooping cough with change of air ;
It damps youth's wildness better than a scourging,
In fact, it's virtues are beyond compare,
It rids us of our bitterest griefs and care ;
And thus, if boys are troublesome at home,
Send them to India with Cadetships ; where
'Tis ten to one as in the sun they roam,
Their faultiness will leave them ;—haply in the tomb !

What boots it where ?—the tomb's as good a place
As any other for a reformation :
A burial or Bengal, in either case,
Snatches away the subject of vexation ;
Once quit of plagues,—no matter where the station,
Whether in clime ungenial, or the grave ;
The deed is done, and in such separation,
Divided by the vast returnless wave,
Parted for aye and aye, no other care we have.

Now came the pang of parting ; and his soul
Stung at it's thoughtless wand'ring, was assail'd
With deep, atoning sorrow :—but there stole
No tear adown his cheek,—his heart was mail'd,
Nor did a sigh unman him ;—well he veil'd
The workings of regret, till that dull hour
The last of preparation ;—then he fail'd,—
He mark'd a Mother's tears in silence pour,
Nor met upbraidings then,—alas ! he could no more.

There was a maiden 'midst the parting few,
Who wept not like the rest ; her tears were gone :
And when the harrowing moment nearer drew,
The moment of farewell, she sat alone ;
Still tearless,—but there was a murmuring moan,
And then a laugh of wildness, and her frame
Fell heavily and lifeless, as a stone ;—
And whose that form such sorrow could proclaim ?
Nay,—nay,—no matter now ;—it bore no Sister's name.

And she is left, and Parents, all are left ;
The parting over like a vanish'd dream ;
And he is on the waters !—there bereft
Of all that once with brighter hue could beam :
The white cliffs fade around him, and 'twould seem
That with their sinking o'er the far blue sea,
His fairest hopes fade too ; the very gleam
Of day departing o'er the glimmering lee,
Gave symbol of his fate,—a dark futurity !

Poor Ned perhaps was sea-sick ; but we are
Too pitiless at victims to it's pain,
Therefore I'll not describe, but gladly spare
The suffering subject of my lowly strain :—
Another thing, I'm scarcely in the vein
For flippant jesting, when within my heart,
The picture of his parting brings again
The memory of my own ; 'wakening a smart,
Like wound that writhes beneath the probing of a dart.

He safely reach'd the Cape,—and there he saw
Dutch maidens smiling in their loveliness ;
Where ruled by British Lord, and Fiscal's law,
The rich Constantia from the grape they press.
But yet nor Wine, nor Woman could repress,
With smile of welcome, or with brimming lure,
The sad remembrance of that last caress,
He lavish'd upon her as angel pure,
Who heard not his farewell ; she could not *that* endure.

Once more embark'd, they stood an Eastward course
In Latitude some thirty-six or seven ;
I'm little of a sailor, and, perforce,
May not be quite correct : but they were driven
In some such Latitude of sea uneven,
Battling with winds and waves: now Horsburgh says,
In the large quarto he has gravely given,
That steering "outward" may but breed delays,
While the near Mosambique a readier rout displays.

Such is the lore of Sailors when at sea,
 Those pilgrims o'er the Ocean's pathless scene,
 Our Britain's best, and bravest progeny !
 Her bulwark, and her glory they have been ;
 For whom she wreathed her choicest evergreen,
 The laurel of her love ; and still it's bloom
 Amidst their blighted hopes is freshly seen :
 Like stars, that ling'ring in the tempest's womb,
 When clouds have pass'd away, beam brighter for the
 gloom !

But as I tell you,—Horsburgh's Navigator
 The Straits of Madagascar recommends ;
 And bids you steer at once for the Equator :
 Because by holding East delay attends :
 Up helm !—the signal !—hark ! the cry ascends
 “ All hands ahoy !” assembled are the crew ;
 “ Haul aft' the weather braces !”—the sail bends
 Bravely before the breeze. They onward flew
 Hailing their loosen'd course, like fleet hounds o'er the
 dew.

I wish some Indiamen had other names,
 That I might make them deathless in my rhyme ;
 To sing of ships an Epic skill proclaims,
 And there were three with Ned,—but they won't
 chime,
 Being as unmusical as unsublime :
 'Tis monstrous vanity in all the throng
 Of men, who send their navies to this clime :
 Those London merchants, Oh ! 'tis heinous wrong,
 To give *their* names to Ships,—for they won't do for song.

There are some few, now—Baring, Coutts, and Mills,
 Might at a pinch be warbled in a lay ;
 They jingle well with swearing, boots and pills !
 But the three sail with Ned, 'twere vain to essay
 To twist them into rhyme ; such out o' the way,
 Such unaccommodating, tuneless sounds,
 That I must quit the prouder classic way,
 And though for Epic fame my wish abounds,
 Perforce resign a task that all my skill confounds.

Smooth were the waters of the Mosambique,
 And soft the breeze that murmur'd on it's breast ;
 Like the warm breath of Love, too full to speak,
 Sighing it's bliss, caressing and carest :
 The fleet rode on, like swans upon the crest
 Of some still lake, where mirror'd are the skies,
 In the calm beauty of it's peaceful rest ;
 At first all softness, like fair woman's sighs,
 But ending, like her anger,—God knows,—otherwise !

One Morning watch, three bells, just half-past five,
 Our Ned was slumb'ring soundly in his cot ;
 Dreaming of every joy that men contrive
 To seize in sleep, yet waking find them not :
 Just such an hour, when Fancy fills some spot
 Of recollected love, with forms of light,
 Ned started at a shout, he knew not what,
 Scarcely aroused from sleep, or, 'waken'd quite,
 'Till his ear caught distinctly—"three strange sail in
 sight !"

'Twas bustle all, he dress'd, and sought the deck,
And looking o'er the lee and larboard bow,
Perceived the strangers ; each of them a speck,
Too distant to perceive if friend or foe ;
Yet they were plainly sails, and then, somehow,
It was an ugly sight : while through the Ship
The orders peal'd to make all clear below ;
And Ned affected o'er the deck to trip,
In glee of joyous heart ; though something twitch'd his
lip.

“ How chill the morning air ! ” — that lip exclaim'd ;
'Twas not the cold, that made less firm his knee ;
'Twas not the cold, that in his step proclaim'd,
'Midst quickening pace, a faint anxiety :
It was not truth, *quite* truth, that slyly framed
A dull expression of affirm'd regret,
That yon Ships lay so far ; till half ashamed
At uttering such deceit, his glances met
The same thought-breathing look of many a young
Cadet.

At Seventeen, the boyish heart will swell
At thoughts of danger and of daring deeds ;
The scene of battle it can paint full well,
And pants to rush where pictured triumph leads :
'Tis this that plants in the young bosom seeds
Of Fame and future worth ; but still, methinks,
At danger too—*too* near, the wish recedes ;
And though I say not that the spirit shrinks,
Yet at the sight of ill, the coward eye half blinks :

Yes *blinks*, what then?—I heard a fellow say,
As staunch a soul as ever faced a foe,
That leading an assault one deadly day,
Just as he mounted on the breach's brow,
His eye a moment closed: but well I know
That death was rife around him, and his hand
Dealt, like his neighbours, many a fearful blow;
Nay more, when others fled, he dared to stand,
And singly, nobly fought, the boldest of the band!

The Lady-passengers—bless me! how rude!
I never mention'd there were six or seven;
With undissembled fear the tremblers stood,
Each cheek all colourless, their glances given
To watch the stranger-fleet still nigher driven:
Yet they were lovelier in that very fear,
Their little lips in paleness prettier even;
It seem'd to lure them to our own more near,
And made them dearer then, Oh! doubly, doubly dear!

By noon, the strangers on the lee abreast,
Approach'd full bravely with a steady breeze,
Close haul'd and steering nigh: their wish confess'd
To work to windward,—and bear down at ease:
While Ned, I say not with what feeling, sees
Their force, two Frigates and a light Corvette
With fellows swarming o'er their decks like bees,
That they were Frenchmen, it was doubtful yet,
But Ned declared the crews, a fierce, ill-looking set!

They tack'd, and gain'd upon the weather gage ;
Each soul was at his post ; the Ladies gone
Trembling and pale below : it seem'd an age,
Each lengthen'd moment then ; no sound, save one,
The Captain's tread, who paced the deck alone :
Then paused, and " silence " cried ; the breath but
stirr'd ;

So still our vessel, that his voice's tone,
Rung deep in every part, intently heard,
'Midst death-like silence all, save it's own warning word.

How mute that lingering pause ; the still ear caught
The faintest dashing of the waters' play,
Rippling around the Frigates, as they sought
To close upon our Ships ; and hail that day,
The mean surrender of a powerless prey :
Insultingly they came, nor deign'd to shew
Their nation, till abreast and near they lay,
When the tri-colour'd flag proclaim'd a foe,
And hiss'd a signal shot, like th' adder, ere it's blow.

'Twas a brave peal, the broadside that replied,
In loud defiance to the taunting Gaul ;
Bellow'd our thunder echoing o'er the tide ;
And more than thunder, for the winged ball
Rattled around their vessels ere it's fall :
They had not dream'd of this, and then a fire,
Hot as their hate they pour'd ; which fail'd to appal,
Though in our band it feelings did inspire
Like the o'ermatch'd and brave, who sting ere they
retire.

It is a wondrous thing, a fight at sea ;
But in an Indiaman more wondrous still ;
Such calling, cursing, and variety
Of din and noises : such a hearty will
To face the foe, and, if one can, to kill ;
But such a lack of method ! scarce a gun
But fired at random, innocent of ill ;
Such shouts for ammunition, every one
Battling in fierce confusion, Oh ! 'tis fearful fun !

The Gunner unprepared with cartridge-papers ;
The Surgeon stewing in the orlop deck ;
Guns, burst from breechings, cutting sundry capers,
With tumbling blocks and yards to break your neck.
The people madly brave, without a check,
Wasting their fire, and lavish of the force
Which, well applied, might lay their foe a wreck ;
Nor knowing when to wear, or change the course,
Fighting without a plan, manœuvre, or resource.

The wounded writhing, wrangling in their pain,
Chiding the slow who turn not to relieve ;
While some in hurry lift a messmate slain,
And o'er the side their fallen comrade heave,
Too eager then at others' fate to grieve :
Each passenger as busy as a bee,
Though somewhat in the way, you may conceive ;
Thick smoke o'er veiling with obscurity
This chaos of wild war ; this waste of bravery !

Ned reach'd Madras,—the deuce! why, he was fighting!

And so he was, and somewhat fealty too;
But who an endless story can be writing?

I'll not be bother'd,—burn me if I do!—

So to be brief, ta'en prisoner with the crew,
Sent to Mauritius, where it came to pass,

Our Expedition soon appear'd in view,

When, freed from foes and Frenchmen, by the Mass!

In five months from the fight, he landed at Madras.

I dearly love, delight in expedition,

I mean not such as saved our hero Ned;

But the blithe speed, the hurry of transition,

Such as my own, which snatch'd me from the dread

Of a long winded fight, that slowly sped:

How else had I ensured a safe retreat

From a dull story, doom'd to be unread?

A tedious tale of a poor batter'd fleet,

Where Englishmen were brave, unfortunate, and beat!

It was a busy scene, that met the sight

Of Ned, first landing on the Eastern shore;

Toss'd o'er the surf, and in a piteous plight,

He fell among Dubashes half a score,

Who fain had plunder'd his now little store:

Pester'd on every side by thief or cheat,

The Sun above in mid-day of it's power,

He paced that burning beach with weary feet,

Unconscious where to turn, or hide him from the heat.

Such was the welcome, such the greeting, given
To a young exile from his native land ;
To one by folly, and in folly, driven
To dark repentance on a foreign strand :
He met no pressure from a kindly hand,
To soothe the heavy sorrow that he felt ;
And stealing to a tavern, where a band,
As friendless as himself, unheeding dwelt,
He sought for loneliness, where he in tears might melt.

It was no place for these, and sad their failing,
That soothing might have stay'd a bitter fate ;
Not that an idle weeping or bewailing
Had brought a solace, in his feelings' state ;
But timely softness might have check'd the rate
Of darkling sorrow, as it deeper sunk ;
For now our hero hail'd a worthless mate,
And for the first dread time from thought he shrunk,
By getting—shall I tell it?—gloriously drunk.

'Twas the first time, the first,—but he who flies
To desperate means to tear him from each thought,
May seek a second trial ; while the ties
That once withheld, all dwindle into nought :
Each repetition seems less danger-fraught ;
The present ill less hateful than the past ;
And though 'twere years ere Ned the passion caught,
Yet he had dared the worst ; the die was cast,
That failing was his first ; how many ere the last !

O'erpower'd with many a pang in breast and brain,
 The morrow waked him from a dream of home ;
 Where fancy led him wand'ring o'er the plain,
 As once 'twas boyhood's happiness to roam :
 And lo ! his hand was fashioning a Tomb,
 While she, his young heart's idol, stood anigh ;
 Weeping as still he wrought,—nor ask'd for whom,
 But watch'd the rising pile with many a sigh,
 And enter'd it when rear'd,—'twas her's eternally !

It was a fearful dream !—a thing of awe ;
 And shuddering at it's import, still he heard
 The breathing of her sigh,—and still he saw
 The tear, that trickling fell without a word :
 Again it seem'd that she whom he adored
 Sought the Death-chamber's gloom ;—'twas agony !—
 But Fool !—he fled what yet might peace afford,
 He turn'd afresh to dissipation nigh,
 To make that dismal dream a dark reality !

Once more on shipboard, sailing from Madras,
 Reflection came, an ever honest foe,
 It lured his moments from the late loved glass,
 And bade him yet his wilder friends forego :
 Soon landed in Calcutta,—there the glow
 Of friendliness received him ; the wild flush
 Of dissipation sat not on his brow,
 But soften'd to a milder, better blush
 Of shame at that excess, where he so late could rush.

'Twas now the trial-moment of his fate ;
A feather now had turn'd the wavering scale,
To mark him as an object of our hate,
Or one, whom yet approving smiles could hail :
Ah me ! at such an hour that he should fail,
When Youth's warm feelings in the heart are met,
And spring-tide passions burn, without a veil :
'Tis pain the thought,—but Ned's good star had set,
And others fix his fate,—he wends to Barasett.

That Barasett ! the Devil danced for glee,
All well authenticated records say,
When men first made it an Academy,
To breed our youth in bushels for his prey.
Oh ! by the powers ! it was a glorious day
Of dark recruiting for the hellish choir ;
It bade his Devilship's black list betray
A string of candidates, who reckon'd higher,
Than he had skill to count, or fuel for their fire.

There was such fun, such frolic in it's scene,
Such innocent amusement passing there ;
Each bailiff and sircar with bill, I ween,
Their kindly soft reception could declare ;
Nor these alone the gentler thought could share,
For pariahs and ponies halved the claim ;
They were such objects of unceasing care,
So generously treated when they came,
To bless that Barasett, and give it's precincts fame.

It's youth so well-behaved, so meek, so mild,
So all-obedient to the ruler's power ;
While pupils there so pleasingly beguiled,
With Hindoostanee lore, the peaceful hour :
Such absence of all noise,—so still each bower,
So like Lord Byron's "populous solitude ;"
Each young Cadet was like a lovely flower,
Breathing it's infant fragrance 'midst the good,
Sweetest among the sweet, with only sweets for food !

Ah ! well-a-day ! it matters little now,
For most who profited at Barasett,
Are gone to answer for their deeds below,
And pay old Time the balance of their debt :
That Tradesmen in Calcutta may regret
Their balances unpaid, is not my care ;
But 'tis too true, that many a brave Cadet,
Upon that spot first learn'd it's crimes to dare,
And woe and wail to them, who taught him ruin there !

But, turn to Ned ; 'twas from a Palankeen,
With twelve stout bearers toiling o'er the road,
That first his eye was greeted with the scene,
Where Gentlemen Cadets had meet abode :
The bearers suddenly were eased their load,
Though not exactly in the usual way :
But somewhat in a rougher, ruder mode,
For, shatter'd on the ground the palkee lay,
'Midst the crowd's laugh, who deem'd the crash but play.

Half bruised to death, confounded by the fall,
Ned, like a tortoise from it's batter'd shell,
Crept forth, 'midst louder laughter ; whilst a call
Of "*Griff! ho Griff!*" re-echoed like the yell
Of foul tormentors, in some modern hell :
He found himself among a maniac crew,
But yet of what, or whom, 'twere hard to tell,
Half naked, shirtless, and a riotous few,
Blacken'd with dirt and heat ;—it was a sight to view !

He turn'd in scorn away ; it would not do :
"Let's tank the puppy !" a shrill voice exclaim'd ;
Ned look'd astonishment, and onward drew
To seek some shelter, mortified, ashamed :
But fresh assailants soon fresh efforts claim'd,
They seized him, and he struck the first to earth !
But worse and worse, the heedless act he blamed,
It only gave to wilder fury birth,
And Ned was vilely duck'd, 'midst contumely and mirth.

At first outrageous at the operation,
They had no little task to master him ;
He gave such striking proofs of indignation,
That many eye-sights doubled, or grew dim :
But now secured at either hand or limb,
A powerless victim of their boisterous play,
They soused him in ;—'twas lucky he could swim,
Or, ten to one, their frolic on that day,
Had left our hapless Ned,—as kittens do their prey.

All who have been at Barasett, must know
That pool of fame yclep'd the Mess-room tank ;
No limpid stream it's murmuring waters flow,
Nor lovely willows weep upon it's bank ;
But this I know,—it was their scene of prank,
And it received poor Ned ;—till one appear'd,
Who rescued him, as in the mud he sank ;
Then hurried on, until the crowd they clear'd,
When soon th' insulted youth in kindest tone he cheer'd.

He was so kind,—so passing kind, that Ned,
Quit of his dripping garments, was appeased,
And simply swore that ere the week was fled,
His anger on it's objects should be eased ;
Those devils who at first his person seized.
Long with his new protector he conversed,
Whose growing friendliness our hero pleased ;
They sigh'd in unison at tricks accursed
Of this same Barasett, of earthly dens the worst !

This new-found friend but deem'd it a probation,
Where hundreds fail'd, and falter'd into ruin,
Slipping by shiploads into pure damnation,
Gaming and drinking to a dark undoing :
The only system *he* advised pursuing,
Was study, and a constant care to ride ;
The latter as most necessary viewing,
To put the blood in spirit and full pride,
Till liver, bile, and spleen, and fever were defied.

"Riding," he said, "'tis absolutely needful ;
And therefore strongly do I recommend
A proper Pony ; but I pray be heedful,
So few, alas ! will aptly suit your end :
Now, I have two ; and, to oblige a friend,
Would scoff at inconvenience ;—if you please,
I'll bid my servant with the pair attend ;
Just look at them, examine at your ease,
The price of either is but sixty-four Rupees."

There was such candid kindness in this speech ;
Such warm solicitude to guard his health ;
Such caution against those who overreach :—
Though Ned once fancied that he saw by stealth,
A wicked smile,—but no ! not for the wealth
Of India would he harbour a suspicion
Of this new Mentor, careless for himself,
So anxious for his friend ;—his sole ambition,
To save him from each ill and threaten'd imposition.

The Ponies now appear'd, all dock'd, and trimm'd,
Not beauties, but like ugly girls, *so good* !
One in it's fleetness o'er the green turf skimm'd,
E'en as a racer ; and the other stood
So firm upon his feet ; his generous mood
So gentle and so mild, he would not throw
An infant from his back : it might be rude,
To tell the simple truth, and let you know,
The first lack'd legs to stand ; the other, legs to go.

But having mention'd this, I'll be good natured,
And like some folks, reveal what may be guess'd,
That this same Friend, so kind, so blandly featured,
Was half a rogue, or rather more at best :
His wicked qualities were unconfess'd,
But he had lure that might the Devil win ;
And one brave rule he cherish'd in his breast,
A swerveless maxim, that he deem'd no sin
To griff a heedless friend,—plain English,—take him in.

He saw him at the mercy of the crew,
Wearied and fainting at their boist'rous play ;
And well he ween'd, that they were weary too,
Eager to thank the hand, that snatch'd away
The plaything that had tired :—so on that day,
He gain'd an easy prize, a dupe in Ned ;
Could well his pure philanthropy display,
Saved a poor lad from ducking without dread,
And sold a founder'd beast, unworthy to be fed.

Ned bought his racer, and full many a fall
That purchase gave him ; he nor cared for these,
Nor cursed the seller, for he gain'd withal
A host of friends, all proud his pride to please :
He envied them the gentlemanly ease,
With which they aped each folly of the man,
Guns, dogs, and horses, squandering of rupees :
Nor sooner his admiring love began,
Than gladly imitative, the same course he ran.

And as for study,—lavish were his vows,
 Each morrow should behold him deep in lore ;
 But raking does not cleverly dispose
 The mind for musing, or the eye t' explore
 The depths of Hindoostanee : dread the bore,
 With hand that trembles from the overnight,
 To practise Alif,—Bè,—Pè, o'er and o'er ;
 Forming such crabbed characters aright,
 While the head aches to splitting, dizzying the sight.

“ No, not this morning, Moonshee ; Rooksut, go,
 I'll try to-morrow,”—then the morrow came ;
 And “ not *this* morning, Moonshee,” as the flow
 Of waters and their murmuring, still the same.
 Though once he made great efforts to reclaim,
 It was but once, nor lasted for a day,
 The Alphabet he conquer'd, sign and name,
 When hark !—a bagg'd fox loosed !—he could not stay,
 And Gilchrist's puzzling page was fairly flung away.

Once and for ever !—for from that sad hour,
 He gave up Moonshee, books, and every thought,
 That should have roused him from the 'witching power
 Of idle dissipation : dogs he bought,
 And clubb'd them with a pack ; then it were nought,
 To hunt without a frock of scarlet glow :
 Who rides un-uniformed ?—or, holds it aught
 To sport or halloo to the hounds, nor shew,
 In pride of button-pomp, the Fox and Tallyho ?

With cap of velvet, spruce upon the head ;
 A yellow belcher flaming at the neck ;
 A hunting frock of fashionable red,
 Where Foxes twain th' embroider'd collar deck ;
 With inexpressibles, that may not reck
 Of spot or stain upon their fairer hue ;
 Bright jockey-boots, and whip to urge or check
 The erring babblers of the kennel crew,—
 Behold our Ned equipp'd,—a Sportsman through and
 through !

'Tis scarce a two hours' ride from Barasett,
 To where Calcutta's Palaces begin ;
 And, if intent on speed, 'twere worth a bet,
 By dint of spur, and horse unpitying,
 And lashing like a ruffian in the ring,
 That one might ride the distance in an hour :
 At least, full many a time, our Ned could sing
 His prowess in such speed,—while, o'er and o'er,
 His ponies wail'd the feat, as wearily they bore.

Now this same vile Calcutta is a place,
 Where money flies—like the still fleeting hour
 Of youth, unconscious that it's hurried pace,
 Once sped, is unreturning ; while the power
 To seize the good it gave reverts no more :
 No earthly mart like this,—where more at ease,
 The shrivell'd purse lies emptied of it's store ;
 Some climes have consciences, but here, Rupees
 They scatter, and are gone,—like chaff before a breeze.

Our hero proved this well ; 'twas all the same,
He cared not for Rupees, vile, worthless dross !
To speak the truth, not many could he claim ;
So that their dearth or absence was no loss,
But kindly tradesmen willingly engross :
Young names upon their books, for charges there
By youth are uninspected ; while the gloss
Of specious credit glitters o'er each ware,
Veiling foul damaged goods, till every fault be fair.

He thought, too, it was liberal to shew,
That he was " over head and ears in debt :"
Talking of Sheriffs' writs, of Doe and Roe,
And dark escapes from Bailiffs, that beset,
Was quite the go, the thing, for a Cadet ;
To seem as if suspicious at each tread,
To quiz old Ealey's nose, talk big, or threat
To sleep with pistols, and with dirk in bed ;
Prating for aye of debts, of danger and of dread.

Of all conceits, our Indian youth among,
By dull extravagance they 're most deceived ;
It passes for an honour with their throng,
Of Liberality a sign received.
Alas ! of truth how woefully bereaved :
Say, shall the fool who, with o'erflowing tide,
Champagnes his gather'd comrades, be believed
Of generous soul, 'cause seated at his side,
Are dozens that he feasts, in silliness of pride ?

Extravagance and meanness, each extreme
Is the result of darling self, alone ;
This says,—go, vilely add unto thy stream ;
That bids thee waste, till every drop be gone,
Then hie to seize thy neighbours' as thine own.
The very men with Claret that shall fill us,
And force us to their feast,—ere it be done,
Shall lure the ear aside, and, whimpering, tell us,
They need a paltry loan !—God bless the liberal fellows !

But to return to Ned :—without a thought,
He gave a luckless promissory note
To some keen stable keeper ; where he bought
A shewy sort of Nag, trim, sleek in coat,
“ As prime a bit of blood,”—I merely quote,
“ As leg e'er cross'd,—it's lowest sum five hundred.”
Ned saw, and sign'd,—'twere better he'd ne'er wrote,
For scarcely at his folly had he wonder'd,
Ere angry duns, and threats, and lawyer's letters thun-
der'd.

Zounds ! what is to be done ? he posts to town,
Hies to his creditor to soften him :
Burning in secret soul to knock him down,
To dare the worst, and bravely sink or swim ;
But doom'd to mask that wish, with soothing tone,
He meets the rascal, nor essays in vain,
He simply buys a mare, unsound in limb,
For thrice her value, and succeeds to gain
A respite from the law, relief from present pain.

Such remedy in danger was the devil ;
 Much better had he slunk to jail at first,
 He only added doubly to the evil,
 Or fifty fold, ere it had wrought it's worst :
 His stable-friend had not a dog, accurs'd
 With mange, or the distemper, not a beast,
 Spavin'd and worthless, but the youngster durst
 As well be hang'd as buy not,—while the pest
 Of dunning insolence was still as unrepress'd.

This could but run it's course, and then to gaol
 They led their victim, sinking to the earth
 In bitterness of shame, that fain would veil
 The pain it could not cure, while bursting forth,
 Like lava from the red Volcano's birth,
 Too busy Memory bade him curse the day
 He turn'd to dissipation, fled from worth,
 Friends, home, and *one* whose virtues—no, away !
 Hence with that harrowing thought !—'tis agony ! dis-
 may !

Then, what he might have been !—for thought *will*
 come,
 Will wake Remorse within the aching breast,
 To barb the stings of torture in our gloom ;—
 Oh ! what he might have been !—had he possess'd
 One little spark of prudence, as he press'd
 The late dull path of trial : but he fail'd,—
 Weak fool ! he fell inglorious, like the rest,
 And seiz'd and shamed, imprison'd and unbail'd,
 Friendless, unpitied, there beneath his Fate he quail'd !

But here we pause, and leave our sorrowing Ned,
Repentant at his leisure; for I deem
Of closing his first Canto;—now I've led
It's hero to a gaol, to sigh, and dream
Of all that he hath lost.—Methinks my theme
Demands a halting place, like other tales;
And so, good Reader, if it meet may seem,
We haven here, to furl our spreading sails,
Resting awhile, ere yet we tempt the fresher gales.

In our next Canto's rhymings, I propose
To liberate the boy, and pay his debts;
Then up the country our wild youngster goes,
The only place in India for Cadets:
And, not a day's, an hour's reprieve he gets;
This same Calcutta is no place for boys,
It robs them of their money,—and upsets
Their better wits, with nonsense and with noise,
Till mad extravagance their every sense employs.

So Ned goes up the country;—if you please,
We'll follow him, for, ere his race be run,
We mean to bid him sigh; while, at our ease,
We probe his tortured feelings, nor have done
Till he and pain and bitterness be one:
Besides, there are some incidents in store
To greet the wanderer in this land of Sun;
But I must now to bed, for 'tis a bore
To write when we are weary;—so, not one line more!

THE CADET.

CANTO II.

My Second Canto ! now for a beginning !
 Most Poets have a multitude of themes,
 On sundry everlasting subjects dinning,
 Praying the Gods to patronize their dreams :
 An Invocation oft' a favourite seems,
 While some do hymn Parnassus, and the dews
 Of Hybla, or of Helicon, whose streams
 A classic inspiration can infuse :
 Since then it is so fashionable,—“ Come, my Muse !

“ Come to my arms ! ”—pooh ! nonsense ! this won't do ;
 Your Muses are not flesh and blood, like Misses ;
 Nor is it thus their favour we must woo,
 As if we sought to smother them with kisses,
 Luring these ladies to unhallow'd blisses.
 They rather to a different mode incline,
 A sober, staid invoking, such as this is ;—
 “ Oh ! gentle Muse ! ”—or “ Ah ! Pierian Nine ! ”—
 Which Ohs ! and Ahs ! alternate, pathos every line !

But I'll have nought of this, for *my* poor Muse
Claims with the classic choir no sister tie ;
She boasts no vesture of Parnassian hues,
Nor attic lustre beaming in her eye,
To herald forth a learn'd affinity :
Yet, I remember the too 'witching hour,
When, soft approaching, like the stealing sigh
Of early love, she sought my lowly bower,
And breathed upon my heart, like Zephyr on the flower.

For I was young ; and in that spring of years,
Her voice was as the charm, and nameless spell,
That men imagine, when the lone scene wears
The hue of evening ; or, in shadowy dell,
They wander on in thought unspeakable !
The world around was shut : but there was one,
My raptured fancy framed and fashion'd well ;
Nor in that fairy world was I alone,
For it was fraught with forms, with beings all mine own.

Bright images of joy, and light, and love,
Led by their young affections, while each heart
Beat but in fondness, and unceasing strove
To wreathe the ties that never, never part :
And all was happy there, nor yet the art
Of man had marr'd the fairness of that scene ;
And I stood gazing on, in bliss, apart,
Sighing my homage to one beauteous mien,
My soul had singled forth, it's idol and it's queen.

Such was *my* fairy world of loveliness,
 Depicted bright to youth's enamour'd eye ;
 While Fancy, trembling in it's wild excess,
 Thrill'd at the voice of infant poesy !
 New light and life, new hopes all glowing high,
 As passion fed the dream, were dawning then :
 Till roused to song, I hymn'd—how rapturously !
 Mine orison of joy, and yet again,
 Breathed forth mine early lay, and pictured praise from
 men.

That lay, those hopes, that praise, where, where are
 they ?
 Silenced, or fled, like stars athwart the plain,
 Where midnight meteors fling a fitful ray,
 And vanish fearfully to gloom again :
 My hopes, and my essaying, idly vain,
 Fared as they merited ; but with them fled
 My joyous scenes of fancy, and the train
 Of phantom beauty ; leaving but the dread
 Of heartless ridicule, to wither in their stead.

Descending from my stilts to sober sense,
 And dwindling into plain, explicit rhyming,
 I'll tell the honest truth ; and people thence
 May learn the story of an itch for chiming :
 While yet a boy, some Muse my heart subliming,
 Fill'd it with dreams unearthly, and assail'd
 With idle warmth ; 'till somewhat badly timing
 Each effort thus inspired, I rashly hail'd
 The Poet's seraph flight, I scribbled, and—I fail'd !

Though failure was no wonder, and success
 For certain in *my* case had been surprising,
 I did not think so then ; nor yet the less
 Sigh'd at my lot, and luckless enterprising :
 But now a calmer judgment exercising.
 And being nor in alt, nor over-classical,
 I leave correcter themes to spirits rising ;
 And turning to a style but half-alas-ical,
 Beppo, or, Juan-like, I here essay the *Tasso cal*.

But where is Ned the while? He *was* in Gaol,
 In durance for a Promissory note,
 And how he 'scaped, I have not in my tale,
 But he is now on Gunga's stream afloat,
 Equipp'd with budgerow, and baggage-boat ;
 Some say that Messieurs Fergusson and Co.,
 To whom from Gaol he piteously wrote,
 Redeem'd the debt: perhaps it might be so,
 For this or Palmer,—Colvin,—Mackintosh, might do.

At all events, his debts are paid, and he
 Hath given thanks in joyfulness of heart ;
 With goodly vows of strict economy,
 And resolutions never to depart
 From promised prudence : soon prepared to start,
 He hails his embarkation on the river ;
 And 'tis but just to say, there was no art,
 No sly dissembling, in his sworn endeavour
 To be all virtue, grace, and goodness, now for ever !

But youthful promises are sadly frail !

Though *not* like piecrust, made but to be broken :
These worn-out Saws, so common and so stale,
Are not the truer though for ages spoken :

When youngsters promise aught, they give a token,
The major part *believe* they may redeem ;

But when performance comes,—is't not provoking ?
Some obstacle, which like a foe would seem,
Pops in their path, and lo ! the promise is a dream,

But he was on the Ganges ; 'twas that hour
Of coming evening, when the sinking sun
Lies veil'd in it's own lustre ; and it's power
Gives a warm, lingering light ere it be gone :
Rich roll'd the fleecy clouds, and yet they shone
In chasten'd splendour, spreading like a sea,
In wave-like glory. The day-breeze was done,
Fleeting in sighs away, till you might see
Still waters mirroring the bright serenity.

'Twas calmness all : the evening's latest ray
Tinted the bosom of that waveless tide ;
So soft, that as it slowly past away,
'Twas like the blooming languor of a bride
Sinking to gentle sleep, with cheek warm dyed
In love's own roseate hue. Along the stream
The fisher's lessening skiff was seen to glide,
Unurged and oarless ; till that it would seem
To melt into the air, like phantom of a dream.

The moon lay pale and lovely in the east,
Like a young mother, timid in the grace
Of beauty, as she scarce unveils her breast,
To give her new-born nurture ! O'er her face,
A few light clouds were flitting ; but apace,
Careering through the skies, she from their height
Silver'd the Moslem's tomb, or sainted place
Of holy Bramin, with her radiance bright ;
Streaming athwart the tide a spangled line of light.

The calm shore slept in peace, unruffled there ;
The moonlit leaves lay stirless on each bough ;
And the tall palm, that tower'd in the air,
Spread it's long shadow motionless below :
In mimicry of stars, and glistening through
Each Banian's spreading form, the fire-fly's light
Illumed the deeper foliage : all was now
A scene of softness wooing the fond sight,
The East's one witching hour, it's loveliness of night !

Ah me ! there *is* a softness in that hour ;
A stealing tenderness it well instils ;
Which like the air-harp's sigh from secret bower,
Seizes upon the soul, until our wills
Grow weak in very weeping : all our ills
At such an hour are busy at the heart ;
And yet we love their sorrow, for it kills
The time, so sweetly, that we would not part,
Although we sigh, and sigh, till tears unbidden start.

Ned sat amidst that loveliness alone,
No stranger nigh to break it's holy charm ;
While memory wander'd to each pleasure gone,
Those days of youth, when reckless of alarm,
His moments glided without guile or harm ;
Once more his friends he hail'd, and with them came
The form of *her*, whom his affections warm
Had singled forth, as they awoke to flame,
To be their leading star, the guerdon of their aim.

He thought of her, his playmate, till again
His fancy prest her to a bleeding heart ;
But clasp'd the form of agonising pain,
That breathless fell,—and could not dare to part !
His boyhood pass'd before him, void of art,
When he was yet so young,—and her soft kiss
Murmur'd it's sweets for him, and could impart
No thrill but of affection's purer bliss ;
He sigh'd and ask'd, hath dissipation aught like this ?

He moralised, alas ! but half an hour !
For dews are wont to fall on such a night ;
And as they damp our curls, their chilly power
Soon checks our best morality, in spite
Of rising stars, magnificently bright,
That love to emulate our Delia's eyes :
And so Ned sought his cabin, call'd for light,
And, stretch'd upon his couch, there boldly tries
The same rich train of thought, but this stern Fate denies.

He oped his writing desk, and thence he took
A lock of auburn hair, that had been lying
Snug in a tiny drawer's most secret nook,
Of late uncared for; though 'midst worlds of sighing,
Which seem'd an endlessness of love implying,
That lock had been presented and received :
It was a long, light tress ; and now untying
The silken wreath, he kiss'd it, and believed
Himself like Werter, most immeasurably grieved !

I know not if it were that auburn hair
That waken'd all the fervour of his soul,
But wildly flinging forth his arm in air,
He cried—"Nay, Ocean may between us roll,
And Fate divide us, far as pole from pole,
Yet my fond heart such distance cannot fether,
E'en like the carrier-dove, it seeks it's goal !"—
And then, as at a loss for something better,
He sought, and read aloud,—his Mother's last long letter.

"The bird you gave to Helen, too, is gone,
And she for months has sorrow'd at it's fate :
Alas ! your playmate alters, and the tone
Of her sweet voice sounds hollowly of late :
The rose has fled her cheek, and we oft' date
It's fleeting, from the day that bade you fly :
Her brow hath lost it's freshness, and her gait
Fails e'en to weakness ; while the sad, sunk eye
Tells of some secret, wasting grief, most powerfully !"

All this is deeply sad : but, by the way,
 'Twere just as well to be explicit here ;
So, leaving Ned awhile, we turn to say,
 That this same Helen, whom we've made appear,
 In seeming mystery, to our Edward dear,
Was once that little, lovely, fair, fond, thing,
 That men so oft' pourtray, when dreams uprear
Bright images to doat upon, and bring,
Those warm and wild imaginings, our Minstrels sing.

When first she knew our Edward, she was yet
 A very child of budding loveliness ;
And sweetly then his boyish glance she met,
 With timid blush, that trembled to repress
 The gaze, though warm, she did not love the less :
While *her* young speaking glance, from notice
 shrinking,
 From 'neath it's deep-fringed lid, would well express
A something dearer in a lover's thinking,
Than wealth or worlds could buy, that heart more closely
 linking.

It told of tenderness ! and where the charm
 That lures attention better than it's tale ?
It told of love ! and what shall win or warm
 Like the mute sign we rapturously hail,
 That bids us know our dearest hopes avail ?
He ask'd not more in fulness of his bliss ;
 And as for thanks, their idle breath would fail ;
I know not how,—their lips were near, and his,
Stole nearer, and more near, and thus their first young
 kiss !

That first, *first* kiss ! how sweetly wild the thrill !
Though this the faintest, meanest of it's joy,
'Tis not the mingling lips alone instil
Such rapture o'er the feelings ; or can buoy
The soul 'midst sweets, too dearly pure to cloy ;—
'Tis the warm memory, that delights to dwell
On that enchanting touch,—and oft' employ
The willing fancy to renew it's spell ;
And Oh ! through life the bliss is still remember'd well.

Their love was as with children,—yet so young,
They could not dream of thorns beneath the flower,
But deem'd all joyous,—nor had Fate yet wrung
Their hearts with fear in that too happy hour.
They met in secret oft', and they were pure
E'en as the orb of night, that beam'd above,—
And many a time had glanced upon the bower,
Where, truant boy, he stole to whisper love,
And clasp the seraph form that sought not to reprove.

Now Dryden swears that Love's all potent fire
Can metamorphose either sage or fool ;—
True ! flames, and darts, and throbs, and sighs inspire,
Yet scarcely are they things for boys at School ;
Nor yet at College, for they little cool
A curbless temper, kicking at control :
A smitten Gownsmen heeds nor law nor rule,
And thus our Youth, in fervour of his soul,
Outraged old Alma first, then fierce defied the whole.

Then follow'd his expulsion, as I've said ;
 And then to India ; where the change of scene,
 Of faces, and of habits, half allay'd
 His poignancy of passion, erst so keen :
 Not so with her ; the riven heart could wean
 Itself of every hope, and part with bliss ;
 She knew no change, nor aught to intervene ;
 Her scene unvarying,—save that she would miss
 The star that gave it light,—and vainly sigh for this.

But yet she wept not ; or she wept alone,
 To veil that inmost sorrow from the eye ;
 'Tis lesser grief, that sighs but to be known,
 Luring the gaze of idle sympathy :
 The heart that's deeply tortured, pants to fly
 To secret paths,—to shades of solitude,
 And there the tear that trickles silently,
 Is dear because unseen ; and it is woo'd,
 As sorrow's friendliest solace, for it is it's food.

Yet there is danger in that silent grief,
 A viewless venom, stealing on the heart ;
 It lurks malignant, like the midnight thief,
 Or dark assassin, who, in coward part,
 Still aims invisibly his errless dart :
 Men lop the blighted branch, and, where they see,
 They pluck the wither'd leaf ; but past their art
 The hidden worm oft' lurks in some fair tree
 Gnawing the life, unstay'd :—'tis thus with misery.

And sorrow hath it's smiles; but these are worse
Than songs of mockery from the maniac's den;
They are but pageantry to deck the hearse,
And glisten o'er the death they hide within!
And sunken eyes beam brightly;—Oh! but then
'Tis time to dash the tear-drop from our own;
To hollow out in earth a grave's dark den,
Where sculptured sorrow shall bedeck the stone;—
Such sparkle is life's last,—it glimmers, and is gone.

There came a gentle flushing o'er her cheek,
But not of health;—it shone so softly clear,
So faint the glow that mark'd it's varying streak,
So pure and lovely, as if nought was there,
To warn the gazer of approaching fear:—
And yet, at times, her large and languid eye
Would with an earthless brilliancy appear;
While her fair skin's too pure transparency,
Revealing each blue vein, look'd more than humanly.

And then—that fearful *then*,—her friends could see
Pale Sorrow's canker busy with their child,
And vainly watch'd with trembling agony,
And pale foreboding, till no hope beguil'd:
But yet to them she sigh'd not; still so mild,
That when they urged fond soothing to her pain,
She chid not at it's uselessness, but smiled,
And gave so gratefully her thanks again,
That all could weep, save her, who felt they wept in vain.

Though hope had lost it's substance, to it's shade
With breathlessness of fear they lingering clung ;
To other climes they bore the drooping maid,
To save or soothe, their milder bowers among.
Where Vèvay smiles, with alpine heights o'erhung,
And loveliness is seen in Summer glow,
They chose an habitation ; and along
The blue lake's broad expanse would Helen throw
The sadly vacant eye,—unmeet it's charms to know.

But, once more, turn we now to Ganges' scene,—
Our Soldier there impatient of delay,
Chiding his boat, that sullen crept between
The same blank shores it toil'd at yesterday,
In vain beguiled the tedious hours away,
By shooting snipets, divers, kites and crows ;
Or roused the alligator as it lay,
Or scared the porpoise, as it playful rose,
For e'en a pain like his some mortal respite knows !

There *are* some ills in Eastern travelling,
As Moorcroft, Manning, Fraser can confess ;
Losing your way, your temper, every thing,
In trackless paths, or pathless wilderness.
Nor yet in Europe are the troubles less,
Bad inns, bad roads, bad cattle,—or, far worse
Than all such evils in their direst dress,
The cold condolment of a coinless purse,
That meets with a reception, chilling like a curse.

But these are merely trifles if compared
With Ganges' unaccountable meandering,—
Which brings you to the spot, whence first you steer'd
After a weary day's unceasing wandering,
'Twould seem, if one were not afraid of slandering,
Or giving our good Brahmins grave offence,
That their great Goddess-stream is but *philandering* ;
Turning, Coquet ! her course, on sly pretence,
To win some bathing youth, who lured her amórous sense.

Yet, Ganges ! thou art such a mighty river,
We may not dare revile thee ; at thy birth,
Pent up and prison'd, thou resentest ever,
Not in dull murmurs, like a child of earth,
But as some infant giant, who puts forth
His strength in young contention : wild and hoarse,
From 'midst the Himalayha's icy girth,
Thou giv'st the foamy promise of thy force,
White as you mountain-snows that track thee from thy
source !

But in thy power and strength escaped each toil,
Thou lead'st thy placid majesty along,
The greeted Queen of millions !—Fair the soil,
That sees thee in thy wandering ; and the song
Of countless Princes, with their vassal throng,
Peals loud in homage from thy peopled shores.
Wealth, bliss, and purity, reside among
Thine outstretch'd waters,—and the earth her stores :
E'en from her uttermost haunts, upon thy bosom pours.

Mighty unto thine end ; we witness thee,
Empress of Isle and woods !—drear, wild demesne,
Where monsters roam in fearful tenantry ;
But trembling man may never dare remain,
To tempt those awful precincts of thy reign.
Fearless thou provest there thy gather'd power,
To meet in fight and grapple with the main,
While each death-struggle tears the shrinking shore;
Thy bier the Ocean's foam, thy dirge the Baun's wild
 roar !

Not that Ned dream'd of this; but pleased at last,
He saw gay buildings beaming on the shore,
Far distant yet, but, ere a day had past,
He gladly hail'd the wished-for Ghazeepore ;
Then pleased he saw the flag-staff gaily tower,
And heard the loud retreat at evening beating,
Blithely the bugle seem'd it's note to pour,
When, leaping on the strand with joyous greeting,
He quite forgot his ills in this so joyous meeting.

Ned join'd his Regiment, and soon paid to all
The graver, sager members of his corps,
The wonted compliment of formal call ;
And well th' ordeal of the drill he bore,
Seeming so very steady, that before
A year had half elapsed he 'scaped the drill,
To share with Subalterns in duty's tour :
And for manœuv'ring, he could halt or wheel
With any Martinet, that e'er drew Valour's steel.

And monthly to his Agents sent he down
The moiety of his pay, each debt to clear ;
'Till confident of reformation grown,
Too confident, alas ! he threw off fear,
And bade the mien of gayer life appear ;
Again he thought of horses, and again
The cry of hounds came grateful to his ear ;
Till arguing caution down, that warn'd in vain,
Once more he bought a nag, and scour'd along the plain.

“ 'Tis but the saving of a month or more,
And surely Agents cannot but assent ;
I need a horse, *of course*, at Ghazeepore :
Besides, on exercise my heart is bent.
And who would baulk a wish so excellent,
For cold economy and vile Rupees !
On *future* prudence I'm so all intent,
That now a little pastime if you please :
Enough of dull *attention* ; come, let's *stand at ease* !

He met acquaintances, we ask not whom ;
Some quondam friends of Barasett, I ween,
Not your staid fellows, burying in gloom
The first blithe moments of their youthful scene :
But boon companions, with a hearty mien
Of blushless scorn at prudence and of thought ;
Real ripe enthusiasts, who, for pleasure keen,
For ever after each allurement sought,
Nor dream'd of wooing then,—but clasp'd it as they
caught.

And they were fond of Loo ! and so was Ned,
And Loo's a proper game for *making* money !
It keeps one cleverly away from bed,
And neighbours' looks, *when losing*, are so funny,
While Pam, and flushes, hookahs, brandy-paunee,
Pass the late hours so pleasantly away ;
That all is happiness, save when to dun ye,
Comes a cursed I. O. U. on reckoning day,
And nothing then is left, but that last bore,—to pay !

But Oh ! that precious thing entitled *Tick*,
Which some call *credit* ; though I'm puzzled why ;
For when the purse grows slender, and is sick
Of it's bright load, and youngsters cast an eye
On others' goods, without a coin anigh,
'Tis then they think of *credit*, and essay
In truly *creditable* mode to buy ;
They leave their names, and take the goods away,
On *Tick*, which means, too oft', they never mean to pay !

Or as they say, forsooth, “ when 'tis convenient ;”
But that “ convenient ” moment may not come ;
Or their posed memories may grow so lenient,
So deaf to every call, so shut in gloom,
That bills may knock, and never find at home
The payment which they come for : so it is,
A rock that many split on, and a doom
That waits *some* creditors, who sigh at this ;
But these may wail their loss, they merit but to miss.

If such alone were sufferers, well and good ;
For 'tis they lead the young aspirant on,
And his worst folly is their daily food.
What if they lose by dozens? let but one
Redeem his o'ercharged debt, and he has won
A fortune by the fool ! Our Ned grew deep
And deeper in such *Tick*, nor yet had done,
But as the gulf shew'd darker, with one leap,
He headlong sought to rush, to ruin, and to sleep !

There came a towering Buggy to the station,
Which topt all others on the Evening road ;
He saw, admired, and bought for recreation ;
While, ever and anon, his skill he shew'd
In driving Tandem, till each gazer glow'd
In dust and terror at his whirling speed :
Ned now was all the go, and his abode
A scene of gambling, where he took the lead,
At Billiards, Dice, and Cards ; and learn'd to freely bleed.

Ned's Tandem, terriers, stud, were all the talk ;
His seniors eyed him, and the young ones stared ;
And many pitied, but they fail'd to baulk
The course of headlong ruin he had dared.
And there were other pleasures which he shared,
Prime Tiffen parties, soaking with pale ale,
Where youngsters ripe for revelry repair'd,
And Ned presided, lengthening the regale
From midnight until morn, with song and shout and
tale.

Though pay-day monthly came, yet on that day
No bright Rupees e'er glisten'd on his board,
But many a bill, that lengthen'd as it lay,
With dun, and I. O. U, an awful hoard !
That monthly grew in bulk, and monthly bored :
Then tried he long excuses, and pretences,
And poor evasions, which his pride abhorr'd ;
First link'd to meanness, that with debt commences,
Then stooping to tell lies, in all their moods and tenses !

And there were burning thoughts and shrinking eyes,
Steps that recoil'd, and sought not to be seen ;
Or, if they met, that donn'd the flimsy guise
Of cold indifference, and a careless mien,
While all was unavailing shame within :
His better friends bow'd coldly, and the few,
Whom it were pride to please, had fled the scene ;
Till now his choice associates were a crew,
Like leeches that assail'd, and were as loathsome too.

To such poor Ned was yet a tempting prey,
His Tandem, hookah, horses, were the bait :
And soon they leagued in fearful odds at play,
Leading the fool resistless to his fate :
First went the Buggy in some silly bet,
And next each horse an adversary gain'd :
Harness and hookah then disdain'd to wait ;
All disappear'd, till not a wreck remain'd,
And he was sighing left, for friends no longer feign'd.

"What! nothing left to bet! no trinket, ring!
No watch, spoons, plate! what, nothing! nothing
more!

Adieu, my lad!" and thus they took to wing,
Boasting their easy spoil, and counting o'er,
In open glee, the plunder of his store:
He heard his Tandem on the neighbouring road,
And knew it's rattle, as it near'd his door,
He mark'd it whirling past with grinning load,
'Midst jeers and triumphing, that pierced him like a
goad.

Just at this juncture of his sinking fate,
Arrived an order,—no unwelcome sound,—
To 'siege some fort, that barr'd it's rebel gate,
And, treason-mann'd, gave bold defiance round:
And, in the bustle, Ned some respite found;
From thought, and debt's late unremitting care;
While e'en a sullen light his prospect crown'd,
He join'd the busy field,—it was to dare
The Soldier's braver fate, and hail oblivion there.

Hiss'd the loud shot, it's death-fraught anger sped,
The loosening wall sank tremblingly away;
Each frequent bolt more wide the havock spread,
Till round the gaping breach, in fragments lay
It's boasted strength, 'midst ruin and dismay.
Prepared and ranged, our columns close for fight,
And slowly move, advancing to their prey;
Hot expectation pants, the breach's height
Is thick with many a spear, and sabre flashing bright.

And who the foremost of th' assailing host,
Now plunging to the fosse, now near the wall?
Whose the bright weapon that, in gleaming boast,
Uprear'd it's point, as if to prove to all,
He courted Fate, impatient for his fall?
And who now rushing madly from the band,
Dared the fierce breach, as though it were a hall
Of beauty and of revel, pleased to stand,
And fearless woo the death, that threaten'd from each
brand?

Poor fool ! 'tis vain, such honour'd fate to thee
Were well denied, it is not yet thine hour ;
Thou hast to sink in deeper misery,
A fall less noble shall thy heart o'erpower,
And prove how vain thy maniac wishes tower :
The fort hath fallen, removing from it's site
The troops disperse, their scene of warfare o'er ;
And Ned reverts to care ; in bitterest spite
Cursing his wayward star, which set not in the fight.

Once more, as often tried, he fled from thought,
Amidst intemperance to escape from all ;—
From Mars to Bacchus turn'd,—nor vainly sought
The willing god,—yet—not in festive hall,
But when his spirits seem'd to flag or fall,
He drench'd them in a sullen, lonely bowl ;
Till foul oblivious dreams obey'd his call,
Or gorged, like bestial wretch, that spurns control,
He sunk to lead-like sleep, in wreck of shame and soul.

Such dastard drunkenness is soon betray'd ;
The swerving step,—the flush'd and burning eye,
Suit not the mark'd precision of parade,
Or lengthen'd march where crowding hosts are nigh,
And all bespeaks officious scrutiny.
Remarks at first were few, and observation
Just *look'd* it's silent censure ;—by and by
Reproof and threats were loud,—till irritation,
Stung at it's own disgrace, drank deeper in vexation.

Now lonely, outcast, scouted by his corps,
Apart from all, day after weary day,
Our victim journey'd on, in feeling sore,
To distant post, where they had bent their way :
And now approach'd, each marked his new home lay
In pleasing prospect o'er the well-smoothed plain ;
Ned cast a sorrowing glance, for morning's ray
Beam'd brightly o'er that scene, to mock his pain :—
No haven there for him,—his lone heart sunk again !

His soul was sick within him, and his cheek,
Pale, wan, and haggard, shew'd few traces there,
Of Edward in his youth :—unnerved and weak,
He toil'd along the path,—nor deign'd to share
The aid they proffer'd now with pitying air.
He was heart-broken,—yet his proud glance fell
Fever'd and flush'd on earth, unskill'd to bear
Or looks of fancied scorn, or such as tell
Of pity which he spurn'd,—to him a very hell !

It is at such a crisis of our fate,
 When hearts are wrung with unavailing care,
 When the torn feelings, in their tortured state,
 Would seem unfit another blow to bear,
 And one pang more would bring destruction there :
 It is at such an hour, as if to try
 How the soul's temper yet it's ills will dare,
 Fate brings it's worst, it's deadliest terrors nigh,
 Beyond our wildest fears, to 'whelm with misery !

For,—hark ! that voice ! that well known voice again !
 “ Edward ! ”——he started wildly from his mood :
 “ Edward ! ”——he turn'd to mark, nor turn'd in vain :
 A form pass'd slowly by him, as he stood,
 Upborne in last of life : as senseless wood,
 Or imaged stone, he paused in stupor dread,
 'Twas Helen ! 'twas herself ! but scarce endued
 With look or voice of life. As of the dead ;
 He caught one wistful glance ; and then the vision fled.

'Twas Helen ! but how here ? nay, short the tale,
 We left the maid afar in that mild clime,
 Where dwells the Switzer in his peaceful vale ;
 But vain it's charms, it's scenery sublime,
 To check the fated withering of her prime :
 A warmer sun they sought, and now, o'er sea,
 They bore the drooping maid : but from that time,
 So weak her shadowy form, that it might be
 The very air that fann'd might bring eternity,

Then rumours rose of Edward's gather'd shame,
 She heard the anguish'd tale: till then, her heart
 Had borne up undismay'd, but her worn frame
 Now sunk for aye,—and life prepared to part:
 Yet would the big tears come, while vain the art,
 To hide her bursting sorrow, or it's cause,
 She saw him,—heavens! and how!—a barbed dart
 Were not so fearful as that moment's pause,
 'Twas as the lightning's shaft, which pierces while it awes.

But why extend,—why lengthen here the tale?
 The maid is gone!—and Edward,—hark! that
 sound
 Of solemn music, mingling with the gale!
 And hark the drums' low roll, that echoes round,
 Like distant thunder o'er the deep profound!
 Again,—a shrilly note swells wild on high,
 Now sinks to silence, as in sadness drown'd;
 And lo! emerging from the path hard by,
 A slow band pass to view, and marshal mournfully.

They seek a fresh dug grave with solemn tread;
 But yon unmeasured tenor of their pace,
 That times so ill with anthem for the dead;
 Those downcast looks,—the tear o'er furrow'd face,
 Where few the tears that ever found a place,
 Bespeak a more than sorrow for the gone!—
 It was so dread a close of earthly race,
 They whisper it in low mysterious tone,
 As though it were a tale too fearful to be known!

But a few hours had past since, o'er that road,
 Another sorrowing band a corpse convey'd ;
 Not then the martial pomp had slowly trod,
 But pure as late the bosom of the maid,
 The waving plumes her virgin bier display'd.
 And Edward stood in agony beside ;
 While every thought rush'd wildly to upbraid,
 He cursed himself and life ! with fearful stride
 He fled the harrowing scene to damning suicide !

What were his feelings in that awful hour !
 Oh ! who shall drag them to the shrinking view ?
 His past years throng'd before him, telling o'er
 His every fault and failing, till they grew
 Crimes to his sicken'd fancy ! Then he drew
 A hurried picture of the bliss he'd lost :
 The future lour'd, o'erveil'd with saddest hue ;
 The form of Helen still that future cross'd :
 He turn'd, he fled from life, for life appall'd the most.

Complete the Drama now, my task is o'er :
 It may be I have waked an idle strain,
 And told of debt and dissipation's power,
 Their folly and their fate, perchance in vain :
 It may be I have touch'd a theme of pain,
 In this my Satire on our Indian youth :
 Alas ! howe'er the Poet's song may feign
 It's lay of fancied sorrow, yet, in sooth,
 Such careless Ruin here is tale of bitterest truth,

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Oh ! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd !

LALLA ROOKH.

“I TELL you, O’Leary, they are the finest women in the world,” said the old Major, authoritatively, as he adjusted the snake of his hookah under the right arm of his very roomy Bareillee chair ; and after gulping down his tenth bumper of Madeira, since the removal of the table-cloth.

“So you are often pleased to assert, Major,” replied the other ; “but it would require double even of your lengthened sojourning in this country, and a goodly portion also of your Bengalee habits, before I could consent to believe our Hindoostanee damsels to be even passable. But there is no accounting for tastes !”

“Tastes !” reiterated the Major : “why it is no matter of conjecture ; ’tis downright irresistible, positive fact. Ask young Amorett, there, at the bottom of the table, what he thought of the pretty Golaub, the other evening, at Rajah Nob Kissen’s Nautch ?”

Amorett heard not a syllable. He might have been thinking of Golaub at the moment, but, at all events,

he was too deeply immersed in meditation to attend to the Major, even on this his own too admired topic.

“Mr. Vice,” cried the Major, addressing himself to the Vice-President,—“will you do me the kindness to touch the elbow of your right-hand neighbour, and respectfully apprise him, that I wish to interrogate him as to the charms of his adorable Golaub?”

This appeal roused the attention not only of the ruminating young Officer, but of the whole Mess-table. The eyes of all became addressed, first to the Major and soon to the now blushing and confused youth at the right hand of the Vice-President.

“Amorett,” resumed the Major, “you are a well read young gentleman, and must decide a knotty point between O’Leary and myself: while you were silently in perusal of Golaub’s dark eyes, at the Rajah’s, the other evening, did you admire them, because, as Alison says on Taste, there was an association of pleasing ideas with their beaming and beauty, or that you positively and *de facto* found them lovely in themselves?”

“By the powers! he found them lovely in themselves!” roared out a merry, satirical-looking Lieutenant, at the middle of the table, “for he has been writing Poetry upon Eastern Beauty ever since the Nautch. It was only yesterday, at the Main-Guard, he seized upon the envelope of the Guard Report as a record for the hallowed breathings of his Muse; and good luck be praised!—but I have it here!”

“For Heaven’s sake! give it to me!”—cried Amorett;—“nay, nay, do not shew it!”

"Mr. President," continued the Lieutenant, "have I your valued permission to delight this good company with the inspirations of our Amorett's Muse, breathed upon, as it has been, by the touching beauty of the incomparable Lady of the Nautch?"

"Of course!"—"certainly!"—"begin!—begin!" was echoed from every part of the Mess-table. The Lieutenant rose up, and adjusting himself theatrically, for the effective and proper recital of the verses in his hand, now commenced gravely and sonorously, to repeat the following lines.

"EASTERN BEAUTY.

"There may be Bosoms, that will not confess
The East's fond claim to maiden loveliness;
There may be bosoms, that shall lightly hail
Such Beauty,—hallow'd but in minstrel tale:
These,—'midst the fairer visions of the West,
Where Love beams lustre from a snowy vest,
But little deem our Sun can lavish charms,
O'er flowers,—where tints but deepen as it warms;
But there is Beauty—Oh! who durst deny
The speaking magic of the deep dark eye?—
Of the veil'd look,—that, stealing to the soul,
Breathes—unassuming there,—a soft control?
That will not seek your glance,—but, as it meets,
Lingers awhile in love;—nor yet retreats,
Ere it's too dangerous sleepiness of gleam
Instil the lull,—the languor of a dream;

A Form half-bow'd—receding from the view,
Or mark'd beneath the veil's scarce shadowy hue,
Where, seeming lovelier in their soften'd grace,
Beam forth the features of a Houri face ;
A little hand,—that trembles to the touch,
To tell fond thoughts,—yet shrinks to find them such ;
A dove-like bosom, where a mimic load
Of swelling ripeness rears it's twin abode,
Breathing young sighs of tenderness, as pure
As ever Love from innocence could lure,
All this is Beauty,—or the charm it gives,
Too warmly wakes to life, too wildly lives !”

“ Bravo ! Bravo !” resounded round the table.
“ But where is Amorett ?” exclaimed, at once, half a dozen enquiring voices.—“ Why the man is seriously off in a pet ;—he'll have you out, my friend !” observed the Major, to the satirical looking Lieutenant.

“ Nay, I hope the poor lad is not annoyed,” said the latter ; “ but he is off sure enough, and you must defer the deciding of your sage argument, I fear, Major, until some better opportunity.”

At Gun-fire, in the morning after the conversation just detailed, and which occurred at the Mess-table of one of the Regiments of Native Infantry stationed at Secrole, in the vicinity of Benares, a small detachment of Sepoys was seen moving off the Parade-ground in the direction of the holy city. The men were accoutred as for a march, being provided with their knapsacks, well stuffed with brass *lotahs*, cloths, and that most necessary accompaniment, the hookah. An

Elephant, laden with the tents of the party, and four Camels, which, in a string, were carrying the single-poled tent and *routee* of their Officer, paced slowly along by the side of the men, as they crossed over the extensive Parade-ground of the station, and entered the suburbs of the city, at the road leading towards Doorgakhoond. Straggling behind, and guided each by a half-naked boy, or miserable looking woman, were a few tattoos,—the poor fleshless ponies of the country, which the savings of certain of the Sepoys had enabled them to purchase for the sake of loading them with pots and pans, brass vessels, cotton quilts, and other such appurtenances, for the convenience and consolation of the line of march.

In the farther rear, toiled on, slowly, three or four heavily laden hackeries, or native carts, piled up into shapeless pyramids with charpoys, the primitive beds of Asia, and overgrown bundles enclosed in coarse brown blankets. In one of the hackeries, which was rudely barricadoed up at the sides with a few mats, rode the closely-veiled, but peeping family of one of the half Mussulmaun, half Portuguese drummers of the detachment. Several beardless lads, their bundles braced on their backs with broad tape, something in the fashion of a knapsack, and with small white linen caps, like the undress ones of the Sepoys, placed buckishly on the summit, or knob, of their well-tied hair, and clad in quilted chintz jackets, and thick sepoy shoes, were sturdily pacing along by the side of the soldiers; and, by striving to catch the military

step of their relatives in the ranks, and adopting the air and swagger of their accoutred ensamples, to prove that they were right good aspirants for the honour of a Camp, and the future dignity of enlistment. In fine, the whole picturesque group, as it moved along, was just what may be frequently witnessed in the vicinity of a large military cantonment, on the occasional detaching of a Treasure, or other escort; or on the wonted marching of a relieving party for a distant guard.

A few paces in the front of the detachment, rode the Commanding Officer: rather juvenile, it would have seemed in the eyes of the steady grey veterans of other times, for the charge of so many men. He was a light, florid, fair-haired young man, of two or three and twenty, probably, who appeared to be on good terms with himself, and all the world; and not at all displeased with a new pair of grenadier wings, which his late fortunate promotion to a Lieutenantcy, and appointment as a subaltern to the right Grenadier Company, had authorised him to append to his regimentals. A nearer view of his person, and his turning round to the Sepoys to caution them against straggling, as they were approaching the mint, at the entrance of the city, betrayed that he was no other than the poetic Mr. Amorett, whose effusions had been figuring away at the Mess-room on the preceding evening. The good humour depicted on his countenance proved, however, that his temporary irritation at the liberty taken with his Muse, had long since sub-

sided into forgetfulness of the offence. In fact, it had disappeared before going to bed, on the offending party himself going over to his bungalow, to laugh him out of his ill temper, and while away a midnight hour or two, with *brandy-paunee*, and some of the best of Mr. Vanderhausen's Chinsurah cheroots.

At the period we are now describing, his Highness Omrut Rao, Ex-Peishwah of the Mahrattah states, was permitted by the British Government to reside at Doorgakhoond, a place in the western suburbs of the holy and extensive city of Benares. On the deposition of this Prince from his brief assumption of supreme sovereignty among the Mahrattas, who, from the first, had only looked upon him as the tool and pageant of a party, he had thrown himself upon the English, and the Company allowed him a princely pension of some lacs of Rupees annually; with liberty to remain near Benares, with two or three hundred of his more faithful followers and dependants. Partly for the purpose of protection and respect, but more, it is presumed, as a salutary check upon himself, or the possible irregularities of his crowd of retainers, a guard of honour of about an hundred men, commanded by a subaltern Officer, was regularly furnished to his Highness from the Sepoy Regiments at Secrole. The instructions of the Officer on this duty were simply to pay due honour to his Highness on every occasion; to turn out the Guard for a royal salute, on the Prince passing to and from his residence; and to report to the Political Agent, the head civil authority of the pro-

vince,—any movement of the Ex-Peishwah's camp, or unwonted accession to the number of his followers.

It was to take this duty, and relieve the former guard, that the detachment under Lieutenant Amorett was now directing it's course to Doorgakhoond. But they had been warned also, on this occasion, of an additional service for which the party was designed. His Highness, or the Maharajah, as he was commonly called, urged either by a sense of weariness at his state of honorary imprisonment at Benares, or led by the spirit of political intrigue, with which, it is only to be wondered that this deposed sovereign was not oftener actuated, had solicited the Governor General in Council for permission to visit some holy shrine at Bundelcund, in the neighbourhood of the Fort of Kallinger. His application had been complied with ; and so little was justly apprehended from his desire to move, that no additional restriction, or increase to the Guard, was imposed. Care only had been taken that the officer on such duty should be fitted for it's performance ; and as it fell by mere routine of the roster on Lieutenant Amorett, who was considered intelligent enough, and otherwise unobjectionable, his name appeared in orders for the service. In about an hour from the time of quitting Secrole, the Sepoys had reached the open space before Doorgakhoond, and after passing the walls of several suburban palaces, and garden residences of a few of the richer Nobles and Baboos of Benares, they found the old Guard paraded in due readiness for their reception. The mutual salutes and inter-

change of orders then took place between the respective officers. The sentries of the late party were relieved by the men newly arrived ; the common communication of news and camp gossip had rapidly taken place, and a short time heard the drum and fife of the relieved detachment playing merrily, as it departed, and wound it's way from out the tope of Mangoe trees,—which was the usual site for encamping his Highness's Honorary Guard. The place was, therefore, soon left in undisturbed possession of Lieutenant Amorett and his Sepoys.

The little scene at the Mess-table will have betrayed a few of the peculiarities of our hero to the observation of my readers. He was, in serious truth, at this stage of his Indian career, a perfect philo-Asiatic. If he could have applied himself as perseveringly to the cultivation of the higher Oriental literature, as he did to the adoption of all the attainable habits, and common customs of the natives around him, he would have proved a second Sir William Jones ; or even as profound an Orientalist as the sage Gilchrist himself. But although his literary attainments in the Persian and Arabic languages were far from despicable, yet the Orientalism of young Amorett rather consisted of a desire to become half Hindoostanee and native himself, than to prove himself a dry explorer of their literature. Thus he frequently arrayed himself in the costume of the country ; and was once severely reprimanded by his Commanding Officer, for parading through the city as a young Mussulmaun

Banka, or beau of the first water, in a rich Benares turban, kinghaub, pyjamah, and silken jamah. For several months, Hindooism became his delight; and, while, under its influence, he would partake of nothing that could offend the religion or tenets of Hindoo.

Thus, beef became his avowed detestation, and, for weeks together, he deserted the Mess in disgust, simply because a roasted pig was one day unhappily disclosed to his view, on the removal of the dish-covers, at some important Mess-entertainment to an Inspecting General Officer, who was said to be partial to pork. How long he would have remained a Hindoo is uncertain, had not the seductive glances of some dancing girl,—a young Mussulmaanee, of a Lucknow Nautch set,—completely withdrawn him from the holy observances of Brahma, to the more voluptuous allurings of the Prophet. At the present juncture of our tale, although he was assuredly somewhat smitten with the dark eyes and raven ringlets of the younger daughter of the old Colonel of his Regiment; yet his heart, on the whole, was as purely Asiatic as ever: and never perhaps were the day-dreams of a young Oxonian, when wandering solitarily in his College groves, more devotedly given to the secret adoration of certain blue eyes, which he had fallen in with during the last long vacation, than were the ceaseless thoughts of our Amorett silently addressed in homage to the dark-haired daughters, and veiled beauties of the East. It is true, he had never yet fallen in with any who

came completely up to his fancied standard of perfection,—but then he had heard of the peerless damsels of Cabul and Cashmere,—nay, rumour, or, more properly speaking, the gossiping scandal of the Delhi Cantonments, had lately whispered to him a tale of mystery connected with one of the lovely Princesses of the royal house of Timour itself. The idle romance of his disposition, fostered as it had been by the too dangerous leisure incidental to his military life, and warmed almost to feverish irritation by the country, the climate, and those novel circumstances and situations, in which he was daily thrown, all concurred to awaken in him a turn of mind as truly un-English, as altogether un-European, as could be imagined. His fancy in solitude dwelt solely on stolen looks from the latticed heights of some eastern Haram: the tinkling sounds of the sitar, or mundul, dwelt sweetest on his ear;—the mysterious and shadowy gloom of the Zenanah seemed far dearer to him than the now faintly remembered attractions of the fairest even of his native home. Fortunately, all with him was but a dream; for fact had, happily, little to do with his admiration. Unlike many of his young contemporaries in the army, his aspirations were too soaring, too visionary in their nature, for any unlucky entanglement in India. But still his separation from all nearer friends, and the frequent solitariness of his military duties in the upper provinces, had seduced him, in sheer idleness, to give such loosened reins to his Asiatic day-dreaming and follies, that at last, if

his distempered imagination could have been exposed to view, it would have betrayed itself as a receptacle only for the wildest imagery of Moore's *Lallah Rookh*, or the enchantment and characteristic scenery of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

On the second day after the arrival of the new guard at Doorgakhoond, the whole Camp was ordered to be held in readiness for marching. The Maharajah, Omrut Rao, had determined to move at once; thus his followers and family were to break ground in the evening, and encamp in the open space before the grove of trees, so as to form into marching order, and be prepared for regular departure early on the ensuing morning. Towards night, however, it was announced to Lieutenant Amorett, that a person of consequence from the Ex-Peishwah was in attendance, desiring to communicate with the officer of the Guard. On his admission, he apologised, in the name of his Highness, for a change in his intentions; and mentioned that the illness of the young Princess, who had lately joined them from the Dekhan, was the unfortunate, and unavoidable cause. She had been attacked with fever on the way: and, in consequence of severe continued indisposition on her arrival at Benares, it had been found necessary to postpone her marriage with the Maharajah's eldest son. A sudden relapse, which had just taken place, had induced his Highness to countermand the march for the present.

"Give my respects to the Maha Rajah," said the Lieutenant; "I shall be ready with my escort, when-

ever it his Highness' pleasure to command it. I hope the Princess is not seriously indisposed."

"She is said to suffer from increased fever," replied the Minister; "but little was communicated to me on the subject."

"Humph!" said the young Officer; and, after a short pause, "is she not betrothed to the young Prince, who was in attendance upon his Highness this morning, when the Guard saluted the Maharajah in passing?"

The confidential Minister, Simuckjee, in the true diplomatic gravity of his sect, was not disposed to be more than necessarily communicative. He stiffly, but politely, answered, that she had been betrothed to the Prince several years ago; but, as customary, had only lately been allowed to join the family. Her illness had hitherto prevented all festivities, as well as the final ceremonies of the marriage.

"She is very beautiful, I have understood," observed Amorett,

"So it is believed," rejoined the Minister.

"Is she so young as they describe her?" enquired the Lieutenant.

"I know not her Highness' age," was the brief reply.

"About twelve, or thirteen, they tell me," perseveringly continued the young man.

"Indeed!" was the still colder reply of the keen looking little old gentleman, who was once famous in the Dekhan for his diplomacy and intrigues.—"But shall I retire from your presence? May I take leave?"

said he, bending as in salutation, and apparent anxiety to withdraw. The wonted compliments ensued, and the Minister ceremoniously left the tent.

During the whole of the next night, our hero did nothing but dream of the beautiful sick Princess. Nor were his waking thoughts less devoted to her image. He fancied her, as a matter of course, to be lovely as the fevered imagination could suggest. She was young,—of this he had positively been assured;—she was beautiful,—he had heard that too; or fancied he had heard: it was a thing of course, as much a matter of fact to his conviction, as if he had seen her, and dwelt for days in silent admiration of her loveliness. There were black eyes,—the large, languid, deep-fringed, sleepy, soul-breathing eyes of the hallowed daughters of Brahma; that pure transparency of skin, so peculiarly their own; the hair braided back upon her brow, that just peeped between the silvery folds of her muslin *doputtah*; all this was as clearly and satisfactorily seen by him, and as much established to his mind's admiring belief, as if the Maharajah himself had presented his betrothed daughter to his gaze. That very circumstance, too,—*betrothed!* and her now sinking under fearful sickness, when at the very point of completing her vows!—Nay, at this very moment, also, the whole Camp anxiously awaiting her recovery, and hanging, as it were, breathlessly, on her very existence!—There was something so touching, so interesting in the whole picture, that he dwelt on it till the little Princess became

as intensely an object of solicitude to the young English Soldier, who had never seen her, as she could have been, almost to her very friends, or the attendants immediately about her person.

It is fortunate that the Mahrattahs have less of the characteristic Eastern jealousy, and anxiety to seclude their females from observation, or even remark, than most other nations of Hindoostan, or umbrage must have been conceived at a couple of, very respectful, certainly, but rather anxious, enquiries, which our hero ventured to make on the ensuing day, regarding the health of the young lady. To the latter, he was informed in reply, that the fever had just quitted her, and that it was expected the Maharajah would order the march to take place on the morrow. It was now decided that the indisposition of the Princess was evidently a fever of the intermittent description, and thus an early change of air might prove of essential benefit in her present state of convalescence.

On the following morning, they accordingly moved off in the direction of Allahabad, and proceeded by the accustomed route. Without any event of importance, they reached that holy city of the Faithful, situated at the point of junction of the Jumna and Ganges; and thence journeyed on to Currah, famous for its hundred thousand tombs, and the sad, and far extending token they exhibit of the once sanguinary conflicts between the rival competitors for the Musnud of Delhi. At this place, the Minister, Simuckjee, again presented himself at the tent of the British

Officer, and enquired if, among the public stores for the use of the Sepoys, there were any medicines such as were administered at the English hospitals ?

“There are medicines of several descriptions,” answered young Amorett ; “but I trust that no return of illness to the Princess induces the present enquiry !”

The old Minister, I should have remarked, had by this time become quite friendly with the officer ; and they had frequently ridden together on the line of march. Our hero was possessed of a remarkably fine Arabian horse, which he rode ably and gracefully, a circumstance which had elicited the admiration of the Mahrattahs, who are passionately fond of everything equestrian. This at last had brought up the Minister to the side of the Lieutenant, with a request from the Mahrajah himself, to know if the horse could be disposed of. It was a gift from a relative in the Civil service, and consequently might not be sold : but the conversations that ensued had begotten quite an intimacy between the intelligent and good-tempered Simuckjee and the juvenile Commandant of the Sepoy detachment.

“I trust,” continued the Lieutenant, “that the Princess is not ill.”

“Nay, not worse, Sahib,” replied the Minister ; “but his Highness has been apprised of some far-famed powder, the pulverised tegument of a certain tree ; more efficacious than our vaunted cheritah, as a febrifuge, and strengthener of the human frame. The Maha-

rajah anxiously waits to hear if your Hospital equipments can furnish any."

"His Highness means Bark, possibly," rejoined the Officer; "I will immediately ascertain."

He did so, and amongst the medicines, such as usually accompany detachments from the head quarters of regiments, he found an abundant supply. All Europeans in India, from unhappy practical experience, soon acquire a slight general knowledge of the use of the commoner medicines; thus our hero was able, on offering some Bark to the Minister, to prescribe, with becoming gravity, the proper mode of exhibiting it to the young and interesting patient.

Before they reached the banks of the Jumna, he had twice repeated his medical assistance to the Princess: and these reiterated appeals to him, added to his frequent solitude in his tent, and the habitual romance of his disposition, had at length so fanned into flame the interest her situation had first awakened in his mind, that he daily looked for his interview with the Minister, and the opportunity it afforded of enquiring after the young personage, with all the impatience and feverish anxiety of a lover.

"Is she no better, then?" said he one day with his wonted eagerness;—it almost called a smile on the diplomatic countenance even of Simuckjee. "Has not the Bark wrought a cure?" And suddenly, as if struck with a happy and enterprising idea, he exclaimed, "I can give no more of these powerful, and, at times, dangerous medicines, thus blindfolded,—and

ignorant, at each step, of the propriety of venturing to offer them."

"What mean you, Sahib?" questioned the Mahrattah.

"Why, simply," said the Lieutenant, "that it is now some days since you first applied for this aid from our stores, and, if their efficacy has hitherto failed, I fear there has been error in the treatment."

"Sahib!" exclaimed the Minister, half alarmed at the manner of his companion; "the family implicitly followed your directions, as his Highness' servants assure me; and with religious care and precision did I convey every syllable, as your instructions reached me, your servant."

"Nay," interrupted our youth, gravely and alarmingly, "who shall answer for accuracy and correctness, while our communications, on which life and death depend, reach their fated object only through the idle intricacy of a Court, and the tortuous avenues of a secluded Haram?"

"Tis just," observed the Minister; "but this difficulty is irremediable."

"How!" exclaimed the other, "are the Mahrattahs too, as blind and prejudiced as their weaker Hindoo neighbours?—I deemed that the light of wisdom had fallen more brightly and freshly upon them."

"What would the Sahib?" asked Simuckjee, looking fixedly at him, as if half divining his present purpose.

"May I not see my patient?" abruptly, and at once said Amorett.

"See the Princess!" half screamed the Minister, his eyebrows, in their utter astonishment and upraised wonderment, almost touching the very rim of his prim Mahrattah turban.

"Yes, and why that astonishment? I would not venture such a proposition to a dark and ignorant inhabitant of our provinces; but have not the Mahrattahs discarded such profanation to all that is wise and delicate to their wives and daughters? Surely, thy countrymen seclude not their females like the blind, grovelling sons of Brahma or the Prophet? Nay, doth thy Prince wish the betrothed of his son to die lingeringly before him, with the simple means of remedy and proffered health within his reach?"

The young Soldier here felt his heart smite him for a moment. The picture of the perhaps really suffering girl passed before him, and the mummery of his present manner and purpose seemed almost sacrilegious. But the Minister gave him little time for reflection: for he hastily retired, as if fearful to prolong so delicate a conference; and the Lieutenant was left to his meditations, and to issue orders for the ensuing day's continuance of their march, together with the necessary arrangements preparatory to crossing the Jumna.

Scarcely was our hero seated the next morning at his breakfast table, with his hookah, after seeing the motley assemblage of Mahrattahs and others safely across the river, ere the Minister was once more announced: when, with a secret smile playing over his

diminutive, but deeply marked features, he frankly stated, that, having communicated the conversation of the preceding evening to the Maharajah, his Highness at once, without the slightest hesitation, had ordered that the English gentleman should be admitted to the presence of his daughter-in-law. Whether he judged as a father, or as a Mahrattah, whose intercourse with Europeans had freed him of some of the darker prejudices of the East, cannot now be determined, but certain it is, that not a shadow of objection to the visit seemed to come across his mind; nor did he affect even to notice the repugnance of the Minister to introduce the subject: noon was fixed upon as the hour for introducing our hero, in his new capacity of Physician, to the lovely betrothed; and never was poor mortal, under any circumstance of trembling excitation, more nervously affected than Amorett was, on the sudden prospect of the realization of all his day-dreaming fancies, and in thus being permitted to approach and behold the living, real, most lovely person of an Eastern Princess!

There were yet nearly two hours before the time appointed, and, as he paced up and down his tent, every moment seemed an age to him. Some young Mahrattahs came before the awning of his tent-door, with their active and beautifully managed Dokhanee horses to attract his attention, in there practising their wonted evolutions and amusements. They went through the usual manœuvres at full speed, in an incredibly small space, and almost among the very

ropes used for pitching his tent; sometimes alternately pursuing and retreating from each other, or abruptly turning on their opponents with the rapidity of lightning, the others as quickly and gracefully darting off from the assailants. Again in mazes, performing a figure similar to our numerical sign of eight, and then reining short up, at a word, making their obedient horses curvet, plunge, and bound with all the seeming activity of an antelope. But all these feats were to-day played off in vain. Amoretti saw them not: he was thinking only of the approaching visit; and of all that he pictured to be awaiting him in the Zenanah tent of the Maharajah.

The Minister, Simuckjea, was punctual in his attendance; and, with a beating heart, our hero followed him towards that part of the encampment, which was divided off for the females of Omrut Rao's family. From the outside,—for there was a wall of canvas, or common *konnats*, as they term them, encircling the whole,—their daily residence appeared to be composed of several small tents, connected with, and adjoining a larger one in the centre. A shaumeaneh, or broad extended awning, with its usual red border, was stretched in front of the larger tent, and formed a sheltering and secluded retirement for the Ladies of the family. After passing some matchlock-men at the entrance, our two visitors entered the outer wall, and the Minister here pausing, made over his companion to two ancient female attendants, who were appointed to receive him. His tottering

and palsied conductresses led him silently through a screened avenue, formed by some upright konauts, and, on reaching it's end, desired him to wait for a few moments, while one of them went forward to ascertain if all was in readiness for the admission of the stranger. At this juncture, the beating of his heart could distinctly be heard in the still silence of the Zenanah tents, and the seclusion of the curtained walls around him. Like many other wished-for enjoyments or opportunities, when within reach and attainment, his present situation seemed painful even to distress ; and he almost wished himself any where, rather than in his present trembling predicament.

At length, the old woman re-appeared, and slowly and ceremoniously conducted the Englishman to the inner tent itself. The *cheeck*, or bamboo screen of the doorway, was raised, and, entering, he found himself in the presence of the Princess. She seemed to be scarcely emerging from childhood, but was decidedly beautiful,—fairer even than an Asiatic could be supposed to be, and with an air of command and dignity, which our hero had little anticipated so young a girl being in possession of. She was seated in the eastern manner on a chair, that is, she was entirely upon it's seat : one of her feet being thrown easily, and not unelegantly, under the other, the knee of the latter being raised, gracefully enough, for such a position, to the level of her waist. A rich silver worked Benares veil, or *doputtah*, of delicate and most beautiful manufacture, surrounded her head

and person generally, though still betraying, through it's texture, the contour of her lovely and gentle form, as well as her entire features, which were not a little improved by her large dark—yet, from her late indisposition,—softened and languishing eyes. She exhibited few signs of being ill, though, perhaps, the faint flushing of her cheek, which was occasioned by it, rather added to, than detracted from, her general loveliness. Amorett stood silent and abashed near the entrance, nor was he summoned to his recollection, until her Highness, turning round, directed towards him a careless and indifferent glance of mere observation, and made some remark to her women in the Mahrattah tongue, on the strange looks and appearance of the white-haired foreigner. Collecting himself, he approached her, and, with much show of ceremony, taking a chair near her, (which, by the bye, they little thought of offering to him,) he commenced a conversation by endeavouring to stammer forth some set enquiry as to her health. She simply replied by staring at him; and, on his affecting to take her hand, to feel it's pulse, she at first withheld it, as in dislike of the liberty, or as objecting to be touched by him; and when, at last, she gave it with sovereign unconcern, she looked first at him, and then towards her suite, as if in cold wonderment of the scene before her. In vain he attempted, with studied gentleness, to make enquiry regarding her late indisposition;—she understood him not: and at length glancing carelessly, almost contemptuously, over his whole person, she

desired one of her attendants to motion him to withdraw, as if perfectly satisfied with the exhibition of the stranger; in fact, adding, in a few plain words, that she had seen him long enough. It was now time for our poor astounded and mortified hero to look his astonishment:—he rose up and commenced to bow and explain his utter surprise, but she coldly made signal with her hand, of her permission for him to “retire from the presence;” and then, turning round, commenced a conversation, possibly regarding his appearance, with the servants and suite around her.

The fact became too humiliatingly apparent:—he had been introduced to the Princess, as a sight, as something to look at, and amuse her in her indisposition! In serious truth, the whole circumstance was simply this.—When Omrut Rao signified his permission for the English Officer to be admitted, agreeably to his request, her Highness’s people and immediate suite, deeming it an indignity to their mistress, had brought about such admittance by asking the young betrothed, if she would not graciously please to look at a “*Ghona admee*,” literally a *white man*! Thus the romantic, the impassioned, the poetic, the love-breathing Amorett had been walked into the Zenanah, as a led bear, or tame monkey, for the honourable amusement and mere gratification of curiosity of a young simple Mahrattah girl, of some thirteen or fourteen years of age!

Whether it cured him of his Asiatic mania, I am not able to satisfy my Readers. But this is certain,

—the secret of Freemasonry—if there be a secret,—is not more holily, more religiously preserved by the silent brethren of the craft, than was the history of Amorett's interview with the Princess, and the sad *denouement* of his romance, held sacred, and untold ever after to the profane ears of the world, and the brother Officers of his regiment; but, above all, not for Empires and all their sceptres, honours, or wealth, would he permit one syllable, one breathing whisper even of it's tale to reach the knowledge, or rouse the ridicule of his excellent friend, the satirical looking Lieutenant of the Mess-table.

THE BHOOTEAH.

E'en now where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a penative hour to spend.

GOLDSMITH.

It was on a cold wintry morning in the month of January, the wind, as is frequent in mountainous regions, was blowing in strong gusts, and the ground covered a foot deep with snow, that, while travelling from Almorah towards the Fair annually held in this month, in the beautiful vale of Bugesher, I passed a family from Bhootan, who had crossed the mountains bordering on the Goorkah province of Dottee; and who had been plundered on the way of various articles of property, which they had intended to dispose of at the Fair. The family consisted of an old, venerable-looking man, two middle-aged females,—his daughters, and a boy of about fifteen years of age. This latter, instead of having the sunken eyes, prominent cheek-bones, thick lips, and short stout figure,—those usual characteristics of the hill tribes bordering on the South-Western territory of China,—was singularly well made, and even elegant in his youthful appearance. His figure was tall and thin, with a fair ruddy cheek, and a large

hazel eye, which, in it's pleasing and vivid brightness, denoted a boy of no ordinary stamp, and could not but elicit attention from the passing stranger. The family excited interest, from their misfortune ; but there was something peculiarly striking in every feature of the youth with them, and I could not help following him with my eyes, till a bend in the pathway, and a narrow defile, had obscured him from my observation.

Journeying onwards, I arrived at the Fair, where, after three days' enjoyment of the scene, I completed my necessary purchases, and gratified my curiosity by the sight, so foreign to an European eye, of an assembled multitude of Tartars, Afghans, Goorkahs, Bhoteahs, Kamaonites, in their varied and national costumes ; with the ample display of merchandize peculiar to each particular region. Not the least singular was the Yak, or choury-tailed Cow, with it's long shaggy hair reaching to the ground ; betraying, when in a recumbent posture, much of the lazy, sluggish appearance of the Bear, yet possessing, in truth, all the agility of the nimblest deer ; and, when urged, springing over the highest walls or obstructions with the greatest facility. I proceeded from the Fair towards the road between Rameshur and Champawet ; and after a pleasant march down a mountain path, winding romantically over crag and cliff, and passing through a forest of tall and majestic deodars, halted at the Temples, near lower Bugesher ; where, to my surprise, I found the family I have already alluded

to, sitting at the base of the largest of these holy buildings, which was erected in the fissure of a stupendous granite rock, on the verdant banks of the Jetta Gunga ; a mountain stream, clear as crystal, that murmured gently by, and was soon lost in the windings of it's course.

The appearance of the old man was sadly changed ; his emaciated form and cold sunken eye too plainly testified the internal sufferings of a mind ill at ease. It was not difficult to discern the source of such extreme grief,—his young grandson was absent from the party. On enquiring into the fate of this interesting youth, the venerable old man, with tears flowing down his cheeks, proclaimed to me his late sad and unlooked-for separation, and after many tears and bewailings at his cruel bereavement, reluctantly revealed to me the following narrative. His own name, he informed me, was Gocool Deb, that his family had for years and years resided at Goolpultiah Odar, a single house in the Eastern range of Bhootan, in the centre of a thick forest, equally distant from the rivers Nujimgod and Kullee, and about twenty miles from each. To the same forest, and not very far from his dwelling, a few respectable families had retired, when driven from their houses in Dotee, by the cruelty of the invading and victorious Goorkahs. Here the aged Gocool remained silent for a few moments, for the purpose of collecting himself, and at length thus proceeded :—

“ Sixteen years have passed since a stranger of your

nation, but disguised, and travelling from the West towards the Chinese border, having been seized at Ghooltiah, the frontier town, had escaped from his pursuers, and fled for safety to our lonely hut; where wounded, fatigued, and covered with blood, he arrived at the dead hour of midnight. All the shelter my poor cottage afforded, was freely given to this distressed, and apparently superior being, whom for months we nursed with the tenderest care, and successfully concealed from the bloodhounds who sought his life. His wounds being healed, he then left our humble dwelling to pursue some anxious and perilous purpose of his journey; but whither he betook himself, or what was his wayward fate, is since all unknown to me. Sorely did I at first regret the absence of this stranger, whose wonderful knowledge, for he spoke of powerful nations far, far to the West, and beyond unbounded seas, and his kind and conciliating disposition had endeared him to us all. Alas! that such seeming perfection should have proved but counterfeit. It was not till some time after his departure that the base soul of this too fascinating stranger was betrayed to me. My poor Gholab, the youngest of my daughters, who is now no more, and lost to me, through his means, for ever!—unable to withstand the treacherous wiles of this insidious man, had fallen a victim to his arts. She was too, at this time, on the eve of union with Janh Saeai, the Great Goorka chieftain, who, hearing of the beauty of the Mountain Flower, for so was she called by the youth of our

vicinity, had demanded her in marriage. But all her prospects of happiness and seeming greatness were for ever clouded by the fell arts of her destroyer ! A short time after the birth of that youth,—but a few days ago, the comfort and joy of my declining years,—my poor Gholab, still grieving for the loss of the unworthy object of her affections, sunk to the grave, broken-hearted, and in shame. For her loved sake, I cherished her surviving boy with the care and fondness of an indulgent parent, and well did he repay the kindness bestowed upon his childhood. Far superior to the youths of the neighbouring tribes, he soon became foremost in attacking the bear or tiger ; not an expedition was undertaken against these savage scourges of the forest, but my boy had planned it, and drawing around him his youthful friends, gallantly headed their band. Success, too, seemed to smile on him in every enterprise and danger, till he had raised the fame and consequence of his grand-sire above the compeers of his tribe ; and I would fondly confess that he had almost repaid the treachery of his own too faithless Father. But, at times, a restlessness and gloom used to steal over him, as if, in his secret meditations, the spirit of his parent breathed upon him, and he pined for scenes and actions beyond his present sphere. A Parsee Merchant had passed our cottage door, and told him of the fair-haired strangers of another clime, who had conquered the Western countries ; and well I perceived that the mind of the excited boy burned with a flame it would

soon be beyond our power to still or repress. The ensuing Fair of Bugesher was often the subject of his conversation and anxious anticipation; and as it was my year to attend it on the part of our tribe, he had warmly and impatiently solicited to accompany me.

“ Among our little community, it is the custom of some one of the elders annually to take the conduct of the few marketable articles, each wishes to exchange for the useful produce of the plains, and this year the commission unhappily devolved on me. We departed for Bugesher, and, after several days’ travel, passing near the dangerous defile of Chomarghur, a troop of plundering Goorkahs seized on our little band, and in spite of the bold resistance of my boy, took from us not only the slender portion we ourselves possessed, but plundered us of all entrusted to our charge. After vainly endeavouring to gain redress from the great warrior Peckun Shah, residing at Seelghurree, we had determined to return at once to our neighbours; but the secret purpose of the youth burned in his soul, and he entreated us still to join the Fair. We reached it, and I watched the proud youth as he hung in silent rapture on the scene, not with boyish admiration only at what was novel and unknown to him, but with the deep feeling of a mind roused from its dreams to the intense and grand contemplation of surpassing reality. To his astonished view, the passing details, the commonest circumstances of this busy scene brought wonderment and delight. He wandered near the tents of the strangers, your coun-

trymen, as if his wild and vivid imagination hung on the hope of discovering his secretly worshipped sire; nor was his manly beauty and unusual appearance altogether unheeded among them. But there must have been some design busy in his heart, too powerful even for the ties that should have bound him to the protectors of his youth; for, regardless of the misery which so cruel a blow must inflict on us, to our utter dismay, he suddenly disappeared from the Fair! Whither, or with whom he fled, we know not, and dreadful though the thought of such flight, yet we cling even to this, rather than admit the more awful supposition of a worse fate, and more fearful consummation to our misery. Ah me, that we should strive to think our boy has cruelly fled us, rather than give way to the apprehension of a more fatal and eternal separation from our hopes.

“The fear, too, of now returning to the scorn, or suspicion of my neighbours, without the expected produce of their labours!—Will they believe the plunder of their property?—Alas! did not my sense of right demand otherwise, how gladly would I now, in my misery, abandon the home of my Fathers, and——”

* * * *

The old man's mind seemed sinking under his misfortunes: after some vain efforts, I at length succeeded in partially soothing the violence of his affliction. Comfort, I could but faintly hold forth, but having detained him for a few days, till funds were

provided to reimburse, in some measure, the neighbours who had entrusted him with their property, and with many a promise to institute enquiry in our provinces for the youth, I saw him depart, if not with a lightened spirit, yet with more of resignation. It would have been cruel to crush all hope, which, although it might prove unavailing, would now help to soothe the few remaining days of his life, and at least rescue his descending and stricken age from the last bitterness of despair.

THE BAREILLEE CHAIR.

Sat down to rest awhile,

On a rich Chair.

SHAKESPEARE.

IT is not the first time that the sage observation has been advanced, that most people, at a certain time of life, form fancies and predilections which constantly sway them, and steal to light, in their daily intercourse with others. Thus the Bengalee, whenever he visits at a new house, or enters into a strange society, after satisfying his curiosity with the folks before him, oddly, but invariably, betakes himself to the inspection of the drawing-room furniture; and though few people attach the paramount importance to a portion of it, that he does, yet, without a possibility of doubt, the use of what he admires supersedes all others in its valuable share towards our domestic comfort and convenience. The article of furniture alluded to, is a *Chair*; and though his friends may smile at him, yet the Bengalee trusts that he shall satisfactorily prove, before he quits the subject, that there is more value in it, than many

unreflecting recumbents on it's luxury may at first imagine.

In the first place, is it nothing, that a Chair is the visible sign of our civilization, and superiority over the barbarous nations we have conquered? Is it not as much an outward symbol of our proud distinction from among the enslaved millions of the East, as is the black beaver adornment of the head of our countrymen, or the carefully preserved shape and fashion of our habiliments? The early savage in his wilds, ere the first dawn of reason gleams upon him, casts himself beast-like upon the earth, and curtained within the gloom of his own uncombed tresses, and pillowed upon his arm, reclines in utter carelessness, and happy ignorance of comfort. He grovels in the dust, or embeds himself amidst the foulness of the soil. But as his mind awakens, or his instinct prompts him to selection, he seeks the green sward, the sloping bank, or the jutting rock, and resting there his limbs, when weary from the chase, sinks at length into a sweeter slumber. Soon he adjusts the wild bed of heather, prepares and smoothes the grassy mound, or decks the unfashioned moss-covered couch, that naturally rises to woo his rest, in some favourite grotto of repose. But as the paces of civilization advance, then appear the outspread cushions, the silken and downy luxury of barbaric wealth, the costly Sofa, the "pillowy softness" of the East, together with the reclining couches for the repast of classic Greece and Rome. Still, however, it required

the enlightened love of convenience, and the ingenuity of after ages, to patronize and adopt the modern Chair; nor can civilized art better employ the proud advances of it's talent, even amidst the present "*March of intellect*"—than by suggesting elegant improvements, or giving greater comfort and embellishment to this most estimable of all household furniture.

Our Poets, our Lawgivers, our Historians, have ever arrayed it in the importance it deserves. In the loftiest language of the Drama, and in the measured diction of the Muse, we find it's use allied to the mention, and the haughty pomp, of Kings:—

"Is the *Chair* empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead?"——

It is thus our Shakspeare puts his solemn enquiry, when speaking of that most awful of all political subjects,—the death of Majesty itself,—the demise of England's Monarch! a topic, to which so much dread and importance is attached by law, that it were high treason for the beloved subjects in our realm to dilate upon such an event.

In our public assemblies also, when power has to be granted to a leading and chief director, he "takes the Chair," and lo! in that one syllable is breathed the magic spell of control, his watchword of authority! In the ages of fulminating anger from our Church, when her dictates brought humiliation upon the Acts of Kings, and nobles bent in lowly trembling

at her voice—whence did the Church give forth her laws,—whence fulminate her wrath, or hurl her anathemas around? why simply—“*ex Cathedra*”—from the Chair! And it was sufficient that they so proceeded to be stamped with the seeming of truth and the sanction of infallibility. “*Ex Cathedra*” was enough,—the Chair was still conclusive in its fiat, as it was unanswerable in its dogma!

If we descend to mere domestic and familiar consideration of the matter, we have only to reflect, that a Chair receives us for at least one half, or it may be more, of our sensible and waking existence. Some people, it is true, love to recline only on a couch, and despise the more erect, but less luxurious accommodation of a Chair. But these, I apprehend, do not desire to think at all, and seek a couch only to soothe or sleep away their every thought, and, with it, the best use and purpose of our being. They have no right to decide.

After this most serious explanation, and the declaration of my deep veneration for the article of furniture alluded to,—it will not appear wonderful that I, the Bengalee, am a *virtuoso* in Chairs. I remember, when within my Study and *Sanctum sanctorum*, there was no possible moving, or traversing the room, simply from the many various patterns and descriptions, which at various times had been introduced. Never were there tidings of a new style of easy Chair, or the very rumour even of one in the neighbourhood, or the whole Presidency, that I did not fidget

myself, and strain every nerve to be the possessor of a similar one. All kinds, characters, and natures of Chairs were accumulated in my apartment. There were deep and far-receding morocco ones for reading; one or two to draw out and convert into seeming couches;—some tall and conspicuous, with the upright and unbending backs of Gothic ages,—while others appeared to shrink and fall back from their antiquated brethren, as they sunk luxuriously behind. There were Morocco, in all its hues, green, red, yellow, and blue;—there were chintz and rattaned, plain and china mat:—in fine, where was the pattern that I had not? Even now, when I have long since been obliged to forego the indulgence of my hobby, and consign many of my pet Chairs to the godown,—it often occurs that I am tempted to secure a novel kind:—nay, only the other day produced me the following odd and extraordinary adventure, and to which I intend to dedicate this, and a few other of my succeeding pages.

I had gone to a large sale at outcry: it was an auction at the house of a late military resident at Calcutta, one long known and respected there, whom death had at last added to his long list of processions, through that most melaucholy of all neighbourhoods, Park Street. The wonted advertisements had appeared; the catalogues of his splendid effects and household furniture been circulated, with the glowing description of his carriages and horses, and the well known wines of the deceased. In fact, the hammer

of the Auctioneer, was fast conveying over to other owners, every description of his property, when I entered the house, and began wandering through the rooms. The family of the deceased had withdrawn; the hall, bed-rooms, and other apartments of the house were now filled by the usual attendants at scenes of the kind, who were either busily inspecting their intended purchases, or sauntering through the place in the listless indulgence of curiosity, or the mere desire to pass away an idle hour of the morning. I stole into the study of the late owner; the auction people had displaced much of it's economy, and in lotting off the different articles had disarranged many of them; yet there was much in the very state in which it had been left by it's departed possessor; and it awakened more of serious reflection than I had thought to experience, when on looking at a small writing table in the room, there was a note in the hand-writing of the deceased, just commenced, and abruptly left off, after a few words only. There was something impressive in the very sight: it was perhaps written, ere the sickness which consigned it's object to the grave, had betrayed it's lurking, but too fatal symptoms; nay, probably it's sudden and alarming approach had abruptly torn away the writer from this, his last earthly task! I strove to dispel such melancholy reflections, and turning from the desk, perceived an old Bareillee Chair which attracted my attention.

It was of the usual style of lacquered or gilded

manufacture from Bareillee, but must have been made with much attention to shape and convenience. It was a large roomy Chair, with broad and receding back ; its arms had an invitingly easy and shelving breadth, to admit of the elbows resting comfortably ; and, altogether, it was exactly the thing to secure the fancy of a virtuoso in these matters, like myself. I immediately left orders for it to be purchased, and by Tiffin time, it had reached my house : where, like a child with a new toy, I had not only insisted on its displacing my last favourite seat at Tiffin, but, after that happy meal, I disposed myself quietly to enjoy its luxurious ease, and in less than ten minutes from the close of my first chillum, had dropt into a most seducing and pleasurable slumber in its arms.

I was awakened by the " Sahib ! Sahib !" of a clear but small voice, which gently broke in upon my siesta, and solicited my attention. I looked round ; there was not a soul near me : I thought it might have been fancy, so disposed myself again to rest, when the same sounds again struck upon my ear, and on listening more attentively, they seemed to proceed from the small carved physiognomy, somewhat between a lion's and the human countenance, which adorned the arm of my new Chair. There was something too gentle in the voice to arouse fear ; and at length, unbrokenly and clearly, it addressed me in the following manner :—

" Grave and truly respected Sahib," exclaimed the

voice, which I now plainly discovered to proceed from the little antiquated face, so curiously carved, on the arm of my newly-purchased Bareillee Chair ; “ you will be surprised, indeed, at the present address, but the Spirit, which watches over the destinies, or is doomed to share the fortunes of all inanimate objects, —of which the grave legends of your own novelists and high historians have so clearly established the nature and existence,—now speaks to the Bengalee, and in the name of all Chairs, wheresoever scattered or employed, gratefully and gladly thanks him for the honour and kindness he has ever conferred on himself and brethren. Take now your pen, then, and while, in return for the consideration you have bestowed on all classes of Chairs, I recount to you the varied adventures which have befallen myself, a conspicuous member of their community, you may, perchance, discover in the matters which I shall reveal, fit subject for the future pages of the Bengalee.”

With pleasure I obeyed so kindly a call : and after I had adjusted myself comfortably and conveniently for the task, the voice proceeded in the following words :—

“ It is nine years since I—or rather the Chair over which I am doomed to preside,—was called into existence, in a small hut at the northern suburbs of the bazar of Bareillee. But as soon as the lowly skill and labour of the workman had sufficiently jointed together my component parts, to concentrate and give birth to the spirit now addressing you, I at once dis-

covered, from the conversation of the mistree himself, and one or two of his brethren, who frequently dropt in to examine and compare the work, that a large order for a complete set of very handsome Bareillee chairs had been received in the Bazar, and that the number had been allotted out to a dozen or more petty mistrees, or minor contractors for the work. All was bustle, and hurry, and anxiety to get the order ready by the time stipulated ; and when the workers in cane had woven the usual rattaned interstices of my seat, I was carried away from the original place of my birth to another hut, to be hastily made over to the people to prepare me for the rich japanning and gold of the desired pattern. No sooner were we ready, than we were packed up, and secured from injury in the usual way, and at once carefully despatched, in hackeries, to the station of Shahabad. We reached it without accident, after a journey of about twelve days, and were immediately carried to the mansion of the Collector, who was expected, in a few days, to arrive at the station with his young and lovely bride.

“After much consultation and bustle among those concerned in fitting up the house, my Bareillee brethren and myself at length found ourselves placed in trim order, around the walls of a splendid hall ; and had time to look about us, and admire the elegance of the whole. The room itself was extensively large, with a Mirzapore carpet stretched along it's length. The space of the apartment seemed to be about forty feet long, and probably twenty-five broad ; there was

a large marble consultation table in the centre of the room, immediately under a richly painted punkah, with some expensive lustres hanging from the ceiling above it. Broad French mirrors, immediately behind crimson damask couches, were at either end of the room; pictures and triple-branched wall-shades adorned the walls; and other descriptions of couches, with sofa tables, were in the usual situations. Nothing in the upper provinces could exceed the elegant appearance of this hall, and I must be pardoned for entering into a description of it; for it might be naturally expected that a component part of the furniture should feel triumph in the recollection of the rich and successful display of the whole; while I have another motive in being thus particular, for it is not impossible, that you or your friends may call to mind the very room itself, from the fidelity of my account of it, and thus give me credit for no less truth, when I hereafter come to describe the eventful fate of it's young and thoughtless possessor.

“In a few days, the renewed bustle and preparations, and the lighting up of the house at dusk, told us, that the wished-for arrival of our owners was about to take place. They came;—a carriage had rattled up the avenue of trees in the extensive compound, and when it deposited it's burthen in the portico, the curiosity of all was wound up to it's utmost pitch. We could distinguish the whole group of servants, kidmutgars, bearers, musalchees, peons, and new female attendants, all in seeming anxiety, collected

around the entrance, with others of less prominent character in their respective callings, peeping from behind venetians and pillars. At last, all were gratified : Mr. Perwannah entered the hall with his smiling bride hanging endearingly upon his arm ; and never could the fancy, even aided as it was by all the interest of the scene, have conceived a more beautiful being, than the young creature who now looked in happiness around her, and fondly smiled upon her husband, as she idly appreciated his affection, only by the splendour of his preparations to receive her as the mistress of his house.

“That very morning only had seen Honoria Sabine the wife of Mr. Perwannah. She was the daughter of Colonel Sabine, commanding a Regiment at a station only four marches from Shahabad ; and on the day in question, after the ceremony, had quitted her Father’s roof, to proceed by dâk, until they fell in with the carriage of her new lord. It was at first a sad blow, and inflicted more on her feelings than she had anticipated, when her Parent pressed her to his bosom, after the Clergyman had pronounced his benediction, and prayed in hurried, but impressive accents, that his Honoria might be ever happy ! When he handed her into her Palankeen, even the splendid prospect before her, the often indulged recollection of how much she eclipsed all her young and late fellow passengers of the voyage, in the prouder and earlier connection she was forming, even this died away, as Honoria felt her Father’s unwonted tears

descending upon her cheek, and as his lips impressed their parting, and, it would seem prophetically, their last kiss upon it.

“Honorina, we soon found, hath been an indulged and almost spoiled child, before she came to take possession of her present expensive and extravagant establishment. For several days after her arrival, her chief amusement seemed to be running gaily from room to room, altering, removing, and disarranging every portion of the economy and former positions of the furniture. And when, at length, she had displaced all, so as to meet her own taste and fancy, it unfortunately occurred, although in the first early season of her honeymoon, that *ennui* had crept unconsciously upon her. She was, however, half tempted to quarrel with her husband and herself, even at the thought that *ennui* could assail her at all, under such fulness of felicity as she had resolutely determined to experience. It is hard that men’s most fondly cherished dreams should awaken to the reality of disappointment and regret; but it was too soon convincingly discovered by the bride, that her estimate of the good qualities of her Husband, formed during the few hurried weeks she had known him previous to their engagement, was, alas! more flattering to Mr. Perwannah, than more intimate acquaintance could confirm. Honorina, like many of the young ladies, it has been my after lot to know, or hear of, had been separated from her friends at the tender age of four or five, and was then consigned to a mere boarding

school at home, for an European education. There, every attention was paid to the outward manner and embellishment of the young scholar. The School was a fashionable establishment in one of the London Squares, and the height of it's Mistress's ambition was, that her pupils, when walking within the green inclosure before it, should be remarked as the most ladylike, and best dressed, of all the rival institutions of the vicinity. When the daughter, therefore, returned to India, and found her Mother an unhappy recluse, occasioned by the increasing debility of her health ; whilst her Father was, in consequence, seceded from all general society, save only, what absolute civility to the scarcely *eligible* Officers of his own Regiment required ; it naturally followed, that the thoughtless and pretty school girl, just released from her masters, and the confinement of a Ship, soon thought herself smitten with the elegant attentions of a person of such up-country importance as Mr. Perwannah, when chance, and the medium of a few visits to a neighbouring family, had thrown them in the way of each other. She was quite a child too : and the Civilian, putting aside the contrasted importance of his reception every where, his personal carriage, and the advantages of situation, when compared with her Father's subalterns,—was besides a personage of no little estimation, on his own account even, among the sighing spinsters of the upper provinces. Honoria's fancied triumph was complete, when she saw Mr. Perwannah her avowed admirer ; and no

wonder she gladly accepted him, when a sudden fit of admiration and fancy for a pretty girl made him happily grant her the wished-for opportunity.

“Days and months now passed by after their marriage. A visit to the gay station of Meerut had intervened, and I could plainly see on her return from it, that her own home, and her opinion of the domestic society of her lord and master, had not risen in value from the short change. The Husband had long since betaken himself to his wonted daily Cutcherry, and the young wife was now relinquished for the live-long day, and coldly left to the indulgence of her own wearying meditations. In the evening when he returned, either fatigued from the labours of his official duty, or at all events, affecting the languid semblance of fatigue, their splendid, though joyless dinner-table was too often the scene of wearisome exposition and murmurs on the one side, and of cold excuses, or, still more provoking drowsiness, utter inattention, or positive and stupid sleeping, on the other. Thus lingered the first few months of their union; such were the feelings, and such the scenes, I was ceaselessly doomed to witness between this unhappily assorted pair of human beings.

“At last, there was more of excitement, however displeasing in its nature, and more of interest in what I witnessed. Mr. Soothly, a subaltern Officer of some standing of her Father's corps, and a distant relation of her own, was invited over by Mr. Perwannah to spend a week or two between the monthly musters of

his Regiment. For the first few days there was nothing remarkable in the visitor; he was only attentive, as might be expected, to his fair relation, and to the lady of the house. He accompanied her at the Piano, assisted in stringing and preparing her Harp, cut her crayons when engaged in drawing, and extracted for her Album, after exhausting his own few original morceaux, sundry pathetic cullings of affection and deep passion from Lord Byron, and other authors.

“ ‘My dear Honoria,’ said her Husband to her, one evening,—shortly after the departure of Mr. Soothly for his Regiment had again consigned him to the dull weariness of their own society,—‘My dear Honoria, you seem sadly depressed of late.’ He moved to the same couch on which she was seated, and putting his arm gently round her, continued, with more of kindness in his tone, than she had long experienced;—‘You are not well;—nay, why turn from me, Honoria? Has any thing occurred to pain you?’

“ ‘No,—no,—no!’ she hastily replied, and made a vain effort to seem composed, ‘there is nothing, believe me, nothing,’—but her voice failed her in the assertion;—the kindliness of his tone rung knell-like upon her heart, and with another futile effort to repress her emotion, she suddenly withdrew from his support, and throwing herself upon the arm of the couch, wept loud and bitterly.

“ ‘Had she then poured forth her whole soul in confidence to her Husband,—had she then lamented to him the unlooked-for and dreary solitariness of her

situation in his home ; his own cold and unanticipated estrangement from her, while he was ceaselessly attending to the exclusive duties of his Cutcherry ;—had she whispered to him,—hinted to him only,—of the unhallowed breathings of their young and late insidious friend Soothly, which the too frequent seclusion, and habits of domestic intimacy, had unfortunately given him easy opportunity of instilling,—had she done this, all might yet have been well. Her Husband, it is true, looked at her for a moment in painful astonishment ;—and there was an abrupt rising of wounded pride, that perhaps flushed his brow for a brief instant of time, as his heart confessed to itself, that he had failed to make the young, thoughtless, but ardent being before him, as happy as he had expected ;—but at once the painful reflection of his failure subsided into pity for the interesting and weeping object of his choice. He would have welcomed such affectionate confidence with unfeigned kindness, till her present tears, before he had wiped them off, might have changed, perhaps, into the bright dawning of a fonder and more lasting mutual affection. He would have found that she had shrunk from, and almost abhorred the whisperings of unholy passion,—till the too changeful and renewed blandness of their assailing had veiled over, to her young and unsuspecting fancy, the very guiltiness of their meaning. But alas ! she wept on, without a word : there was not a murmur even of explanation or comfort ;—their fates seemed as if sealed from that dread

moment, and the happiness of their abode had passed from them for ever !

“ From that day, Honoria wandered through the house, and from room to room, like one restless, or sinful in mind. Her large dark eyes were ever either swoln in tears, or shaded and averted, as if in secret fearfulness of some unhallowed thought. She would sit for hours at her desk, and weep over pages of closely-written and mysterious writing, unseen by others, and which she would hastily hide beneath her desk, if any obtrusive step sounded upon her ear :— there was evidently some unopen and humiliating understanding, too, between Honoria, and a common domestic of the establishment, who was the messenger and conveyer of these unhallowed writings and their replies :—all this could but last it's term, and fearful, indeed, was it's hastened end, and the catastrophe that ensued !

“ There had been, for a day or two, more of marked misery in the manner of Honoria,—more of hurried anxiety in her whole demeanour. She passed and re-passed the hall some fifty times ; till uncertainty, and the portentous coming of some sad event, was as clearly betrayed, as if her words had avowed it. Once she threw herself upon me, and wept, wildly wept, it might be for nearly an hour ; and then moving from me, and flinging herself down unconsciously on a neighbouring couch, she lay there in a real and unrestrained abandonment of hysteric sobbing. The next evening *she was away* !—she was not there to

take her wonted airing;—the carriage came up to the door at sun-set, and waited, in vain, to receive her. There were strange whispers, and men passing to and fro. She was not in her own apartment, and the voices and fears of the servants became louder and more distinct. Soon there was a furious clattering of hoofs of a saddle horse from the direction of the Cutcherry, and the voice of the Collector in the portico calling madly, and in almost wordless haste and anger, for his pistols;—and then, again, the hurried and retreating noise of his horse's hoofs sounded along the outer avenue: people were speeding off in various directions,—and when the last faint and fainter echo of the hoofs died upon the ear, all seemed unearthly awful stillness around us;—and the evening darkened gloomily and deathlike within the house.

“The dinner table had been before laid out and prepared, as usual; an old servant came wistfully and anxiously into the room after a time, to place a single glimmering light upon the table. Never shall I forget that evening;—the single flame of the taper but served to throw greater gloom on the deserted dining-room, —while the rich, but faintly gleaming splendour of the glass, and silver furniture of the table, arranged for those, who might never again enjoy, or partake of it's luxury, seemed to glimmer, every now and then, in bitter mockery of the whole. The clock struck eight;—it seemed an age ere it again told the dull escape of another hour, and it lingered on to ten,—eleven,—and at last midnight!—At this hour, the

clattering of hoofs was again heard at a distance, and the bustle of servants again commenced around the house. The galloping of the horse had ceased, and it now appeared to be coming wearily and slowly up the avenue, as if unwilling to approach. At last it reached the portico;—the rider dismounted, and came into the hall. It was the Husband, wan, pale, and dejected; the high resentment which had pealed like thunder in his voice, when he first came to arm himself for the pursuit, had outwearied itself in the unavailing and fruitless exertion of his toil, and he now sank down in a chair, with broken spirit, and in utter misery, while the room and its idle preparations for his wonted meal, broke sadly upon his view. He said not a word. His servant removed his hat and spurs, and then thought to relieve him from the pistol, which he was still grasping in his hand, as it hung loosely over the arm of the Chair. But the attempted removal of the weapon seemed to rouse him;—his eyes again flashed round in lightning anger, and, rising hastily from his seat, he twice or thrice paced heavily up and down the room. But his fatigue soon forbade this exertion,—drawing a Chair up to the dining table, which by this time was lighted up, together with several of the wall shades of the room, while some dishes were (foolishly by the servants) being placed on the board, he seated himself, and throwing his head upon his arm, leant down upon the table. Again for a moment he looked wildly up, and filling a tumbler to its very brim with wine, drank it off fiercely;—and then

motioning to the trembling and almost receding domestics to remove the lights and table service, he again sank upon his arm. Soon the room was as before, with only one light ; and save the deep breathing !—nay, weeping,—bitter and downright weeping of that now heart-broken victim of humiliation and wounded pride, not a sound stole upon the dread and melancholy stillness of the night. But hush ! he is murmuring to himself, incoherent and broken syllables !—wild mutterings of crushed hopes,—faithlessness,—lost angel purity,—the world,—distraction,—break upon the ear ! Again there is a pause, and the deep heaving of his breast is distinctly heard,—till with a sudden bound he springs up,—there is a flash !—the pealing report of a pistol !—and in a brief instant, the outstretched and weltering form of the wretch before us told the harrowing tale of his self-inflicted murder !

“What I farther witnessed in this house, may be comprised in very few words. The alarm was given, people rushed in,—medical aid was summoned; the latter, of course, of little utility, save for the scientific examination of the fatal passage of the ball ;—the description of which, unfortunately, was lost to the world, in consequence of there being no Coroner’s Inquest in that part of India, before which the worthy Assistant Surgeon who had attended, could have given his professional evidence, in all the pride and technicality of his northern erudition. The corpse was removed next day, and in less than a month an

auktion of the whole property was announced. A shop-keeper from a near station came over to preside at the outcry; the lots were arranged and ticketed;—it happened that I was an odd Chair, from the number then remaining in the hall, and being sold singly, became, in due course of the ceremony, the purchased property of a subaltern Officer of a regiment of native Infantry in the vicinity.

“Before I proceed to give an account of my new master, to whose little Bungalow I was removed, the very day after the sale, I shall interrupt my story, to say a few words of the fate of the lost and fallen Honoria. I ascertained it long afterwards from the conversation of some people, who were discoursing on the subject. Her seducer, Mr. Soothly, was almost immediately obliged to quit the Army. Some circumstances relative to this, as well as another unhappy affair, which transpired about the same period, forced upon him the alternative, of either standing a Court Martial, or tendering his resignation. The former would have been insisted upon by his superiors, as a just punishment for the villany evinced by him, as well as for a direct breach of some grave military law, which his misconduct also included; but delicacy to other respected members of the Indian community operated to prevent such a step, and his preferred retirement was accepted. He then failed for a time to procure the means of subsistence at Calcutta, and was driven by necessity to become the assistant of a petty Indigo Planter near Futtighur. Honoria for a time

was with him ;—that is, if the pale, spectral, mindless being,—the half witless,—yet still heart-broken, and ever-weeping idiot, who accompanied him to the wretched Bungalow in his Factory, could be deemed the once accomplished and once beautiful Honoria. She lingered there, a victim not only of her own sorrows, but of the ill usage and cruelty of the wretch who had allured, and heaped them on her ;—till, at last, nature could no more ! she sunk beneath them ! With one short interval of sanity,—enough to prove her dying abhorrence, her Christian forgiveness of her seducer's crime,—enough to evince her own soul-rending penitence for her own sin, she thus perished at the early age of eighteen ;—another victim to the cold and unworthy considerations, which too often prompt the hurried, heartless consummation of an Indian courtship !

“On my removal from the house where I had witnessed the fatal occurrences recorded in my last. I was taken, as I have already mentioned, to the small Bungalow belonging to a subaltern of native Infantry. He was a fine fresh looking lad, who had been, possibly, about two years in the country. Like most others of his standing, who have joined their eastern brethren, since the peace in Europe, and the consequent familiar intercourse with the continent, he was far more a man of the world, and, in spite of a slight dash of dandyism in his appearance, possessed of a greater portion of the graces and *agrémens* of life, than his less accomplished predecessors in the service.

Whether the change has proved essentially for the better, with regard to the purpose for which all are intended,—to wit, the command of the native soldiery, is yet to be proved. Whether the steady, equally well educated, and sterling, though sometimes unpolished *Koee-hye* of an earlier school, who soon fell into oriental habits and predilections; who patronized the literature, feelings, and usages of the natives, under the same form and character in which they had existed for ages;—whether the very weakness that, amidst the curtained retirement of the Zenanah, voluntarily wreathed around itself the ties of blood and family in this country, may not have linked more closely the willing fidelity, and simple regard of the native soldier, is yet a problem, that a very few years more must solve and decide. The real old *Koee-hyes* are now fast receding from the ranks of the Army, and their places taken by their more Europeanized,—I had almost said, more gentlemanly successors;—but, my good Sir,” said the voice from the Chair, in that peculiar tone, in which compliment is individualised as it were, and personally brought home,—“it would be incorrect, indeed, to ascribe more of the gentleman to any class than belonged to that respected portion of the community, who were friends and contemporaries of the Bengalee!

“But to the point,—my new master, like yourself, was apparently much pleased with his purchase. But he had not many days of leisure,—for an order suddenly came to the Station, for an extensive Army to

be immediately formed from the neighbourhood of Cawnpore and other Stations,—and a very few days saw his Battalion on it's march to the point of rendezvous. As for myself, having been previously secured for the rough usage of a campaign, by one or two brass clamps, which you may perceive were given to be more conspicuous for their usefulness, than their ornament,—I was glad to find that I was selected from among two or three other Chairs, to accompany my young Subaltern to the Army.

“It is not my intention to give a history of a Campaign, and I shall merely relate for your information, a few of the events which came immediately before myself. Our force, designated as the central division of the grand Army, was to be commanded by the Marquess of Hastings in person, who early joined the division from Cawnpore. All was high expectation, and the proud certainty of successful exploit; but our division of the army was unfortunately doomed to inactivity, by the too prompt submission of the principal opponent, Scyndia, whom it was the intention of the Governor General to have chastised, if necessary, into peacefulness and good behaviour, during the approaching contests in Central India. This very inaction of the troops, when in the neighbourhood of Gualior, brought upon the Army more of calamity, than it could have experienced, probably, in the most ruinous warfare, or disastrous campaigns: and what added to the affliction, it was of a nature no foresight nor human prudence could have averted. It was the

devastating hand of sickness, that suddenly came, armed with terrors far more dread than those of the fiercest victorious enemy ;—till in less than three days after the appearance of the scourge,—of which you must have heard so much at that period,—our whole force at once shrunk from it's proud bearing of ardour and enthusiasm, and a more dispirited, heart-sunken, or depressed assemblage of human beings cannot be imagined, than those who then lay encamped in melancholy and broken array, in the district adjoining Gualior. At first, a few cases only of sudden and alarming deaths, were subjects of remark and wonder, but in a few hours, as if with the speed and circulating rush of electricity throughout the entire Camp,—hundreds, nay thousands, of the soldiers and the more numerous camp followers were laid victims of the fearful malady. It was then truly an afflicting scene: the Officers wandered about from place to place, dreading to be alone, or to wait for the approach of the insidious disease in the seeming unprotected and solitude of their own tents,—and yet society gave no relief. The unspeakable awe which had fastened on men's minds, the terror of a disease like that which lay around them in all directions, writhing in it's agony; the stifled and repressed complaints of those who, newly seized with it's attacks, dared not avow to others, or themselves, the harrowing conviction that they were becoming victims of all they feared ;—the loud shrieks, and distorted features of those who were convulsed beneath the full

and fatal violence of the disease;—and lastly, the strangely sunken, emaciated, and sepulchral forms, which were either expiring under it's assault, or were waiting in the colourless and ghastly hue of such a death, to be carried to their hasty and thickly scattered graves:—all this came too heavily on the hearts of all;—and the speaking, and anxious looks that wistfully met each other, amply told how appalling was the sense of horror that pervaded the Army. The young Subaltern, my master, was one of the very first victims; the delicacy and unformed state of his constitution made him a ready and immediate prey. There is not much delay in a Camp under such circumstances;—he was interred that very evening,—a committee of his brother Officers was ordered to take an inventory of his few effects, the moment his death was announced;—and by the next day, his camels, boxes, pony, tents, accoutrements, and myself, the poor Bareillee Chair, and other articles of his property, were scattered about the Camp, having been disposed of, at a kind of martial outcry;—superintended by one of the Serjeants, assisted, in his new capacity of Auctioneer, by a little Portuguese urchin of a drummer-boy.

“I was removed to the Tent of my new possessor, the Surgeon of an European Regiment, forming part of one of the numerous brigades of the Army. In the evening, he made use of me at dinner at the Regimental Mess;—and although upwards of forty brother Officers, most of them young men, soon assembled under the shelter of the several routees, which,

laced together, formed the Mess Tent for the Regiment,—although there were one or two feeble attempts, to awaken the wonted conversation,—and a heartless essay at an unfeeling jest by one member, raised for a moment angry and reproving sensations on the part of the surrounding group,—yet never did a Mess dinner in Camp go off more gloomily, or an entire evening pass more utterly divested of social pleasure and conversation. There was one man, who had that morning lost a dear and beloved companion, and from the moment that he seated himself at the table, he commenced drinking bumper after bumper of wine and mingled brandy; till, at length, ere they separated, and ere he was conveyed away to his Tent, it was awful to witness the bursts of maniac and unnatural hilarity,—the uncalled for, and, as all well knew, unreal spirits into which his excess had plunged him! His broken laughter, as it rung along the Tent, was beyond the nerve of men, under circumstances, even less likely to overpower the mind than the present;—and one by one,—his brother Officers were shrinking away from the scene, now too harrowing for their endurance!

“The next morning, before day-break, the general commenced to beat; at this signal, the whole Camp began to be in motion. The Commander in Chief had determined to try the effect of a change of encampment, and the Army had been ordered to move about six or seven coss to the banks of the Betwah River. The troops were soon in line, and, after a short delay,

commenced to move off; the baggage and Camp-followers which had been intended to keep on the reverse flank, scattering, and betaking themselves in all directions, as if hurrying in confusion and terror from the scene of misery around them. The Hospital doolies were filled immediately, and, had there been fifty times the number, would at once have found miserable and dying occupants for their shelter. Many a poor fellow must have fallen and expired by the way side, and although relief was afforded to the utmost,—though elephants and hackeries were sent back, and despatched in all directions to bring on the miserable sufferers,—it was impossible that these could accommodate a portion even of the crowds of suppliant wretches, who, at last, as the disease overcame them, fell back in hopelessness to die,—and murmured only their still piteous entreaties for something to allay their thirst.

“In the Regiment to which I was now attached, nothing particular occurred, till we approached the close of the march. At this juncture, my master, who had been giving aid in every direction, and by whose side I was constantly carried by one of his servants, was called to attend the same Officer, whose sorrow on the preceding evening for the loss of a comrade, had so strangely and unnaturally evinced itself. Between the paroxysms of agony, he calmly and contentedly addressed those around him, and entreated only that they would leave him to his fate. I afterwards learned that they had conveyed him on to the

new encampment, but that the state of irritation, and his relaxed state after the excess of the evening before, made him a corpse also, before the hour of posting around the evening picquets.

“Just before noon, after a few of the Tents had been pitched on the new ground,—among these, the very comfortable one of my present master,—I began at leisure to examine attentively, and contemplate the person and features of my new possessor. Never did I meet with a more intelligent, or truly benevolent countenance. He seemed to be busily engaged in some professional occupation. It is true, his manner once or twice, while separating or apportioning some drugs before him, seemed strange, and his countenance at times assumed a sudden paleness,—but again, while his features were evidently agitated,—the steadiness with which his fingers pursued their quiet task, betrayed any thing, on his part, but suffering of mind or frame. But the moment his task was concluded, he solved the whole—‘Come hither,’ said he solemnly, to a respectable looking servant, who was in the Tent;—‘when I return from the Hospital doolies, where many a poor wretch is now praying for my attendance,—take this portion of the drug, which I have put apart, and should the malady, with which I feel too surely I have been seized, by that time, have overpowered myself, let this be immediately administered.—And now,’ he calmly continued, as he quitted the tent,—‘others, and not mine own ills, must claim my attention.’

“He returned in about two hours;—they were supporting, and now conveyed him to his couch. He was reproving one of the friends who sustained him,—evidently a medical Officer ; he bade him look at his fixed and livid hand, as he upheld it to his gaze, and enquired if *that* was not too fatally convincing, too destructive of all hope,—to one, who, like himself, knew the symptoms——”

With a cry of instinctive terror, I awoke, and burst away from my seat, and from the unhallowed dream that had assailed me. When I had, for a moment, recovered my recollection—I looked again at the Bareillee Chair ; it was the same that had just been so unaccountably addressing me ; but the voice was mute. It was then a dream only, and my imagination had conjured up a phantasy, and mere voice, to instil its melancholy and terror into my soul,—to paint to me the fate, the strange untimely fate of the few of the earlier possessors of this unhappy Chair. One of them, too, the last described,—my own once bosom friend,—and such, alas ! the too faithful tale of his death ! I turned hastily from the Chair,—nor did I ever look upon it again. It was ordered away,—and removed, I knew not,—cared not, whither. But such is the heart of man, that though his reason may laugh to scorn the idle fancies of imagination,—yet, ridiculous as it may appear, in my case, no wealth or inducement could lead me again to admit that fearful, and, to me, mysterious piece of furniture, within my walls !

LEAVING INDIA.

Which way shall I turn me ?—how shall I decide ?

BEGGARS' OPERA.

FOR some months past, my mind has been restless and disturbed with dreams and thoughts of my native country. The necessity of revisiting it, or, at all events, of a voyage to some colder climate, was suggested to me by my medical adviser and friend, as far back as the rainy season of last year ; when I slowly recovered from a severe fever, and, for the first time during my lengthened residence in this land of the sun, my constitution seemed to betray the effects of too long an exposure to the baneful heat of the Tropics. I then began seriously to think of a change. It is true, that I was well aware that old age was fast advancing on me, and that the finger of time was as busily employed in wrinkling my brow, as was the sickliness of climate in sallowing over my thin and sunken features. Yet the very reflection that the sand of my glass was fast running to it's close, made me anxious that it's few remaining grains should be allowed to fall only in the land of my Fathers ; and

that the spot wherein I should be laid for my last long repose, should rather be the fresh grassy sod, on which I had bounded in my early days of infancy and youth, than the parched and withered soil of the East. It is true, the latter had become endeared to me, by many ties and pleasing recollections. There were spots on it where I had all but naturalized myself; while friendships had been cemented, and intimacies had arisen, as warm and as strong as even consanguinity itself. Yet such is the constitution of our nature, and such, perhaps, it's very principle, that, as with life itself, we look upon it's earthly sojourn as probationary only, and as a passport to "another and a better world;" so, in our Indian career, there are few indeed who can settle themselves quietly and contentedly for aye, and who have not at heart the ceaseless desire to quit the present scene of sullenness and unsettled toil, to enjoy at last, in the bosom of their native country, the gathered fruits of exile and of labour.

It would certainly be as well for our Indian community, and the Services at large, if it were imperative on all who come to India, that they quit it temporarily for Europe after eight or ten years of residence. If I were legislating for British-Asia, every Civilian, and Military or other Officer should, perforce, take his furlough; and it would be a positive public benefit, not to the individuals themselves only, but to the country at large, if, for the sake of furnishing all with the means of revisiting England,

the passage to and fro, and other necessary expenses, were defrayed at the cost of the State. How many contracted prejudices, and false Asiatic notions, would thus, in the prime of manhood, and the maturity of judgment, be erased from the minds of all! How many improper habits, ruinous connections, and degrading propensities, would thus in their early, or midway course, be arrested and got rid of!—It is true, that a residence in the East is not inimical, in every case, to increase of information, or the acquirement of literary and other knowledge; while there is a frankness of demeanour, a friendliness of manner, and true liberality of heart, to be met with among old Indians, which, if report speaks correctly, our colder European brethren would do well to attain a little more of. But it must be confessed, that even with the noblest liberality, there may be want of judgment in its exercise and application;—prodigality and profusion may be mistaken as its attributes; error and long continued habit may narrow or misdirect its course and power of acting, till, at length, its best uses are without benefit, and its very existence baneful to its possessor. A restoration, for a few years, to our native country, while it improves the mind and enlarges the power of observation, by the varying and unceasing display of food for it;—while it renews our intimacy with our remaining relatives, and adds to our list of acquaintances and general friends, also sends us back to India with a re-invigorated constitution, and the means of more

ably and easily performing our official and other duties. But more than this, it will also have enlarged our circle of thoughts, ideas, and recollections. We shall have become politically informed, (for all in Europe are politicians,) of the principal events of the leading empires of the world; we shall have seen, possibly, some of their eminent Statesmen and public characters. Their Institutions, Theatres, and repositories for the works of Art and Science, will have been visited by us;—the often-described lovely and picturesque scenery of Europe will have been the object of our actual and personal admiration; and as Indians are proverbially locomotive, we shall have passed through and inspected every noted city, and situation of celebrity. And must not all this increase our knowledge and information, and afford real solace to the mind, in it's after residence in the East? Will not the powers of conversation with our friends be strengthened and improved? our judgment, and ability to discriminate, increased? our own reflections, and reminiscences, in retirement and in the frequent solitude of India have been happily and pleasingly added to? In fine, the very sources of enjoyment itself in this life will have become enlarged and better secured.

These were the suggestions that arose in my mind, whenever I essayed to view my proposed return to England in a favourable light. True it is, a portion of these advantages could not appertain to me. If I should quit India, it must necessarily be for ever!—

and though it may appear strange, yet this very circumstance, so often longed for in my earlier exile, and even now looked forward to, as ultimately desirable, when it came thus decidedly and immediately before me, brought with it more of regretful feeling than I could have imagined possible. To leave it without a prospect of revisiting the friends it contained, or the many scenes which were truly dear to me, now appeared a second pilgrimage from home, and a repetition of the pain of banishment. The very competency and means I had always been striving to amass, and, while so engaged, had ever considered their realization to be the *summum bonum* of Eastern happiness and exertion, now seemed, in possession, to be robbed of half their value. Nay, Avarice itself interposed to tell me that I had failed in my earlier calculation of what might be estimated as a competency; it pointed out and recapitulated, *all* that I was on the point of throwing up: and then followed hesitating doubts, such as I had never before dreamed of;—of my own unfitness for so momentous and hazardous a change in life. I could not have been worse, or more the slave of growing apprehension, had it been Matrimony itself that I was venturing upon at this period of my earthly pilgrimage, instead of a return to the home of one's birth and supposed affection. And yet I was not dissimilar in my then existing state of mind to half of the old gentlemen, whom English courtesy, or rather ridicule, has been pleased to designate as Nabobs, before they can

positively make up their hearts to relinquish the East. To some, it's loaves and fishes are dearly, dearly, the objects of veneration. To a few, their confirmed Hindoostanee habits are sad ties; their hookahs bewitch them; they linger and look back upon their old establishments, comprising, among other household and domestic luxuries, that curtained and secluded *liaison*, so often ruinous and infatuating even to our very wisest. Then the horrors of a sea voyage, and the exertion necessary for preparation; but more than all, the downright, appalling difficulty of making up one's mind;—of screwing the determination to the sticking point of manfully enjoining one's Agents to secure a passage.

All these doubts, and hesitations, and arguments *pro* and *con*, were busy passing before me, and the lapse of weeks left me still as undecided as ever, when a little event suddenly assailed me in the midst of my cogitations, and in the brief space of half a day resolved the point as fixedly as fate itself. This sudden and abrupt dispellant of my doubts was no other than the *Cholera Morbus*. I am not going to sicken my Readers with a detailed account of it's awful and very nearly fatal attack on me. A reference to any of the super-eminently talented works, which, like the dazzling tail of a comet, or the squib-like corruscations of a melancholy Guy Faux day in November, appear from a few young unpretending Assistant-Surgeons, shortly after the devastation of that scourge in India, will satisfactorily exhibit

the whole progress of the attack. It lasted, happily, but for two or three hours, then was the usual—— but to cut the matter short, in the afternoon I was relieved, and pronounced out of danger; and the very first use I made of my convalescence was to send for the plan, and terms of accommodation of every Ship, then advertised as homeward bound in the River.

Here again was ample food for doubt and consideration. All the various recommendations and objections came before me in perplexing array. One Captain, whose Ship was unexceptionable, had a bad name in Calcutta; he not only starved his passengers, as was hinted to me, but gave himself intolerable airs on shipboard, and was a very Kouli Khan upon his Quarter-deck. Another was lamb-like and all civility on shore, but a ceaseless specimen of silent or sullen moroseness on board. The Ship of a third had been recently employed on the coast trade, and and was now swarming with red ants and cockroaches. One Captain was ever in hot water with his Officers and crew;—another, with his passengers, and every soul about him. This Ship was a dull sailer; that rolled her gunwales under water in the smoothest sea; the next was refused a policy at the Insurance Offices, because she was built ages ago; while it's neighbour, with a high sounding, classical name, to prove the attic taste of some literary shipwright, or poetic Liverpool owner, was stated to be commanded by a skipper from the same city, who

could not sign his own name ! All these objections were dinned into my ears, by my friends and common acquaintances ; but when I referred to my Agents, and those concerned for the shipping, it was a far brighter and more recommendatory tale. This Captain they declared to be as gentlemanly a man as ever breathed ; that a plain, honest, unassuming fellow, who toiled day and night for the comfort of his passengers ; a third was excellence itself ; in fact, every Ship in the Hooghly, by it's respective Agents' accounts, was perfection : and every Captain so delightful a person to sail with, that if we could have believed one half only of what these laudatory gentlemen asserted,—a voyage of four or five months, under such auspices, could be deemed only a description of aquatic paradise ; and the sole apprehension to afflict the too fortunate passenger, would be his fears of the voyage being too speedily concluded. At length, in the midst of the conflicting characters, I found it advisable to think of forming a judgment for myself. So, proceeding on board several of the vessels in the river, I at last singled out from the various round houses, awning Cabins, great and side, after, and other Cabins, exhibited for my choice,—some very comfortable upper accommodations on board the Honourable Company's Ship, *William Scott*. I am actually ashamed to say the amount exacted from me for them. True, as a solitary old Bachelor, my lavishing so large a sum, simply for my conveyance to England, could injure, or take from, no one but

myself; but there was a downright feeling of annoyance at being called upon to pay what, with reference to obtaining worth for one's money, should have procured four such passages to England. I do not mean to blame the Captain himself, who proved a most worthy and amiable sort of personage on board; he simply followed the custom of his brethren in the service and trade; and they say that commercial speculation is at too low an ebb to admit of their making much money in any other way than by their passengers. But it is hard that they thus reckon on the latter alone as their sources of profit on the voyage, and that homeward-bound Bengalees should have to pay tenfold for the scanty cubic space of some eight feet by six, in which they are "*cabin'd, cribb'd, and confined*" for the wearisome period of their trip.

After settling the weighty point of securing a Cabin, next came my preparations for departure. To procure what was necessary for my own use, was the work of a day or two only. A person like myself has little to trouble himself with in these matters; Bachelors' wants are few; and Sircars, and the accommodating civility of the gentry of the China Bazar soon leave little to be done in supplying and completing them. The most difficult and oppressive task with me, was how to disperse and get rid of the things already by me; the accumulated hoard of years. An Auctioneer could scarcely have undertaken their sale;—they were "too numerous to de-

tail," or, what was far worse, they were little worth the trouble. And yet, to myself, there was not an article scattered about the confusion of my habitation, that had not some claim or other on my regard, and desire to retain it. The old single-barrelled Mortimer, without a hammer, and the mouth of it's barrel worn to somewhat of the thickness of bank post paper:—had not this been the solace of many a weary hour in the earlier part of this century, on the lonely banks of the Jellinghee? Then the broken fishing-rod, suspended on the wall, over my old violin-case,—was not it a valued friend for the very same reason? The scattered remains of favourite billiard cues, long since so reduced and cut away from their original length as to be unfit for use, were still fondly regarded by me, as they occasionally met my view; one of them had won for me an anxiously-contended match, with a once formidable rival at the game. My ancient love for the whole progeny of my easy-chairs has already been explained to my Readers; and now, to be compelled to part with every one of them, or, at all events, to be permitted to select only the very smallest and least roomy of them, which the dimensions of my Cabin would alone sanction my retaining! My books too,—many of which really cost considerable sums, and were collected at much pains,—it was mortifying to be able to keep only a limited number, such as would fill a small Cabin book-case, consisting of a few feet of narrow shelves, affixed to one of the side panels. However, I made a bold effort; away went each and every thing to the Auction room of Messrs.

Tulloh and Co; and what they realised, when flam- ingly advertised as the “valuable property of ——, Esq., returning to Europe,” may be computed from the positive fact, that my well known, and, by me, most esteemed and comfortable chocolate-coloured Chariot, was knocked down for the sum of one hundred and fifty Rupees, eight annas! and my pair of old faithful greys, which would so fondly linger in their wonted evening airing, till they often lulled me into slumber,—they could obtain no purchaser at all! not a bidder would appear, in spite of every praise and flourish of rhetoric from the auction pulpit! These last, therefore, I have been glad to include in the list of lame old native servants, *viz.*—my ancient coachman, hookerbadar, sirdar bearer, and a veteran mussalchee, for whom I have left some small means in the hands of my Agents, by way of monthly pension, and as a thankful recollection from their master, which their long and faithful services to him, has prompted him to offer.

I had a busy and unpleasant enough day with my Agents, in adjusting and settling all accounts with them, past, present, and to come;—unpleasant, I must add, from my habitual dislike to these things; not that my worthy, useful, and most obliging friends, Messieurs M'Culloch and Co., contrived at all to add to the unpleasantness of the occupation. There was a still sadder task in store for me, that of taking leave of my various friends. It was indeed a long and painful business of one or two days,—but on this I cannot, and I will not dwell.

AN INDIAMAN.

Horrid confusion heap'd
On confusion rose.

MILTON.

THE Ship in which I had secured my passage, had proceeded down the river to Kidgerée, opposite to the Island of Saugor. In general it is unusual for the Honourable Company's Ships of eight hundred, or more, tons burthen, to ascend the river so far as Calcutta, Diamond harbour being the highest of their anchoring stations; but the *William Scott*, our Ship; as I must now begin to designate it, had been obliged to go up to the docks near town, for some necessary repairs, and thus had afforded me the opportunity of personally inspecting her accommodations.

On the 15th of January of last year, I embarked in one of the few Steam vessels which now begin to ply in the river Hooghly. I had once before been on board a vessel of the description,—the *Enterprise*, which reached India so opportunely in the war with Ava, and made itself conspicuously useful in keeping up a constant communication with our Army, under

Sir Archibald Campbell,—to me, therefore, the thing was not new; but to some of our party, who were from the upper provinces, it was amusing to observe how much it was a subject of wonder and admiration. Some native attendants on one of the gentlemen from Delhi, sat in stupid, fearful astonishment, when the paddles were first put in motion; and when they perceived the vessel to be fast proceeding through the waters without oar or sail—"Yih agnee-nau Feringhee logue ke jadoo se chelta;"—This fire-boat moves by the magic of the foreigners, said one of them to his companion, in a low and subdued tone of voice: nor, I believe, to this day, is the same notion removed from the minds of the poor fishermen, and inhabitants of the banks of the Ganges;—when from a distance they watch the smoking and seemingly un-urged vessel move past them on the extensive bosom of the river, and often trace its course for miles, over the winding and level banks, by the black sullen cloud that ever streams from it, and then hangs lingeringly and almost unbroken in its line along the clear, sunlit, and unclouded atmosphere of the East.

Nothing particular occurred on our way down the river. About an hour before dusk we reached the *William Scott*, and were at first prevented going along-side by some country Sloops, which were lashed to her, and from which they were now taking in the last of the cargo, together with various packages of wines, beer, oilman's stores, and other good things for the Cuddy, which betokened that the comforts of the

passengers had not been lost sight of in the homeward bound equipment. At length we ascended the side; and one or two ladies with us, were *hoisted in*, as they term it, in the accommodation chair. But never since the building of Babel, and it's confusion of tongues and sounds, were mortals ever greeted with any thing like the scene that awaited us on attaining the Quarter-deck. Packages, wine-chests, and claret-boxes, water-casks, passengers' baggage, sea-cots, and cabin furniture, were piled in every direction. All these, with a well jammed, or rather jostling assemblage of sailors, Batta Lascars, Sircars, invalid soldiers, and their wives and families, passengers, several with a friend or two, and each with a host of their servants, who had come thus far before taking leave, children, with their native nurses; and, to crown all, the Captain's live stock, consisting of a gaunt trio of unfortunate bullocks, tied near the long boat, for a little fresh food for the crew:—around them nestling close, or struggling in horror at the confusion around them, a score or two of Patna sheep, with sundry oblong wicker baskets crammed throughout with ducks, fowls, turkeys, and geese, some of which had broken through their slight bamboo confinement, and were now fluttering and screaming about the deck and rigging, in all directions. The Captain, of course, was not amidst this riot, but, with due attention to customary etiquette, was comfortably in his own Cabin, or, at all events, most pertinaciously out of the way. In his absence, nevertheless,

there were abundance of Commanding Officers: the Pilot was wrangling with the Sloops and Steamer along side, insisting on their cutting adrift, as they were adding to the strain on the cable, in the present violence of the spring tide. The Chief-Mate, a very pleasant, mild man, on most occasions, was vociferously bullying every one about him; the second Officer and Surgeon, furiously striving to clear a way towards the Cuddy for the frightened and scared ladies, as, one by one, they were brought into the Ship. Then the din of voices, the calling, ordering, boatswain's pipes, bleating of sheep, knocking about of baggage, and packages;—altogether, it was indeed a scene that no pen can describe; and often do I smile to myself at the piteous stare of astonishment which I must have exhibited on first suddenly coming into the midst of it.

As soon as I could thread my way through the difficulties at every step, I went to my Cabin, where, as I had the week before sent down my little furniture and heavy baggage, particularly enjoining that the latter should be safely deposited in the hold of the Ship, I hoped to be able to retire from the terrific bustle of the deck. But to my dismay, on opening the Cabin-door, my eye was here also greeted with boxes on boxes, trunk on trunk, my cot, couch and wash-hand-stand, on each other up-piled to the very ceiling and upper-deck, without even standing room left, for the unfortunate, newly arrived tenant, of all this misery and confusion!—What with my lowness of

spirits on quitting Calcutta; and my old friends, ridiculous as it may seem, I almost longed at the time to be one of the weaker sex, that I might have sat down and fairly wept in vexation and hopelessness, at this new annoyance. As it was, the turning of a straw would have made me throw up my passage, and return back to Calcutta, and I had nothing left for it, but to grin sardonically; and then affecting sundry miserable laughs at my dilemma, set-to manfully, with my servant, to bring the chaos of my Cabin into something of habitableness for the night. I now found my new servant, whom I had hired on the recommendation of my Agent, expressly for the voyage, a smart, handy, and useful personage; and with his assistance, or, as I should say, by his exertions, and those of one of the Ship's people, whom the promise of a little grog seduced into the confederacy, we contrived to put out of the scanty Cabin the trunks that were not required, and, by dint of real hard straining and labour, forced my ship couch, and it's furniture, into somewhat of their intended respective situations. This effected, and fully resolved not to venture again amidst the confusion above, I essayed to retire to rest for the night. But the smell of the Ship, the new painting of the Cabin, the tar, and effluvia from the hold, added to the din and noises above, which continued to a late hour, made me perfectly feverish till long past midnight; and it was only towards morning that I got into a refreshing and desirable slumber, and sunk into a state of forgetfulness of the confusion around me.

I was awakened, by what my servant announced as six bells, (seven o'clock,) and dressing myself as well as I could, without the now much missed and earnestly longed-for ministry of the sirdar and mate bearer,—I proceeded to the deck ;—but Heavens and earth ! the happy change a few short hours had effected. The planking of the deck had been newly scrubbed, and was as clean as even fastidiousness could wish ; there was not a package or single article to be seen ; the ropes were neatly coiled round, and lying in their respective places by the gunwale. Fowls, sheep, and turkeys, all were in their pens and hutches, screened away from sight, till, in a word, there were few quarter-decks of the finest of his Majesty's frigates, that could have appeared to better advantage, than that of the *William Scott*, so very lately out-beggaried description in it's confusion, and Babel-like disorder of the preceding evening. The anchor was up, and we were under weigh, standing slowly away from Saugor Island.

I was now anxious to be introduced to my several fellow passengers. Some of them, however, were already known to me. Among these, were my worthy Military friend of the Mofussil, Lieutenant Colonel Commandant Bonassus, and his youngest daughter. Her sister had happily been disposed of in marriage to an aspiring young Subaltern of the Regiment ; and the old gentleman finding himself thus released from one of his ties to India, had resolutely obeyed the instigation of his medical adviser, and determined to pro-

ceed, in search of health and renovated constitution, to the climate he had quitted nearly half a century ago. His unmarried daughter could not well be left behind ; and although her Calcutta education had not greatly qualified her for an English coterie or drawing room, yet the affectionate eye of the Parent was blind to the circumstance, and it was decided that she should accompany him. Another gentleman of the same station was also on board, Mr. Chillum of the Civil Service, who, after his disappointment with the pretty Miss Alport, was equally solicitous to essay the benefit of change of climate. My other fellow voyagers were personally unknown to me. They consisted of a Civilian, and a Medical gentleman of the Company's Service, and their ladies. These families had engaged the half of the round house, or upper accommodations : Colonel Bonassus and his daughter having the opposite Cabins. An agent of the firm of Messrs. M'Culloch and Co., accompanied also by his wife, had the starboard half of the great Cabin, of which I had secured the larboard division. There was also a poor widow of a Captain of one of his Majesty's regiments of Dragoons, with her two infant children in one of the side Cabins, who, with some military gentlemen proceeding on furlough, completed our party.

I was introduced in due form to the whole, on the very important occasion of our taking our seats at the first day's dinner on board. The preparations for this piece of ceremonial, that of taking our seats, had

busily occupied the Captain of the Ship, for at least an hour and a half before the band struck up the "Roast beef of old England !" and summoned us to the Cuddy. The Army List and Calcutta Register had been carefully studied, to assign to each, his, or her, proper allotment at the table. Dates of respective commissions had been referred to, and the order of precedence seriously consulted, before the Captain ventured to place a card on the different plates, with the name of the passenger who was to be there, and there only, seated for the voyage. It must, indeed, have been a most difficult and delicate task ; and when I had taken possession of *my* chair, and found time to look about me, it was amusing to observe the evident mortification of the rich Mrs. Crore, the Agent's lady, when she found herself removed at least four chairs from the post of honour at the Captain's side.

I have often prided myself on my skill in judging of character from the physiognomy. And as soon as my increased appetite, which the air off the Sand-heads had procured for me, allowed me to pause among the many good things which the table exhibited, I sought to bring my skill into exercise. First, then, the Captain, with whom I entrusted my worthy self and comfort, for the sad imprisonment and prospective eternity of a four months' sea voyage,—but his character I had learned beforehand. Captain Clarke was at first sight a rough-visaged, hardy-looking seaman ;—but on addressing you, the gentleman,

and man of information, at once beamed apparent in his manner ; whilst his pleasing, frank, and ready conversation never failed to confirm the impression. He was rough at times, it is true ;—the discipline and habit of control in a large Vessel, had unavoidably brought this to pass. At times, also, he loved to egotise, and his Ship, or the details of former voyages, were too prominently, and perhaps, too frequently, his admired topics. Yet I could not help wondering, on the first day of our assembling together, how admirably he kept up the conversation ; how easily he attended to the comfort of every soul at table, and even contrived, after one or two excellent, but at first unsuccessful, attempts, to soothe and brighten up the louring visage of Mrs. Crore,—to bring a positive smile upon her softening and relenting features. At the Captain's right hand, sat Mrs. Revenue, the Civilian's lady ; on his left, the wife of the Medical officer ; and after the intervening of one of the gentlemen, and then Mr. Chillum, came the rich and stately Mrs. Crore : while, on her left hand, sat, near the end of the table, one of the Military passengers, whom I now recognised as an ex-Aide-de-Camp of his Excellency the Commander in Chief. This happy propinquity of chair to Mrs. Crore was, together with the Captain's address, one of the glad means of effecting her better humour ; and yet a verier puppy than Mr. ex-Aide-de-Camp, it would have been difficult for all the Honourable Company's Ships of the season to have produced among their list of passengers. But, as I at

once predicted, he was to be a mighty favourite before the end of the voyage, with the lady of the rich Agent. If my friend Captain Gossip had been on board, he might, without much embellishment, have made one of his most entertaining and facetious nouvelles, had he been in possession of a few little occurrences before the final breaking up of our party : —but no more on this delicate subject.

LIFE ON SHIPBOARD.

They ate, and drank, and slept,—what then?

They ate, and drank, and slept,—again!

PRIOR.

IMMEDIATELY after quitting the Sand-heads, and after the Pilot taking his leave of the vessel, the steady breezes, which generally prevail from the northward, in the month of January, carry on the Ship, pleasantly enough, through the Bay of Bengal. But the increasing warmth of the air, as we hourly lessen our distance from the Equator, gives us sad promise of what we may have to endure while crossing the more glowing precincts of the Line. As we approach it still nearer, the breezes become lighter, and more uncertain. At last, calms succeed, and the weather becomes sadly and insufferably hot. Perhaps it is this portion of the passage which is the most uncomfortable of the whole voyage, for the frequent calms and delays experienced here, make the heat of the Equator almost insupportable. When there is a strong, or even regular wind, so as to give the Ship tolerable way through the atmosphere, the thermometer is seldom high in these Latitudes;—85 de-

grees being, probably, the extreme. But when there is no air stirring, the too near vicinity to the Sun doubly oppresses, and the sultry closeness of the vessel, with the heat steaming from the hold, most unpleasantly betrays itself. It is odd, at this juncture, to watch the manifestation of annoyance on every countenance on board. Every face is lengthened, and gloom becomes apparent every where. It is said that darkness, and the absence of cheering light, are, to our English imaginations, the main symbols of melancholy and despondent gloom; but travellers, who have suffered in the sunny regions of the East, will tell you, truly, that there is nothing more melancholy in nature, than the glaring and sullen blaze of a noon-day tropical Sun. Although Poets may love to dwell upon the horrors of midnight,—the solitude of caverns, and the still depths of the wilderness, or tangled forest,—yet these are bright and cheerful, compared with the unnatural and burning barrenness of the sunlit desert, or even the silent and deserted Quarter-deck of a vessel be-calmed amidst the unbounded waters of the Equator; where the stirless and tomb-like depths around reflect only the cloudless glare of the Heavens, with the Sun ruling in them,—as it were savagely and fiercely in his unmitigated anger.

In no earthly situation also has temper more chance of being ruffled than on shipboard: and, what is worse, under such unhappy circumstances, there is, likewise less of concealment practicable here than

elsewhere. The Cabins are all so crowded together, and the partitions so thin, that it is impossible to avoid being overheard by every neighbour. Then the constant daily meeting together at table, and on the decks, where the absence of novel subjects for conversation makes the immediate circulation through the Ship of every idle tale, a matter of necessity: all these things not only bring to light every dereliction from good humour, but the very existence of such annoyances places the temper itself in exposure to hourly trial and irritation.

The monotony, too, in an Indiaman, is wearisome in the extreme. The very regularity and discipline of the Ship serve only to afford less incidents to awaken the attention.—A good honest cause for downright murmuring, or complaint, would be a real alleviation of one's misery. It is true, that passengers do contrive to extract something or other of the kind from the occurrences on board; the conduct of the Captain, the daily supplies of the table, the quality of the wines, the behaviour of the Officers of the Ship, when on duty, or other such important subjects, must necessarily present themselves: from these we may sometimes construct tolerable matter for comment, or animadversion. Yet they are soon talked over into tatters; and again we relapse into insipidity, or stupid calculations as to the probable time of our wished-for release from the Vessel; or it's arrival at any given points on the way. It may not be amiss to exhibit an extract from a Journal of a whole day's

shipboard employment: it was purposely noted down in a minute detail, not only to pass away a tedious hour, but in the hope of exciting a smile on some future day, when looking back on the sad picture of such a Diary.

“2nd February, 1823.—Woke at five bells, the sun shining in at the port, rather more powerfully than pleasantly. Had passed a bad night, not a breath stirring; and the children in the adjoining Cabin restless and crying ever since midnight: could not help thinking of the poor Widow and her sick boy; wonder how he is this morning; send to enquire;—the reply is, ‘much the same,’ sincerely hope the poor child may not be lost to his interesting and unhappy parent; determined to have a comfortable bathe to-day, but the servant pops in his ugly black face to tell me that my bucket has just broken away from the lashing, and he can get up no water for me,—wish him at the deuce for his pains. What an exertion to dress! the heat almost suffocating, and my only comfort is, that I have abundance of time to loiter away, as it wants full an hour and a half to breakfast. Plague on the Ship’s Officers, from the Captain to the Purser’s clerk, for their inattention to the convenience of the passengers; why, I find I have not a single clean shirt left in the Cabin drawer, and yet they have put off till to-morrow to get up the trunks and baggage from the hold! I must even put on my yesterday’s linen, and be hanged to them!

“Dressed at last, and immediately go upon deck,

to inhale a little fresh air, before the breakfast is announced. Find several gentlemen collected round the Captain, all complaining of the heat, and anxious in their enquiries after the Widow's sick boy ; the poor child seems an object of general interest and sympathy. Breakfast at length declared to be ready, and away we proceed in a body to the Cuddy, as if a Ship breakfast could repay us for so assembling. There we find ranged out, as is daily the case, the woeful remains of yesterday's poultry, salt soft butter of the consistency and character of thick oil ; eternal salt fish, ill-dressed rice, with sliced beef-junk, as hard and as salt as Irish curing can make it ; pork of similar good quality, raspberry jam, excellent perhaps as Hoffman can produce it, but it's perpetual appearance and re-appearance at each meal, reminding one only of the nonsense-verse at School which procured a flogging for a class-fellow of mine :—

‘ Jam, jam, jam, jam, jam, jam, jam quoque, jam, jam.’

“ Then the tea made from bad water, with a most plentiful paucity of milk : rolls, if such they could be called, which the ship-baker essayed to give us, when his supply of yeast had turned bad, and no skill of his could leaven his after efforts to produce bread. True, all these articles and viands gave *plenty* on the board, but in *such* abundance who could have the appetite or inclination to indulge ?

“ But the breakfast is over ; away again to saunter on the deck. Now comes forth the Captain, in all his

short, with two or three of his Officers armed with Quadrants, the Chronometers being ranged in open order in his Cabin. So, the daily parade of taking the Sun's altitude at this hour of noon, preparatory to working the Longitude, after ascertaining the Sun's meridian at noon. N.B. These gentlemen not always correct to a hair's breadth in their calculation and working. There is an entry in the *Log Book* of Long. 82 1/2, Lat. 5 36, which would have placed the ship east and dry in the interior of Ceylon; but these are trifles."

"At 10 o'clock, proceeded to the Cabin, there read and scribbled for a couple of hours. At 12, again visited the deck, to ascertain the result of to-day's solar observation, and look at our present position on the chart: next proceed to lunch, or Tiffin, as we Indians term it, when wine and biscuits allure many at this hour." By the way, eating and drinking on board are the main-springs of our enjoyment, *les grands evenemens du voyage*, and although a Ship breakfast presents so little to elicit the appetite, yet it is otherwise at the sister meals. By noon, the sea air, notwithstanding the heat, has led the wishful imagination to point, as truly and ceaselessly, to the Cuddy eatables, as doth the magnetism of the pole, it's ever constant needle to itself. And even after lunch, before the expiration of three hours more, all thoughts again centre in the same Cuddy, where the excellent daily dinner of an Indiaman spreads out it's charms to the hungry community of passengers. Here

is nothing to complain of: capital soups, fresh-mutton, geese, fowls, hermetically-sealed salmon, as good as the day it left London; and pork, whose education might satisfy the delicacy of a half-christianised Mussulman. Ham, tongues, and pies, with a long list of addenda, or intermediate et-cæteras; all these good things washed down by tolerable white wines, hock, and excellent Carbonell or Marjoribank's claret, continue to put the party into better humour than they enjoy at any other period of the day.

But to proceed with my Journal. "At one o'clock, went into the Cuddy, as is my daily practice, to watch the little tribe of children at their happy meal of this hour; saw them ranged round one end of the table, with a plentiful dish of *Pish-pash*, composed of the wonted quantity of rice and fowl, mutton broth, and a very mild curry. My young friends were each attended by their native servants, and as the Captain, like myself, delights in seeing, or rather, in his case, personally superintending their juvenile banquet, it is quite amusing to observe their little hungry and healthy appetites, earnestly eyeing each his turn to have his plate piled up with the good things before him, and then quietly, and in the most orderly manner, making the central pyramids of rice, and other such edibles, fast disappear from the board.

"At the wonted hour of three, found myself at dinner: nothing occurred, save that three several times the Captain solicited the indignant Mrs. Croré to permit him the honour of taking wine with her.

She was resolutely determined not to hear him ; and at last, when her Husband, in his usual unwished for interference, announced to her the reiterated request of her host ; ye Heavens ! with what a speaking look she acknowledged the honour ! And yet all this resentment, I believe, the result of mere pique, because, the day before, he had unwittingly omitted to offer her his arm, which happened to be disengaged at the moment of her making her evening appearance upon deck. After the Ladies had retired, sat rather too long at the wine. N. B. The young Military gentleman at my right hand, Lieutenant Lovelace, makes a capital use of his time at this portion of the feast. Claret he takes down, bumper after bumper, with an occasional change of light Rhenish between whiles. It is also rather dangerous to let the Curaçoa bottle stand within his arm's reach. The silly young man seems to be unaware that drinking is fast receding from the list of worldly accomplishments ; and, in his ignorance, he evidently offends his own wishes and inclination, by gulping down wine, long after it's taste has been only nauseating and offensive to him.

“By 5 o'clock get away from table, and proceed on the poop for a little fresh air. The sails hang sleeping on the yards, or bent mournfully against the mast, like the flapping wings of the vampire-bat, as it hotly and suffocatingly feasts on the vital stream of it's victim. But all eyes are soon directed to the westward, from which a faint 'bank' of rising clouds would seem to betoken a coming breeze. And how anxi-

ously is such a breeze prayed for. Not more welcome is the fountain in the desert, or the distant cottage light to the saddened and way-worn traveller, than the fresh breeze, as it springs up and first fills the sail of the weary and long becalmed mariner.

“At 6.—Tea announced to be ready; but all prefer it to be brought out to them, on the deck. Tea on board is generally indifferent. The article itself may be good enough, and it would be a shame if it were otherwise; but the water is bad, too often not boiling, and then the milk, either from sickness of the solitary cow, or some mismanagement, or other cause, too sparingly doled out to the male passengers, to be much improvement to their beverage.

“Soon after this, the Sun retires, and now parties are seen sedulously pacing up and down the Quarter-deck, by way of exercise. 'Tis now 8 o'clock, (eight bells,) and the first night-watch is called on deck: retire to the Cuddy, play a game at chess with old Colonel Bonassus, and half a dozen games of backgammon with Mr. Chillum, who gets quite testy at my luck in throwing doublets; and now, at half-past nine, I find myself again in my Cabin, retiring to rest, for another hot and sleepless night, under the pleasing reflection, that the morrow, and the day after the morrow, and the day after that, with weeks and weeks to linger after these, must be passed on board, in the same monotonous and wearisome manner as the day just tediously got through.”

DEATH ON SHIPBOARD.

And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb ;
Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste the instant they take fire.

Young.

I THINK I have once or twice adverted to the Widow of an Officer of one of his Majesty's Dragoon Regiments, who was our fellow passenger on board the *William Scott*. Before I had any fixed idea of returning to Europe, the history of this afflicted young woman had been mentioned to me in Calcutta ; and such was the tale, that it had excited considerable interest, long before I had dreamed that circumstances would ever bring us together, or place me in the situation of being personally known to her.

It is a subject of regret, that I cannot now minutely enter into the particulars that were then recounted to me ; but, as far as my memory serves me, the following will explain them generally to my Readers.

Amelia Sedley was the younger of two amiable girls, the daughters of Mr. Sergeant Sedley, a gentleman of considerable eminence at the English bar,

who had unfortunately lost his wife when his children were yet young and uneducated ; and who had, in consequence, necessarily entrusted them, at a very tender age, to the care of one, whose high recommendations to him as a Governess made him conclude her fully qualified for the charge. And certainly, so far as wonted accomplishments and the cultivation of exterior graces avail, this substitute for maternal care and anxiety did her duty, sedulously and faithfully, towards the lovely girls entrusted to her management ; but beyond this, she deemed her instructions or inculcations of little importance ; and although the real goodness of heart of her younger pupil was such, that it required little surveillance to preserve it in its native purity, yet, in the sequel, her melancholy tale will prove, how much it is needful for happiness, that, at one too interesting period of female life, it should be shielded not only from positive error, but also steadily preserved in the path of mere colder prudence and common worldly caution.

The Governess was well born, and of good connections. Some of these were introduced as friends in the family of Mr. Sedley ; and among them appeared, as a frequent visitor, Mr. L'Estrange, a Lieutenant in the — Regiment of Dragoons. Whether by the goodnatured arrangement of the Lady-Gouvernante, this young Mars was too often admitted to the morning boudoir of the young ladies, is not positively asserted, but that her connivance was necessary not to have noticed that he was almost a daily visitor in

their society, could not be denied. It was not, however, that Miss Sedley was the daughter of a man of reputed wealth, that induced the Governess tacitly to sanction, or rather in every way to encourage his ceaseless attentions to Amelia,—it was not the desire of mere intrigue, or any personal advantage to herself, that made her almost a party to them,—but still, from some cause or other of self-love or family-feeling, she never let an opportunity escape of dwelling upon the praises of the young Officer, to her susceptible pupil; while, to the youth himself, she would eternally direct those little banterings, flatterings, and incitements that so sway the heart of our truly vain sex, more particularly, when real fascinating beauty and feminine softness are blandly put forward as the objects of allurements.

Whatever the cause that induced her, to whom was entrusted the guardianship of Amelia Sedley's youth, thus to encourage a dangerous *liaison* with a young thoughtless Subaltern, who had not a sixpence, or prospect beyond his bare commission, and whose constitution was said to be almost ruined by his excesses on first entering the Army, must therefore remain a secret. But the result was soon decided,—Mr. L'Estrange and Amelia engaged themselves;—her Father wisely refused to sanction the engagement; Amelia seriously sickened at her disappointment, and then, after months of depression and tears in secret, there was a serious threatening of decline. At this juncture, Mr. L'Estrange procured a troop in a Regiment

destined for India ; and as a change of climate was absolutely necessary for the now pining and sinking Amelia, the Father had no alternative, but to avert a more serious calamity, by making the most of his present dilemma,—he therefore consented to the match ; Amelia married the young and delicate soldier, and in less than two months after the ceremonial, was embarked on board an Indiaman, with a detachment of her husband's Regiment for Bengal.

They remained a short time only in Calcutta, after reaching India, and proceeded to Cawnpore, where, after giving birth to two children, poor Amelia found that the same climate that had re-established her health, was fast undermining the remaining strength of her husband. He was on the sick list when the Regiment was ordered to the siege of Bhurtpore,—but to remain behind was more than his proud spirit could submit to. He accompanied, therefore, his troop to the siege, gallantly performed every duty that was assigned to him, and returned to Cawnpore to throw himself again upon a sick couch, from which, as was sadly anticipated by all who knew him, he never rose again !

For the sake of her young infants, thus left fatherless and unprotected in a far country, Amelia did essay to exert herself, and sought to bear up with more than a woman's fortitude, under her bereavement. But, in her present circumstances, there were other pressing causes of affliction ; she was almost destitute, and her late deprivations had also, in a

pecuniary point of view, subjected her to much serious distress. It is true, the sale of her superfluous things could enable her to support herself and two children decently for the present ; but as for her return with them to Europe, it was out of the question, until her Father could kindly remit to her the means. This he did with prompt generosity, the moment he heard of her situation ; and returning therefore to Calcutta, this young Widow, with her fatherless infants, had secured a passage to England in the same Ship with myself.

On first seeing her, although her dress of mourning and widowhood, which she still retained, must have shorn her person of much of it's attractiveness, yet I had never, to my recollection, witnessed any thing so lovely or interesting. Her countenance had probably lost much of it's early bloom ; but this is common to all European ladies, after a year or two of residence in the East ; yet I had never seen the sad weeds of a Widow on such seeming youth and softness ; and it scarcely appeared credible to me, that one so young, and, in spite of her sorrowing and pensive look, so girlish, could have gone through the little tale of affliction which had reached us, and, more than all, could be the parent of the two stout, healthy, and truly fine children which accompanied her on board.

They were two boys, the youngest still in arms ; the eldest, Alfred, was said to be extremely like his deceased Father ; and if the resemblance was really

so strong as asserted, it might plead in mitigation of Amelia's first imprudence, for it could be hardly possible to conceive a more engaging countenance than the deceased must have possessed. Alfred was just three years old, but appeared at least a year older, and there was a bold, frank, and winning manner with the child, that, ere he had been ten days on board, he was a general favourite; not only with the passengers, but every soul in the ship, from the Captain, down to the little Gunner's boy, who would slyly secrete ship-biscuit, or other rough delicacies for his little pet, wherewith to entice him from the Quarter deck, and lure him forward for a few minutes among the admiring and coaxing sailors. The little urchin was in a fair way of being spoiled; his independence of manner, and fearlessness of movement must have cost his doating young Mother many an anxious thought. And although she endeavoured to keep him in her sight as much as possible, yet it seemed cruel to confine the poor boy to her scanty Cabin, and she was thus obliged to trust him to others more frequently than she could have wished, and to allow him to rove upon the decks more freely than was consistent with her fears.

How often have we watched the poor little fellow, almost springing from the ports of the Quarter-deck, in his anxiety to follow the movements of the flying-fish, when they rose boundingly from the sea, as the ship alarmed them in it's course, or the hungry boneta scared them from their own element to seek a mo-

mentary protection in the air. How often have we seen him mimicking the hearty pull and rough song of the sailors employed in working the Ship, till the busy crew would unbend their harsh features into smiles, and prognosticate, with their wonted complacency for their own profession, that the boy would prove a true tar, and thorough sailor in his day.

But when the heat on board became more oppressive on our approaching the Equator, the poor child shewed evident symptoms of it's disagreeing with him. In a day or two he appeared languid and weary, with less inclination to play about with his little companions. It was apprehended that this was greatly owing to the misplaced kindness of the many friends on every side, who proffered him marks of their good will, and were ever loading him with sweetmeats, cakes, or other such little dangerous temptations to a child's sense of moderation. But although they may have assisted the attack of fever which now plainly evinced itself, yet the heat and confinement of the Ship itself must be considered as the main and leading causes. By the time we were becalmed under the Line, than which nothing could have been worse or more aggravating for sickness of any description, the dear little fellow was a prisoner to his cot, and pronounced, by the Surgeon of the vessel, to be in a very dangerous way. On shipboard, a sick fellow passenger is necessarily an object of commiseration with most ; but, in this instance, it is beyond

description, the interest that was excited in the minds of every soul in the *William Scott*. The Doctor, a good enough sea-faring son of *Æsculapius*, but who would rather have had fifty rough seamen to attend to, than so delicate and unusually tender a patient, was hourly besieged with enquiries after the little favourite; while it was apparent, from his anxious manner and the hesitation of his replies, that his own alarm could have afforded no relief to the trembling anxiety of the poor Widow herself, when she breathlessly hung on his looks, at each frequent visit of his to the cabin of the sick child. It was strange to witness the unusual stillness and silence that pervaded the cabins and passenger portion of the Vessel. Not an unnecessary sound or voice was heard; and in the dead hour of the mid-watch at night, even the tread of the Officer on duty was suppressed, and scarcely reached the ear, while the only sounds stirring were the occasional movements in the Widow's cabin, of those who sleeplessly watched by the couch of the sufferer; or, perhaps, what was more dreadful still to the feelings of those around, the frequent faint cries of the child itself, as it every moment piteously implored for water,—“*Paunee, Mama, Paunee!*” in the nursery language of the East, so interesting and touching, as its accents either of entreaty or pain ever sound from the lips of children.

If the secret prayers of every human being on board,—if the fervency of the agonised petitions to the throne of mercy, from the lips and breaking heart

of the young Widow, could have arrested the all-wise and inscrutable decree of Providence,—there might yet have been hope; but the fiat was gone forth, and all worldly essaying to avert it was but vain and idle,—the boy died!

* * * * *

Silence, unbroken, breathless silence, was still reigning throughout the Ship. There were few of the sailors, who were not attired in their Sunday and best suit of clothes; the decks were cleared, the Ship's colours mounted half way to the mizen peak, the bell at the forecastle mournfully tolling, in imitation of the knell of a Church, everything betokening the approaching ceremony of a Funeral at Sea. Near the starboard gangway, supported upon a raised hatch, were the remains of the departed little innocent, enclosed in a decent, nay, almost handsome Coffin, which the zeal and kind exertion of the Carpenter and his gang had, during the night, contrived to make for their deceased favourite. At the present moment, the Coffin was partly exposed to view, for the Ship's Ensign, which was lying upon it, and is always designed on these occasions to act as a pall, was a little raised, that the many wistful and anxious gazers from among the crew, might witness the respect which, even at so short a notice, had been endeavoured to be rendered to the remains of one so generally beloved by them, and one who had wrung from their hearts so unusual a share of their rough affections.

At length, the bell ceased tolling. The Captain,

and all the Officers of the Indiaman, appeared in their full uniforms and side arms, and approached the gangway; the Captain carrying with him a prayer-book of our Church. The head of every one was immediately uncovered, and while the first words of the commencement of the Funeral service were issuing from the lips of the Captain, the eyes of all were suddenly turned, in distressing astonishment, to the after-hatchway, for, ascending from thence, with the assistance of some weeping ladies, who had vainly endeavoured to dissuade her, appeared the Widow herself! There was no seeming effort on her part to assume the firmness which almost unnaturally steadied her step, and made her wish to decline the aid they were feelingly desirous of affording her. Her feet seemed unconsciously, and yet without a symptom of weakness or failing, to move forward on the Deck, towards the spot appropriated for the ceremony; and on every eye being turned in intense and wondering pity upon her, her's alone,—yes, I may say alone, of *all* around her, glanced fixedly before her on the scene, without a tear to moisten it. She was in her usual dress of deep mourning, and the only sign of life or intelligence that she betrayed, beyond the mere act of approach towards our group, occurred when she had taken her place beside the Captain, and when, with a convulsive shudder, she seemed first to discover that, over her wonted dress, some friend, ere she quitted her Cabin, had thrown a shawl. It was a faded shawl, of little value, but one lately employed during

the illness of her lost infant in at times protecting it's feverish frame from the air, and any undue exposure. On perceiving it, it's present use about herself seemed strangely displeasing to her, and she hastily attempted to take it off, and on their removing it, she followed it with a speaking glance of pain and agony. They now proceeded with the ceremony, but it did not seem to touch her. Her looks were frequently turning with an enquiring and fearful expression towards the Ensign, which by this time, pall-like, completely concealed the Coffin, as the hatch stood partly supported on the gangway itself:—she started, however, at one part of the service, and her glazed eyes opened, if possible, wider and more strangely, when they prepared to move the hatch; and when the word was uttered to consign the corpse to the deep, and they commenced lowering it, her soul seemed to awaken to a sense and full conception of the scene before her, and she suddenly bounded forward to prevent the act. They caught and supported her, and never shall I forget the sudden though harrowing look and attitude of intense listening, which she then wildly assumed, while her soul seemed to hang for an instant on the noise of the descending Coffin. In spite of every care of those employed, it sunk into the waves with a slight plunge,—then followed immediately a cry, or shriek, piercing as horror itself, from the Widow, as she caught the sound! They immediately conveyed her below in a breathless and death-like swoon, which, at the same

instant, had overpowered her; and it is almost unnecessary to add, that this poor afflicted young woman quitted not her Cabin for the remainder of the voyage. But though unseen by us, she was not less an object of our deepest pity, and sincerest sympathy.

ST. HELENA.

Thus trampled,—thus expell'd, to suffer here !

MILTON.

IN the early part of April, after being about ten weeks from Bengal, including our short stay at the Cape, we reached St. Helena. It requires no little care in the navigator to come upon this small speck in the South Atlantic, situated, as it is, so many hundred miles from any land ; and without the means of directing the way, save only those which Science has pointed out, and which the silent stars of Heaven have kindly assisted in affording. When sailing upon the far and trackless main, the Ship scarcely larger than one of it's countless myriads of ever changing waves, it is strange to look around on the expanse of sea and sky, and to reflect that the slightest possible deviation from the one true course, as for days and days we bear down upon this pigmy spot, would make us leave it leagues, or even degrees, away from us ! And yet almost daily are Ships silently steering their way through the wide sea, and after weeks of busy and calculating toil, do they safely and steadily converge

from the farthest quarters of the globe to this one minute, this one isolated rock of the ocean.

It was at day-break in the morning, that we first perceived the heights of St. Helena, overhanging, as it appeared, the deck of the Vessel. We had approached the Island, or sighted it, as the seamen would express themselves, in the middle night-watch ; but lay-to until the morning, before rounding the Island for the proper anchorage. It was, indeed, a majestic sight. The Sun was tipping the crests of the mountainous rocks, while, midway, the black and beetling cliffs were yet frowning darkly and mistily, as they seemed actually suspended in air and ready to fall upon us. Still the appearance of the whole was gloomy, and not of the lightsome cheering character that mariners at sea would picture to themselves, of the first aspect of a long sought and newly approached shore.

If such then it's seeming to us, what must have been the sensations of the late Napoleon, as they were conducting him to his last earthly prison ; and when the melancholy heights of St. Helena first broke upon his view !

Not a symptom of verdure was apparent from sea : bleak inhospitable heights rose precipitately from the midst of the waves ; and the only evidences of habitableness or living creatures on the rock, were the frequent batteries and guard-posts ranged along the different points ;—those stern and unsightly monuments of military power and occupation, without the

grace even of it's idle parade, or the glittering of it's other gay and spirit-stirring equipments.

As we rounded the projecting headland near the anchorage, a boat pushed off from the shore to hail us, and enquire if it were true that we had communicated, on the other side of the Cape of Good Hope, with the *Calcutta* Indiaman, which a few days before had touched at the Island, and been prohibited from landing, as they apprised us, in consequence of having the measles on board. We answered in the affirmative, such having been, by chance, the fact, for a brief communication had taken place, and a boat passed from one vessel to the other, with mere complimentary enquiry, and, as I believe, a few letters. On their obtaining such affirmative reply, we were instantly informed that we were to consider ourselves under Quarantine, and on no account would any personal communication be permitted with the shore. In vain the Captain declared that we had no disease of any nature on board, that no contagion, or apprehension of such consequence could exist, for our momentary communication with the *Calcutta* could scarcely have admitted of it, and no symptoms of infection had shewn themselves, though weeks had elapsed since our falling in with the Ship :—nay, that we had since been at the Cape, whence we had brought with us a clean bill of health. In vain was all this reiterated to the Officer in the boat : he could only promise that our explanation should be sent up forthwith to the Governor ; and away he departed,

leaving us in the pleasant predicament of being in sight of shore, without the power of visiting it, or quitting the Ship that confined us.

Another boat now pushed off from the lower battery, for, by this time, we were opposite the landing place, and prepared to let go our anchor. This second boat had armed soldiers in it, and they kept within sixty or a hundred yards of us, to enforce the quarantine; and it is evident that, had we been desperately infected with the plague itself, they could not have adopted more precaution to exclude us from the shore. All this strictness, and military shew of severity, we laid to the charge of the old leaven of prison-like caution, which had characterised the government of St. Helena during the bondage of Napoleon; and, right or wrong, under our present feelings of impatience and irritation, we could admit it no excuse or palliation for such inhospitable treatment to a Ship from a long voyage. To prove, however, that they were not unmindful of our comforts, a string of empty barges was pulled off from the shore by a single boat, and then brought across our vessel, by this time at single anchor, so that the last of them might be laid hold of by our sailors. In these boats we were to deposit our empty water-casks. They were thus to be taken to the shore, and filled by means of a hose at the watering-place, and in the same manner returned to us, so that we might receive fresh water, with as little communication as possible, and

without a soul from the Island coming in actual contact with our people.

After some farther explanations, through the medium of hailing at a distance, and one or two references, and many signals, having passed to and from the Government house, the Quarantine was taken off: but not until the bells from the shore had announced to us that it was four in the afternoon. It was then almost too late for a visit; nevertheless, two or three of the younger passengers started off in the jolly-boat, carrying with them injunctions to engage some means of conveying a party of us, on the following day, to the grave of Buonaparte, the usual pilgrimage of all visitors of this strange insulated rock of the Atlantic. They returned at night, having secured horses, they informed us, for our conveyance to the tomb.

On the ensuing morning I went on shore, with my fellow passengers, Mr. Chillum and Lieutenant Lovelace. The latter, though as widely differing from me, the Bengalee, in habits, manners, predilections, and general character, I should think, as ever fancy could imagine, was yet somehow a frequent companion of mine, and almost, I may add, a favourite. The habits of shipboard had brought us in frequent intercourse and conversation; and though the confinement of a Ship, they say, developes the worst traits always of a man's character, still it must follow, as with fellow prisoners or brother exiles, that there must

be more of faultiness on both sides than human nature usually exhibits, if the constant interchange of communication does not beget mutual interest, and no small portion of friendliness and esteem. Mr. Lovelace was young, very young, less in years, possibly, than in habits, and irregular thinking. He was a complete Military Tyro; nay, I am wrong, rather a finished graduate of a certain class of the Mess-room and Barracks. He knew every one and every thing, that intimacy there, of some few years standing, could introduce to his acquaintance. Thus he was a confirmed smoker of cigars, a resolute pseudo-drinker, as I have before mentioned, a would-be scoffer of many good things, in this and other worlds; at times, a professed admirer of the fair sex, and at others a poor retailer of certain Mess-room wit against them, and equally good second-hand jests of the Guard-room;—true slang, as I might well describe the whole. If to this I add a dash of swearing, a tolerable itch for gambling, some skill and adeptness at hitting a mark with a pistol, with an asserted proficiency at billiards, loo, and short whist, I may close the string of accomplishments, and, possibly, surprise many of my readers by declaring, that still young Lovelace, at the bottom, was better by half than all the list of Tom O'Shaughnessys, Major Bloods, Jack Dashalls, or *sic pecus omne*, “of our's,” or of this or that regiment, whom he delighted to make his models, and the shining heroes of his daily conversation. The fact was, he had entered the Army at the wonted

early age ; and with a good heart in the main, and no bad intentions at the commencement, had failed in the proper choice of his first examples and models for imitation. He was yet as honourable, liberal, and open-hearted a lad as could be ; and no wonder that our forced and continued acquaintance on board brought me to discover these among his other qualities ; while, perhaps, it might have been as well for little Maria Bonassus, had the same opportunities not made her also so susceptibly aware of their existence ! But this is a secret :—and has nothing to do with my present purpose, which is simply to describe our pilgrimage to the tomb of Napoleon.

Miserable and unfavourable, indeed, was the first impression which landing tended to convey, though, before reaching the shore, the display of a few trees and shrubs in front of the lower Government house, and the general appearance of the little place called James' Town, had rather pleased us on our approach. The fortifications commence at the landing-place, and we had to cross a small draw-bridge before passing through the gateway, which leads from the walls of the fortification into a square, moderate in extent, but having a neat-looking Church at one side, and connected with the main and principal street of the town. A few moments only made us acquainted with the situation and extent of it's entire site, which is built in a ravine, or valley, as they call it, intersecting two high, ridge-like hills ; in fact, the houses seemed to be built at the foot of a chasm in the cliffs.

At the house of a Mr. Solomon, a rich merchant, and general dealer, of the Jewish persuasion, we found our hired horses, ready equipped to carry us up the hill. We immediately mounted, and went off through the town, ascending a well constructed road, cut into the side of the hill on our left. The roads here, and in fact throughout the Island, are not unlike the winding, and, at times, parallel ascents to the Malvern hills, in Worcestershire, except that they are on a far grander scale; some precipitate, and yet rendered perfectly safe by a wall of stones, which runs along the outer edge to the very summit. Continuing our way, we were soon put above the town, and made to look down upon it, and the harbour which opened to us through the vista formed by the separation of the hills. As we continued our ascent, and got more into the heart of the little Island, verdure became apparent, and, in several places, roads and pathways were leading off, from the main one, to the different farms, or country dwelling houses of the residents; the whole beginning to wear a more pleasing and *land-like* aspect. Still ascending, we at last came to the high lands, and here the barren nature of the sea-ward cliffs and rocks became completely changed. Trees, dwarfish and small, it is true, but with grass and shrubs, of many descriptions, rose luxuriantly around us; and the various seats of the residents, interspersed in picturesque situations in the valleys, and on the sides of the mountains, with the far sea, seen beyond and below all, through the openings in these

heights, gave a pleasing and unexpected character of grandeur to the scenery, which we had little anticipated. If the hills in a few of the situations about Bath, could be brought together more grandly, abruptly, and brokenly, with less of continuous regularity in the heights themselves, there would exist a resemblance between the few cultivated hills and valleys of St. Helena and the part of Somersetshire I have just mentioned. To us, therefore, who, from our first impressions, were utterly unprepared for such scenery, it came with double gratification, and both young Mr. Lovelace and myself paused frequently to express our delight. Mr. Chillum had not yet condescended to lose a single cherished remembrance of his beloved Bengal. The "fleshpots of Egypt" were not more holily longed for by the murmuring sons of Israel, than were the hookah and hot curries of India, both *sadha* and *dho'-peesasa*, daily sighed for and regretted by this too long expatriated servant of the Honourable Company.

"Is not this beautiful?" I exclaimed to Mr. Chillum: "Why, I don't know;" was the reply. "To my view, it scarcely resembles the worst parts of the Chittagong or Monghier districts."

Turning from my Indianised friend, I continued conversing with my more gratified and voluble companion, Lovelace, who, by the way, had been vainly endeavouring to infuse a little of his own life and spirits into the poor mulish galloway on which he was mounted: and not until a terrible fall, and a narrow

escape from a precipitate roll down one of the scarped ravines, on our side, could he be persuaded to give over the attempts, and ride quietly and gravely along like Mr. Chillum and myself. He, unlike the Hindoostanee Judge, was in rapture with every English-looking cottage, or bit of scenery, that struck his view, and recalled to him his remembrances of the native country to which he was so happy to return. At length they desired us to dismount, as we were to descend some few hundred yards on the side of a bill which led to Napoleon's tomb, and on proceeding that distance on foot, we came upon it, with feelings it would be difficult to explain.

A few Willows, to the number of four or five, one of them rather larger than the rest, marked the spot. They were closely clustered together, and enclosed by a plain, but neat, dark wooden railing, containing a space of an oblong shape, to the extent, probably, of twenty yards, by fifteen. Beyond, and almost enclosing the railing, was a neat hedge of geraniums, and, in the centre of the whole, appeared the Tomb itself; a simple stone slab, rising but a few inches from the earth, without ornament or inscription; surrounded on it's four sides by a plain iron railing. The spot of earth under these Willows had been selected by Napoleon for his grave, during his last illness; in the event of his remains not being allowed to be conveyed to France; and in the immediate neighbourhood (a few yards only from the grave,) of a small spring of pure water, which the unhappy

exile had been in the habit of drinking, during his many daily retirements to this sequestered retreat. The place itself was bounded by hills, rising on each side: in the rear was a sloping ascent, on the summit of which was situated Madame Bertrand's house; and in the front, a deep dell, with hills opening beyond it, disclosed the far stretching expanse of the ocean, magnificently blending, in the blue horizon, with the distant canopy of heaven. It is here, then, we thought, as our deeply-touched feelings led us, while standing over the remains of our enemy, to forget his measureless ambition, his insatiate grasping at empire,—and, alas! one must avow, his crimes!—it is here, we thought, in this quiet and secluded spot, in the heart of this rock of the ocean, that repose the mortal relics of one who once was the terror of the civilized world! The fearful extent of his deeds, and the awe which his very name could inspire, needed not a better proof or monument than this. A tomb of sculptured marble, en-niched amid all the solemnity of cathedral pride,—a temple, the grandest effort of human art and magnificence, to enclose his dust, would be nothing, positively nothing, compared to the still, romantic quiet of this peaceful and far receptacle for the remains of one, who wielded, in ever-living war and sleepless turbulence, the fierce destinies of Europe; and who, if he held not to the last the high eminence to which his talents and his fortune had called him, was hurled from it only by the despairing efforts of a scared world, the nations of which

banded and clung together in united warfare against him,—him, him alone, the one too mighty object of their terrors. They conquered him, and then consigned him to exile and death in this remote, bleak prison-house amidst the ocean. And, now he is dead, they dream, by neglect to his corpse, to give even his resting place and his memory to oblivion; but mark!—this high and beetling rock itself rises from amidst the wide waters of the ocean, only as the tomb and meet monument of his fate: and although few pilgrims may seek it's forbidding solitude, yet, it will be revered in after ages simply, as—the sepulchre of Napoleon!—aye, and as the savage record of the fear and cautious terror of those who consigned him here to perish!

An old soldier of the St. Helena Regiment has charge of the spot, and lives in a small wooden cabin hard by. He tells over, in the wonted style of those people, the particulars of the burial; and has numerous little anecdotes, such as a man in his situation would pick up, of the habits of the Imperial exile himself, and of such of his suite as remained faithful to him to the last. He gave us several slips or cuttings of the Willows over the grave, which we took away with us, and departed from the place, impressed with sentiments, which few of us anticipated, when we formed a party to see the tomb of this singular victim to his boundless ambition.

An incident occurred, while remaining near the

grave, which added not a little to increase those feelings. One or two very young men, who, like ourselves, were from a Ship in the harbour, joined us while we were there. They at one time, unobserved by us, had contrived to climb over the iron railing around the slab, and were actually walking and moving about on the grave itself, when, in real horror at such profanation and want of proper feeling, we perceived and reprobated the act. Under any circumstances, and upon the tomb of the lowliest of our fellow creatures, such disrespect to departed mortality would have been unseemly; but at that time, the deed was not only revolting to every one present, but truly and evidently painful.

We now re-ascended the hill, and went along it's summit to Longwood, the residence of the late Emperor; which is about a mile and a half from the tomb. On the way we perceived a rich valley below us to our right, and the whole of the hills in the interior seemed verdant and under culture. Longwood itself displayed more table-land than we had yet seen; it is now a farm belonging to the Government, and we were permitted to go through the old house occupied by Buonaparte, while alive: where they also pointed out us the apartment in which he died. The room is now turned into a stable; and horses occupy stalls in the very spot where he lay in state! In his usual sleeping apartment is now a threshing machine; but the whole place, in it's once best state of repair and

comfort, would have been esteemed in England a poor habitation for a gentleman of even moderate income.

About a furlong from the above, and situated on the same table-land, which commands an excellent view, is the new house, designed and erected for Napoleon's residence by the British Government, and which was sent out in frame, from Europe, shortly before his death. It is a handsome, ornamental, cottage-like building, of some extent and accommodation, and was completed ere he died; but at that time he was averse to occupy it, because, as it is stated, he complained that the barracks on an opposite height commanded a view of the entire house. We heard that they had intended to remove the soldiers and barracks to another situation, so as to meet his convenience; but his death intervened, and the new residence itself, and every thing connected with it, is now useless and unoccupied, except by the people in charge, and a few persons engaged in the culture of silk worms, who are temporarily placed in a portion of the building.

In wandering about, we fell in with the last mentioned parties, who proved to be, an old Frenchman, his wife, and daughter, natives of the South of France; who had been lately sent out by the India Company, to introduce silk worms and the preparation of silk into Saint Helena. It seemed strange to find a poor French family thus occupying a place intended once for the reception of their Emperor!

Mr. Lovelace, of our party, spoke French fluently, and entered into conversation with them ; when with the usual volubility of their nation, they at once engaged us with long accounts of themselves and their occupation. They had arrived only a few months previously, and were now, they said, busily and successfully engaged in the care of their new colony of silk-worms. But it was always with deep reverence, and a countenance of respectful regret, that they mentioned the deceased personage, whose intended residence they were then occupying.

The old woman led us into the kitchen, which had evidently been intended to contain every convenience for the august exile ; though at present nearly every different portion of it's apparatus was lying unemployed, with the exception of only one small grate, appropriated for the use of the French family. They pointed out to us the centre of the kitchen floor, from which the stones appeared to have been removed ; and the old matron, in a tone of voice where emotion was plainly distinguishable, apprised us that they had been taken up from this spot to form the slab over Napoleon's grave. Our surprise, on hearing this, prompted us immediately to enquire, if such could possibly be fact ; and never shall I forget the truly French and touching manner of her reply to me,—“ Ah, Monsieur ! c'est le seul tombeau de l'Empereur ! ”

We left the place, and, on our return to the town, perceived the signal at the mast head of our vessel,

for immediate sailing. But during the way, and on our passage to the Ship itself, my young and volatile companion, Lovelace, said not a word ; he was too much struck with what we had witnessed. Of the fulness of his recent impression, however, I was scarcely aware, until a few days afterwards, when on his returning a volume of mine to my Cabin, and while I was replacing it on my little book-shelf, a paper dropt from the leaves, which he must accidentally have placed there, and forgotten ;—it contained the following stanzas :—

" TO NAPOLEON.

And *this* thy tomb !—thou victim of the Rock !
Where late imprison'd, as in felon cage,
They chain'd to sullen rest thy giant rage,
And fetter'd thee to death ! Dread mover of the World !
That bade it tremble at thine anger's shock,
Thy meteor vengeance, quenchless and unstay'd,
Till fearful Monarchs leagued them, and unfurl'd
The flags of gather'd nations, to upbraid
Thee with their crush'd ambition !—All alone
Like thy loved Eagle, toweringly on high,
Thou wert the mark of millions :—Mighty One !
Thou saw'st embattled Europe as it rose,
With but one awful aim,—to work *thy* close :—
Thou wert not seen to quail at danger nigh,
Though sceptred foemen, with imperial pride,
Stalk'd threat'ning to the fight, with myriads at their side.

They came and crush'd thee :—then was maddening
joy,

And riot mirth, and triumph ; for the Powers
That singly sunk before thee, or, in towers
High citadell'd afar, sat fearfully,
Waiting thy very glance, that frown'd but to destroy ;—
Yes, there was merriment, and boastings high,
For each now nerved his soul, to look on thee,
And face, for once, his dreaded Enemy !—
And then rose insult,—such as dastards weak
Are wont upon the fetter'd foe to wreak :—
They cast thy rival name from out the roll
Of regal brotherhood ;—Oh !—this were well !
'Twere meet to blot *that* name,—to tear the scroll
Where it shone best and brightest ; to expel
Thine honours from the field, where *their* poor deeds
Were, in the earth's wide scene, but slothful weeds,
And thou, the Monarch oak !—Yet worse,—for then,
To tear thy image from the love of men,
They wrench'd thee from thy kindred ;—from the arms,
And haply from the heart, of Her,—whose charms
Were as thy deeds' fair guerdon :—in thy den
They left thee widow'd, childless, and apart,
To waste, and wither there in brokenness of heart !

Thou wert no craven despot ;—it was mean
To tax thy soul with cowardice, and say,
That when thy foemen hemm'd thee in between,
Thou had'st not Cato's pride—to end thy day.
Nay, thou wert bolder still,—'twere direr far
To dare the conflict of the bosom's war,—

To face—not fear thyself, when all it prized,
It's empire and it's honours, pass'd away,
And thou wert left alone,—stript,—undisguised,
In nakedness of man, to mark the pride
Of rivals, who uprose when thou wert gone,
And revell'd in thy ruin!—Peace to thee!
Peace to thy warrior-spirit!—After-times
Shall feast upon thy glories;—though nor stone
Nor temple rise to tell them. There are climes,
Where, when thy Foes, who rule them, are no more,
Nor live in recollection, it shall be,
Thy gather'd fame shall fill the storied hour,
And prove the wonder of posterity;
While *these* be only named—*They were with THEE!*—

APPROACHING HOME.

Dulcis amor patriæ,—dulce videre suos.

OVID.

For England, when, with favouring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd.

SONG.

FROM the day we quitted St. Helena, as our course was now to be direct for England, the minds of all on board began to be sadly unsettled, and impatient for our arrival. By this time, we had quite worn out our stock of general conversation. Our arguments had been so often discussed, pro and con, that, our reasoning having failed, we commenced to introduce mere asseveration, or contradiction, till, by mutual consent, after occasional angry words, and narrow escapes from quarrelling, our very subjects and portions of debateable matter became confined to a very few necessarily stupid and uninteresting topics. The Captain had actually entered upon the fourth repetition of his sea jokes, and most ancient stories; and the Cuddy-table grew, at length, as unbearable, from it's dull heaviness and insipidity in the matters of

conversation, as in those of food, for the greater half of our nature: it was now insufferable, from its eternal fat soups, lean ship mutton, tasteless pork, and daily reiteration of the same looking poultry and pastry. The Steward was falling fast to his wits' ends, how to vary the bill of fare. The mutton he gave one day to the Doctor to carve, and the goose to the Purser; then there was the sea pie to the Chief Mate, and the large pillau to the Captain. By a little kaleidoscopic change, and transposition of similar materials on the morrow, he varied the picture; when the pillau reared its pyramid of rice before the Purser; the mutton marched up to the Chief Mate, and so on with each individual dish at dinner. But this *demi-queue-du-chat* sort of movement, day by day, with the same viands, became as tiresome at last as even the ceaseless monotony of Payne's everlasting first set of Quadrilles. If four or five passengers congregated together on the deck, or poop, and you caught the few languid observations that passed between them, they consisted of nothing but sage guesses as to the number of days more we were to be confined to the ship; and if a countenance lightened up at all, it was only that some man more sanguine and plausible than his neighbours, detailed his reasons for believing that, after all, we might reach England a few days earlier than the Captain and other experienced hands had asserted.

Among other expedients to pass the time, a lottery was proposed, as is usual in these Latitudes. All the

party subscribed a sovereign each, the price of a ticket: the subscribers' names were put into one hat, and an equal number of tickets, having a day of the month written on each of them, in another. For each name, a day of the month was drawn, and the party who should draw the fortunate day in which we might first see land, was to be entitled to the amount of sovereigns subscribed. This was not much unlike a lottery for the horses of an approaching match at a race meeting; and in the same way, the favourite tickets, or dates, were put up and sold by auction. Expedients like these, and a few sporting bets on the same subject, contrived to get through a portion of the time; but the remaining balance of it grew more tedious than can be described. We watched and enquired after the breeze every half hour;—the chart was so often opened and consulted, that to prevent it's being torn by so frequent an application to it, it was at length spread out on the Cuddy-table, between meals, for general inspection. We neared the Western Islands; and Ships, some of all descriptions, frequently passed us. One of these we boarded, and procured from it some fresh butter and potatoes;—but, better than all, we secured a few *Times* newspapers, with all their recorded changes of the Ministry;—and, at once, we burst upon a new era, a new life of times and politics. Like the awakened sleeper from his trance, we felt ourselves returned to the world, after being in ignorance of it's events, and almost of it's existence, for nearly half a

year; for at the Cape and St. Helena their latest intelligence from Europe came down to the end of the preceding autumn only. Lord Wellington, now Premier. —Navarino.—Portugal, and Don Miguel,—all came upon us like the sudden and pantomimic miracles of Harlequin's wand. And as it followed, of course, that our few newspapers left us in the dark as to the *quo modo* and continuity of most of these events, it gave no little employment and exercise to our ingenuity, to fill up the interstices, and, as far as conjecture would permit, to explain and develop the causes.

Passing over a week of final feverish impatience, and of such excited and deferred hope, that it really did "make the heart sick," the reader must now suppose us within half a day's sail of the Lizard. 'The wind hulls,—not a soul in their Cabins, save only the poor widow and her remaining orphan, but all lingering about the decks, and every eye anxiously thrown, at times, in the direction over the larboard bow. 'The breeze momentarily freshens, and countenances brighten. The holder of this day's ticket in our lottery looking grave or gratified, as rise or fall the chances of our sighting the Lizard before midnight. In fact, the only thing in nature to which our situation would admit of comparison, is the feeling of a schoolboy in the excited anticipation of the hour to release him from tasks and school-misery; and yet, as I well remember, how inferior were the highest hopes and delusions of my boyhood, under such circumstances, to what I experienced on now approaching my native country.

after the sad absence from it of more than the third part of a century! Our meals in the Cuddy to-day were short and hurried enough; and, what was strange, I observed, that every one seemed too much engrossed with some restless thoughts of their own, to make even the approaching event a subject of conversation, notwithstanding its general application to the hearts and desires of the whole party. The evening closed, and we were yet some way, they told us, from the shore, though we had passed fishing craft and small sloops of various descriptions. Just before dark, one of the boats that we perceived at a distance, hoisted a signal, and bore down for us:—it was a Pilot, looking out for the homeward-bound Indiamen. He came on board, and we eagerly crowded around him, as an object of intensest interest and wonder. He was from Falmouth only the day before;—fresh, therefore, from land;—*our* land!—*our* home! I looked into his rough, honest, weather-beaten, and healthy countenance, then glanced my eye over his person and dress, and all seemed to me, so long an exile, as much a matter of curiosity and novelty, as if he had been a native of a far unknown, and hitherto unvisited, country.

In answer to our enquiries, he informed us, that we were yet a few leagues from land; but if we continued steadily on our present course, we should certainly see the Lizard lights in an hour or two.

“Below there! On deck there! Lights over the larboard bow!” shouted a voice from the mast head,

just as the Ship's time made it two bells, or nine o'clock.

"What are they like?" questioned immediately the Chief Mate, whilst every breath was held back by the listening groups standing near him in throbbing and anxious attention.

"Two small glimmering lights, like stars," was the reply.

"Have your eye on them, and keep a sharp look out then," said the Officer.

"Aye, aye, Sir," answered the top-man. "They are the lights," observed the Pilot; "but you'll see them from deck, if we have good luck, before morning." How my heart was beating during this short conversation, and how I longed to be in the situation of the top-man at the mast head, that I might myself have the happiness of witnessing this glad evidence of approach to the haven of my wishes. Will it be believed, that when the darkness of the night, in a little time, was sufficient to cast a veil over my awkward attempts at climbing, that I actually essayed to mount the mizen rigging, and assure myself of the reality of the lights. I had stolen away from the party on deck, and unperceived, as I thought, had very cleverly and adroitly, for my time of life, managed to reach the mizen futtock shrouds, as they call them; when the suppressed giggling of a mischief-preparing group on the poop, told me that my feat was detected, and brought me down again in no little hurry, to avoid some piece of marine prac-

tical jesting, which they were hastily preparing for me!—I could not see the lights, and was at length obliged to retire to my Cabin ; far too anxious, however, and too much under excitement, to sleep.

At an early hour I was again on deck. We had made a capital run of it during the night ; and now, indeed, the shore of my native country was clearly and gaily to be seen as far as the eye could reach ! It was a bright sunny morning, and the distant cliffs were beautifully gleaming to view, as we passed along the green wave under a fresh eight-knot breeze. During the morning we made the Needles ; and before we approached them, my memory delighted to recognize the blue hills, which, upwards of thirty years ago, I had witnessed under far different impressions ; when the Ship that bore me from the home of my youth, gave them to my sight, as I then sadly and mournfully thought, for the last, last time. I now viewed them once more :—they were the same blue hills which had ever risen to my mind, and became, at length, identified with home itself, whenever my fancy dwelt upon it. They were the last sad glimpses I had taken of England, and so indelibly was their scenery and character imprinted in my heart, that my now joyous recognition of them made me burst forth into an almost childish exclamation of delight !

And yet how is it that the heart, even under the fulness of it's joy, soon sinks into thoughts of sadness and depression ?—There was my native country before me ! that bourne of all my hopes, when toiling

in the East! The wished-for haven was now reached by me;—I was about to reap the reward of many a year of exile and of suffering, and yet I now found myself obliged to retire to my cabin, that I might there give way to my stealing and unconquerable fit of melancholy! I strove to place this unaccountable sadness to the parting with several of my fellow passengers, who quitted the ship here, in a boat which hailed us, and, for an exorbitant sum, was to land them at Southampton or Portsmouth. But this was far from being all the cause of my depression. Other thoughts were rushing to my breast. I could not but think of the many who had started on the same career with myself, with the same goal, the same fond hopes in view, and my mind now enquired of me—*Where are they?*—Alas: another home has been their's; and, one by one, they have sunk down at my very side, as it were, victims on the way! In the very scene, too, before me,—in the land itself, from which now beamed upon me those long remembered blue hills; where are the friends of my boyhood? where, alas! the maternal arm that pressed me, in the agony of parting, to her heart? where the many fond eyes, which wept when the boy of their affection was exiled from them?—are these now to hail me?—these to beam upon me in kindly welcome on my return?—

* * * * *

The Captain of our Ship having determined to leave the vessel at Deal, and proceed thence to London in a chaise and four, the usual style of tra-

velling adopted by these happy returned voyagers, when they first put foot on shore, he was good enough to offer me a seat to town. The wind rather lulled towards the evening, and it was late at night before we brought up ; but early on the following morning I was roused, a little after day-break, and, going on deck, found we were anchored opposite to, and at no great distance from, the Deal Cliffs. After the many magnificent works of nature, in her wildest freaks of mountain scenery, which I had been witnessing in Asia and the South of Africa, I must confess that I felt a momentary mortification at this near view of some of my native hills. Nor when we got into a boat, and proceeded to the shore, did the mortification leave me at the mean appearance of the town of Deal. The small pigmy houses, as they seemed, with their tiled and sloping roofs, so new to my eye, after the extensive and terraced buildings of the East, could not but awaken a remark of surprise, to the no small amusement of the Captain, who bade me not judge of England by Deal, and “at all events not to look for the sunny verandahs and comfortless houses of India in jolly old England.”

On touching the beach, it is not improbable, but a slight ebullition of feeling might have escaped from me, or I might have occasioned farther entertainment to my worthy friend the Captain, by some Julius Cæsar-like embraces of my beloved soil ; had not a bluff well armed gentleman, of the Preventive Service, walked up to us, and soon put all my sensibility to

flight. Of course I had nothing to fear from his approach, although, I dare say, a few Trichonopoly gold chains were in possession of one of my side pockets ; and I well remember that my servant had been very anxious, on that particular occasion, to defend me from the chill of a fine May morning, by enwrapping me with a handsome shawl, very carefully about the loins, immediately under my surtout coat ; whilst my neck and chest were protected in a similar manner. However, we met with little interruption, having merely a portmanteau each with us, for our baggage was to proceed on with the Ship to the river, and at once we went off to the Hotel, and ordered a chaise and four.

We were soon clear of the town, and in a fine open country. While among, and near to, the houses, at Deal, their first strangeness and seeming novelty had worn off, and on leaving it, ere we had proceeded a few miles,—whether the long torpid series of reminiscences were beginning to recover themselves in my mind I know not, but suddenly it seemed as if there was an awakening within me from a long dream-like sleep of absence and estrangement ; and the whole character of the scenery before me, the cottages, fields, trees, living and other objects, burst upon my almost overpowered recollection, as things familiar, well-known, and fondly welcome to me !—I laughed outright, joyously and audibly, though with a feeling of pleasurable fulness at my heart, which almost wildly resolved itself into a fit of tears at the very

same moment. Every turn of the road, every little village, barn, or clump of well remembered description of trees, now wrung from me new bursts of childish delight. Every cart and team that passed us, I put out my head to watch and welcome it as an old friend. The post-horses and boys of our chaise were all matters of glad and admiring wonderment; and the first stage-coach that flew past us, with its crowd of passengers, capital cattle, and corresponding equipments, forced from me so evident and loud an exclamation of joyous and astonished recognition, that they all looked back, and stared on me as on a person demented; though, I must say, the good natured, sympathising, yet, at the same time, undisguised amusement of the Captain by my side, made him look like anything rather than my keeper.

At Canterbury we breakfasted, and what with the ride and lateness of the hour, I managed to eat more heartily than was consistent with the proper sensibility, methinks, of a returned exile, but the first buoyancy of my feelings was beginning to subside into calm, continuous, and joyous happiness, at finding myself once more truly and positively on shore in my own native land. Nothing particular occurred after quitting Canterbury; till, in less than seven hours and a half, we reached London, from Deal, a distance of seventy-two miles, which piece of celerity in travelling, including in it very nearly an hour's delay for the breakfast, was no small matter of astonishment, after my most leisurely Indian habits of loco-

motion. But I soon found that wonder and admiration were to have no respite. As we approached the Metropolis, every new turn of the road brought with it a new succession of novelties to allure my gaze,—such hosts of *Europeans* ! (for thus my Asiatic mode of describing my countrymen, presented those here also to my view,) such numberless well-dressed maidens, with their roseate and blooming cheeks ; though, by the bye, I must observe that this last distinguishing trait of my countrywomen at first struck me as unpleasing and excessive. For after the pallid, tintless features of my sister exiles, which I had for so many years been accustomed to in the East, the present bloom and ruddiness around me seemed almost painted and unnatural. The various equipages, the large, strong and well-made cattle on the road, the ceaseless frequency of passing stage-coaches, the thronged pathways, and continuity of the buildings and houses by the way side, as we still nearer advanced to town, all had a full share of my constantly attracted view ; till, at last, the Post-chaise pulled up at the Captain's own residence, at the distance of a mile or two from the bridges. Under his late amusement at all my wild and unrepressed enjoyment of the new scenery thus brought before me, I had began, for the last stage or two, to discover a share of excited eagerness and impatience also in my fellow traveller himself. He was thinking of the rapturous and happy reception now awaiting him, in the house of his wife and family. As we pulled up, he waited not for the

post-boy to alight and release him from the chaise, but flinging open the door himself, he bounded out with almost the lightness of youth :—his own street-door was as quickly opened for him ;—a joyous-looking face or two were seen rushing away from the window for the stairs, and, ere a servant had taken away the portmanteau from the chaise, I caught a glimpse of a glad group of female forms and children, clinging wildly and affectionately around my worthy friend !

God bless him ! I ejaculated, as alone and solitarily I left his door, after desiring the post-boy to drive me to the Bath Hotel, in Picadilly. It is meet, thought I, he should have some bright moments to repay him for the many, many annoyances of his little-enviable command of an Indiaman, and of his perpetual separation, in a sea life, from those he loves.

I would not, at this time, allow my thoughts to pursue this subject farther, and reflect that I, alas ! like too many of the old, isolated sojourners of the East, had not, like him, a house or welcome to receive me on my return at last to the spot of my birth. And yet, at that moment, when I gave the order for my conveyance to an Hotel, I could have sighed deeply, aye, deeply, indeed, at the houselessness and seeming state of desertion that *now* awaited my old age, on this its escape from the far scenes that had wasted away and consumed its manhood.

On reaching the Hotel, I was led to believe, by the attention, and bustle, and respectfulness, which

marked my entry, that I was esteemed a person of no mean consequence ; and yet I almost conjectured that I discovered the sly signal of an inter-communicating glance between the two waiters, while my ear half caught a remark in the passage, which sounded much like “yellow Nabob.” I looked in the mirror ; alas, the character was there too evident ; but I did not remember at the same time, also, the chain of intelligence kept up in these matters by the post-boys on the road, where our over-liberal payment at each stage to these gentry, served to sanction and confirm the unhappy and expensive distinction of “just arrived from Ingée !”

The Bill of fare was soon handed to me, for dinner ; “Why, let me see,” exclaimed I, while examining it, “ ‘a turbot,’—of course,—some ‘salmon,’—yes, yes, some salmon also, and oyster sauce, and lobster sauce, and shrimp ditto.”

“Would you like all, Sir ?” demanded the waiter, looking at me.

“If you please:—and, what meat have you ? ‘mutton,’—pshaw ! too much of that on board ;—‘poultry,’—quite physic to me ;—‘wild ducks,’—give me a couple of these ;—‘Beef,’—aye, a sirloin of beef ! and some beef steaks !”

“Both Sir ?” enquired the man ; “and pray, Sir, what vegetables ?”

“Why, Sir, of *all* kinds, that you have in the house,” was my Asiatic and *en prince* style of reply.

“Very well, Sir,” said the waiter, and away he

went, but returned in an instant with a fresh enquiry, which he thought very necessary, of "How many covers am I to lay, Sir?"

I stared at him.

"How many gentlemen dine with you, Sir?"

"None; I dine alone," was my answer. And the man went off in evident astonishment, mingled with his apology of "Oh! I beg pardon, Sir."

Too tired to go out before dinner, I amused myself at the window. All the world seemed to me to be travelling, or on the move. Stage-coach after stage-coach, at the different Coffee Houses and Hotels in front; and the many private carriages, with their tall, handsome cattle, and appointments; so superior to our Indian equipages, with their pigmy, though certainly beautiful Arab horses. Then the hackney coaches, my old, old friends; the very identical drivers, the very same old crazy vehicles, it seemed to strike me, of my thirty and more years' recollection. When the dinner made its appearance, in an hour or two, I soon found myself unable to attack, or touch even half of the contents of the crowded table. Either my appetite had failed me, or the excited nature of my nerves and feelings had induced a state of feverishness that utterly incapacitated me for enjoying the *first* English dinner that greeted me, after so long a portion of my life. I could not help smiling, when I looked at the table, and recollected how often in India, and on shipboard, during pauses of idleness and listless conversation, with others as idle and listless as

myself, we were wont to fancy what should be our chosen viands for dinner after landing. And now, like the toys of boyhood, or the many hapless realizations of manhood's hope, and anticipation, the often wished-for means of enjoyment were before me, all uncared-for and untouched ! My dinner, in it's quality and selection, was not much dissimilar to one I have since heard of, which was ordered by four gentlemen, who disembarked at Southampton from India. They each agreed to order their respective dishes. Thus, in the fish way, there was a huge salmon before one, soles in front of a second, cod a third, and turbot the fourth. Then followed separate joints of meat, for they agreed in no single description,—a round of beef, a fillet of veal, a quarter of lamb, and a haunch of venison. An equal variety and abundance betrayed itself in the game and pastry ; as also in the fruits, wines, and dessert, till at last there was not a person about the Hotel, from the Landlady down to Boots and the helper in the yard, who did not contrive to steal in, to peep at the newly arrived foreign gentlemen, at their plenteous and diversified repast.

THE BENGALÉE AT HOME.

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti !

HORACE.

TO THOMAS ALPORT, ESQUIRE,
HON. E. I. CO.'S MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT,
SAHIBPORE, BENGAL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY last Letter will have apprised you of my safe arrival in this long desired land of promise ; and now again, in farther fulfilment of my assurances and pledges to you of regular communication, these well-filled sheets will prove that I am not unmindful of my Indian, friends and former kind correspondents. May you, in return, as regularly keep me acquainted with all I should wish to hear of from the East ; for, though far away from it, I cannot forget that within it's quarter of the globe have passed the best years of my youth and manhood ; and, in spite of the realization of all my earliest and maturer hopes, as far as regards my retirement at last to this home of my

Fathers,—I now find, like half the old Bengalees and Indians, from either Presidency, the heart is busily confessing that the best and *happiest* hours of my earthly pilgrimage are not those which superannuation and retirement are now likely to give me; but, strange to say, the very moments that I more than half consumed in murmuring and fruitless wishes, in yon distant land of the Sun. Even upon my sad and positive assurance that this is fact, and that it is also an avowal I almost daily hear from the concurring lips, too, of many of the East Indians, who here herd and congregate together, even to a proverb,—still your own good sense and understanding would be in difficulty to comprehend all this, or to supply you with the causes. But I will endeavour to give my view of them. It is not, as some suppose, the mere circumstance alone, of our being transplanted into another soil, after so long a naturalization elsewhere; though this is something. It is not,—although it is the generally received notion,—that we have been too much *en prince*, in Asia, to settle down at last into mere citizens and humble individuals. As to the last point, John Bull soon knocks off from the Nabob, the little towerings and over eminences that, at times, would distinguish him; unless, indeed, it is desirable to flatter and caress the said Nabob for a while; to cajole from him a few of his Asiatic gleanings, or his shawls, or other little amassings; but this effected, no one knows better than many a son of John Bull, how to turn his back, and shelter himself

again in the happy protection of his national coldness and reserve. The true cause, however, I would say, of the disappointment of our Indian *Revenús*, is that our life in exile, from the moment that it commences, whether as a Writer, or Cadet, or general adventurer, is, from it's youth upwards, a series of looking-forward of hopes, and ceaseless longings. Promotion, therefore, increasing means and advancement in rank, are yearly holding out to us their spur and incitement:—even if Home, with it's ever kindling and seducing allurements, were not to awaken anticipations, and brighten the prospects before us; yet the very looking forward, day by day, for changes, removals, and other expected contingencies to advance and improve our career;—all these things tend to place us in a state only of unsettled excitement, and glad aspiring. But at home, when the first confusion after reaching England has subsided, when the novelty has worn away, and the canker of inactivity and want of employment begins to eat it's way into our spirits and enjoyment; when our disappointment in many of those, whom we expected to recognize as dear and worthy friends, comes with it's disheartening and annoyance,—then it is that the dull and changeless prospect before us, and the seeming weary, tasteless, unprofitable retirement we have chosen, become involuntarily and gloomily contrasted with the many heart-stirring events we were formerly participators in, amidst the fresher days of our manhood and now-departed vigour.

You remember old Pelham, of our Cavalry, or, at all events, you must often have heard of him, when on the Staff, and, subsequently, in high political employ at Scyndeah's and other courts. He was the life and soul of the Service,—active, intelligent, and a more careless and happy soldier of fortune never stepped forward in the race of preferment. You may see him now, musing and melancholy, every day in the Oriental Club-room; without a seeming joy to revive him. He sits silently and heavily with the newspaper on his knee, or this month's *Asiatic Journal* before him; as if, with the old Courtier of our Immortal Bard, he could say:—

“ Let me not live,
 After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
 Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
 Expire before their fashions!”

But I could mention dozens,—some from habitual and natural discontent, and others in mere restlessness and the spirit of murmuring, who now rail as much at old England and its climate, as they did in their worst of days at the burning miseries of your Hindoostan. I am truly ashamed, my dear Alport, at these avowals of my growing disappointment here:—even to you, I am mortified at exhibiting this distaste for an accomplished wish, and, like a child, thus feeling dissatisfaction with a long desired toy,

the moment, almost, that it comes into my possession. Still I am informed, for my consolation, that my present little annoyances in England are likely to be less and less a subject of complaint to me, every month that I prolong my stay in it ; that the reserve and cold repulsiveness that now meet me on every side, and chill me wherever I turn, will be less offensive to me, every day that I farther experience them ; and, more particularly, when time shall disclose to me, that, from under their displeasing exterior, real honest worth will often beam forth with welcome and kindness, so soon as a little acquaintance and necessary cautious delay, has enabled the Englishman to know that his kindness and greeting are to be deservedly bestowed.

At present, I must say, my impressions are far from being favourable. I see, or fancy I see, cold, calculating, self-considering, self-consulting, and self-advancing caution the main-spring of action of nine-tenths of the community around me. Many unhesitatingly avow that they are so actuated, and take pride to themselves for their asserted proper prudence and policy. They turn up their eyes in perfect horror, or humiliating pity at any piece of common liberality on the part of one of their Asiatic fellow-countrymen ; and his habitual unrestraint in minor expenses is looked upon by them as a downright aberration of reason, and proof of mad extravagance and folly. They affect to ridicule,—in fact they do not understand, the fellow feeling, the friend-

liness and sympathy, that East Indians entertain for each other, and would also for the new circle they are here thrown into, until frequent repulses, or, what is more abhorrent to an Indian, petty meannesses in money matters, have driven them in disgust to seek for sympathy and common enjoyment only at the hands of those, who have learned, under the same warm and glowing sky, to think and feel like themselves. Why, the very management and necessary control of one's yearly income, which is amply attended to, if it fully meet every object of present and future exigency, is in England made a study, a science, a very end and being of life; till, at last, every busy purpose, aim, and action of domestic and out-of-doors existence, are made alone subservient to it's policy and dictates. If all this proceeded from the just and laudable intent of never exceeding one's means, or from the proper desire of advancing one's friends or family, there could be little reason for taking offence at it's display; but, after all, what is it? and if we analyze this "management," and English practical economy in the middle ranks, to what does it resolve itself, and truly direct all it's efforts and aiming?—Why, simply to this one enviable endeavour,—*videlicet*, with a certain income, of a certain extent, to exceed the style, and seeming, which would be only fitting and proper for the real amount, and to affect the establishment, bearing, outward shew, and semblance of living, of an income, half as large again as that in actual possession. I defy all the

“*managers*” in England to contradict this; and yet this poor ambition, this sorry prize in it’s best and happiest attainment, is the cause of the many real privations in secret, the eternal abstinence in many essential points, the petty meannesses and shrinking from openness and true liberality, that mark and characterize society in England, to the first view and conception of those who return to it. In India, such habits are not only unknown, but unnecessary;—the income of a man there is as well defined as his rank or situation; and a reference to the Red-Book discloses, to a fraction, his monthly salary and receipts. He must be a fool, or worse, therefore, in public estimation, to exceed his known means; and as there is no need for vying in such external display, and no apprehension that the coming monthly pay-day shall not bring it’s well-ascertained allowance,—be it great or small,—there is, evidently, less care in the expenditure, and more scope and liberal use of it, than under the circumstances I have shewn at home.

Should you think, my good friend, I am doing our countrymen an injustice in this character I am portraying for your information,—make a trial of it yourself, the moment you have realized fifteen hundred or two thousand a year. I mention these sums, *for with less, take my word for it, you had better stay where you are!*—But we will suppose you are so possessed; and that you have besides an *indispensably* needful spare purse, after your arrival in England, of two or three thousand pounds, to secure and furnish

a residence suitable to your income, and to set yourself up in the same seeming style, that others of known similar means are adopting around you. Now then you will imagine all to be plain sailing;—your wife was a good economist in India, and will soon learn the same practice of domestic intelligence here. Alas! my worthy friend, all your miseries are now to thicken on you, unless you can ruthlessly learn to fix laws, like the Medes and Persians,—that your bread shall be doled forth on an averaged allowance to every inmate of your family;—that you shall consume, to an ounce, so much butcher's meat per week;—that your grocer's, fruiterer's, fishmonger's, washerwoman's, brewer's, and coal-merchant's bills, shall be within some fractional amount; that your servants shall be watched at almost every mouthful they consume; that your own private table be limited to made-up dishes, scanty as conception can picture, or positive hunger admit, so that your *company* days may shew like plenty and good cheer; if you cannot arrange that your clothing, amusements, wines, and personal comfort,—but why prolong the picture? The simple solution is, that, at the end of three years, you would buy knowledge in these matters by woful experience, and discover that after all your endeavours at economy, and all your new miseries and privations, you had no more “*made the appearance*” of your more “managing” neighbours, than you had, after all, lived within your income! It is ten to one but that you would find your capital less by two

or three thousands, than it was before the trial, and yourselves obliged to retire to some cheap out-of-the-way part of England, to rusticate and recover yourselves in good time !

It must be granted, that want of management and common prudence, on the first return of many, have obliged them again to exile themselves. But I still contend, that there is such an essential difference between the habits in every way connected with domestic life of the residents of India and the parent country, that it must require familiarity and full acquaintance with the value of the latter, before one of ourselves can relish or properly appreciate his residence here. But a truce to this murmuring ; notwithstanding the delight of unburthening one's mind to a good old soul like yourself, who can forgive even while you smile at these *sad* ebullitions of Bengalee discontent, so inconsistent, and so at variance with every former opinion and anticipation. I must proceed to business, and give some account of myself, as you desired, since my arrival.

After my first one or two days of introduction into London, and after a most magical change had been wrought on the person of your old friend, by the kind assistance of an *Artiste* of the thimble, most necessarily residing in the *West* end of the Town, and who now put me out of conceit with my best fashionable Calcutta equipments, I began anxiously to await replies to letters I had despatched by the earliest means, on my arrival, to my own native part of the

country, Ashton, in * * * shire. My own Parents, you are aware, died during my infancy, and you must have heard me frequently describe my Uncle's seat where I was kindly received, and my education provided for, until my appointment for India made me bid adieu to it, and England together, when I was little more than sixteen. My good and kind Uncle died within a year or two of my quitting his home : and the property came into the possession of his eldest son, who was ten or fifteen years older than myself, and whom I had very little opportunity of knowing ; for he was chiefly in London, before my departure, in pursuit of his then profession of the bar. It was this relation whom I had addressed through the first Post-office at landing ; and although there had been no correspondence between us for upwards of twenty years, except when he briefly acknowledged the receipt of a pipe of particularly fine old Madeira, which I had presented to him from India ; and in doing which, it appears, I made an unfortunate Indian mistake, in not paying the duty at the same time,—more essentially, as I had taken religious care to discharge that cost with a shawl for his maiden sister, which I forwarded by the same opportunity with the wine :—yet I had no doubt that our near relationship would make him happy at my return. At all events, I took pleasure in writing to the son of my first guardian and benefactor, and was proportionably distressed, when the reply reached me, not in his hand writing, but in that of his son and successor also, the old

man having been called to his Fathers about a year since, and the property having again made it's regular transfer to this other descendant of the family. I had seen, in my time, too many fall away from before myself, to feel surprise, mingled with my pain, at the tale of death, the new possessor's letter to me described, or even at the many, many changes and lapses, and departures for ever, that his little history of the family now detailed for my information. Yet such an utter and entire breaking-up of our large circle, as the communication described, can scarcely be pictured to the mind, except by those who, like many of ourselves, leave home in early youth, and return to it again after years and years of absence and interrupted intelligence. This old maiden Aunt, the lady to whom I had sent the shawl, was almost the only soul living who could remember me, excepting, perhaps, a few ancient domestics and people about the estate. She was staying with his family, and my young relation sent me a very pressing invitation to visit them immediately my "engagements would admit of it." I had no engagements, for I had found myself in London, in a single day, to be a mere stranger, an idle looker-on, on the world around me, where all were busy, and all had friends to greet and gladden them, except myself. Pleased, therefore, was I to put myself into the first convenient coach, and, in a few hours, was at the town of Fairborough, within two miles from the scene of my youth, and not many miles, also, from a large public school in the neigh-

bourhood, where I had received my first and only education.

As I approached Fairborough, the appearance of the country rose again to my recollection, something in the same manner as the hills in Hampshire presented themselves as we sailed up the Channel to the Downs: but here and there, as we advanced, particular objects seemed to gleam on my memory, like the indistinct recurrings of a dream, and I perceived that I recognised old friends, not only in the huts, and occasional trees and features of the landscape, but also in the countenances even of the people, who were passing; though, it might be, the grandsires only of these accustomed tenants of the soil, could have been personally known to me. At last we neared the town, and then the unchanging and undisturbed appearance of certain old enclosures and grounds, whose lineaments were too indelibly marked in my memory to admit of doubt; these flashed brightly and gladly to my recalling view, and my eyes glistened, and my hands almost involuntarily clapped together in loud testimony of my fond recognition. From the town, I had determined to walk to Ashton House; partly that I might wander, thus, through the well-remembered and cherished scenes of my boyhood, and a little, also, that I might see if my maiden cousin could recognise me, when taken by surprise, after the many long years of our separation. When I quitted her Father's house, she was a lovely, blooming creature, in the prime of beauty and girlhood. In sober fact,

the person of my former blue-eyed damsel of St. John's Church, about whom you so often have quizzed the poor Bengalee, in India, was first remarked by him for it's truly wonderful resemblance to that of his fair cousin at Ashton. I was, I remember, as a boy, a constant and favourite companion of her's, and my mind again brought her before me, with her light tresses and laughing eyes playfully beaming around, as we often wandered together in the lawn, and amidst the surrounding fields of her parent. But the coach stopped, and I was roused from my reverie by being put down to commence my pedestrian completion of the remainder of the distance to Ashton. I now turned off the main road; every object was familiar to me;—the stream by the way side, the little mill, which I now approached, the very gate that led me to the well-known pathway, the old game-keeper's lodge, the ancient hollow oak, and even the dilapidated railing by it's side, all seemed as if I had never quitted them. I paused and looked around me:—was it a dream?—was I again within the hallowed influence of those often thought of, often regretted land-marks of memory? I could scarcely believe it possible; so unchanged, so freshly, so distinctly, so unnaturally, as it seemed, the same objects I had quitted in the last century. I felt within me a dreamy, a melancholy overpowering feeling of awe, and for a few moments I looked wildly and fearfully around, as if my late exile to India was but a sorrowful and eventful dream; and I expected to be greeted

by the voices of the departed guardians and companions of my youth, in the very scenes of our former communion, as if I had never been separated, never been torn away from either one or the other! It were vain to describe my emotions: one moment, in the sudden timeless glancing of a thought's retrospect, whole years of bewildering events rushed freshly and vividly through my mind. Again all seemed a blank, and I was standing in the identical, the too well-remembered scenery of my boyhood. And I breathlessly enquired of my heart if all was real? Oh! who can paint these workings of the breast, at such a moment, these solemn re-awakenings of long silent feelings, with their painful associations? I could have sat me down by the path-side and wept like a child: aye, wept wildly, and yet unconsciously, at the intensity of the solemn and overpowering sadness! And why, Alport, should I conceal it?—I *did* weep: for at that instant, every remembered passage of my long and chequered life rose busily, tumultuously to my heart; my early bereavements, my fatherless childhood, the pangs of youthful parting and banishment, the errors, follies, failings of my manhood, and, worse than all, the many, many friends whose eyes were now closed in the dark and voiceless tomb; while I was alone, aged, weary and companionless in the world: nay, in this one too fondly recollected spot and portion of it, with the sun shining brightly and unnaturally on the scenery of early days, to mock me now on my return to, it in my age of solitude and seeming desertedness!

I will pass over my approach and introduction to the few remaining inmates of our house. It was long ere I could make them recognise my identity. The old maiden Aunt of the family circle, my cousin, whom I have before described, she could not be made to believe that the now wan, healthless, and debilitated stranger, from other climates, was the same person as the ruddy, fair-haired boy she had known in earlier years. It had occurred, that a portrait of me, taken just before quitting England, was still retained as one of the family pictures, in their breakfast room. In her reminiscences, therefore, of me, and whenever events, or casual conversation, had recalled me to her mind, the memory and idea of her absent relative had been retained almost solely in association with the flattering picture daily before her. Her first repugnance of belief, and almost horror, at the change, under other circumstances and feelings, would have been more than half ridiculous; and we have, in fact, since, often smiled together at the recapitulation of the circumstances of our meeting, and at her unconcealed dismay at first seeing the poor withered Bengalee, whom she had so fancifully decked forth in her day-dreamings, and expected to recognise, in his once youthful bloom and pictured comeliness. She, also, wofully betrayed the withering finger of time upon her features; the once laughing and bright eyes hardly retained a glimmering of their former expression, though, after a time, I could retrace, in her features generally, something like faint

lineaments, or momentary looks, that struck upon my recollection, and gave herself again before me. These traits more and more recurred, on farther renewal of our acquaintance; and, at last, frequent exclamations and mutual bursts of recognition of our former selves, became a source of remark, and no little amusement to ourselves, and to the circle of the new family around us.

Of course, I was led again about the ancient mansion. Some of the rooms were little altered, and in these every piece of old furniture seemed familiar to me; and, as with a long absent friend, it occasioned much delight to my conductors, to witness the pleasure of my renewal of acquaintance. The fixtures I immediately recognized, and among them were one or two boyish attempts of my own; chalk heads and grim old Romans, and other school performances, which grinned at me as I passed them, with their well-known and long-toiled-at features. The neighbouring Village too, and my School, at some miles distance, were not forgotten in my tour of visiting. The latter had dwindled away in celebrity and actual connections, as much as, to my mind's view, its grounds, buildings, and offices generally, had unaccountably shrunk in size and real extent, from what I had erroneously fancied of their magnitude and supposed spacious dimensions. The play-ground seemed reduced to half its imagined space, and the School dining-hall, used, as I well remember, for our regular Christmas fêtes, before the vacation, and as a Ball-room for the recep-

tion of company from the surrounding neighbourhood, this said banquetting apartment, which my dreaming recollections had swelled out into a magnificent and spacious building, now suddenly diminished into a room not so big as the centre hall of your own Bungalow, at Sahibpore. But I must quit all this detail; for though, my dear Alport, you earnestly besought it of me, and entreated a "full, true, and particular account" of all my English adventures and impressions, yet in mercy to your patience, and in consideration of the postage (no little matter, let me apprise you, in the estimation of all receivers of letters in this goodly, economising country!) I must even repress my epistolary vein, and briefly turn to some few other subjects.

I have not travelled much about my native country since my return, although you may remember it was my firm intention to do so. Next year I trust to be more fortunate and enterprising, and not to follow the example of many of your old Bengal friends here, who are complaining of want of employment and daily amusement, and yet neglect to visit the various novelties and hosts of things well worth seeing, even in their immediate vicinity and reach. London, Bath, and Cheltenham have hitherto been my main, and almost only places of resort. At the latter two, so many returned Indians are in the habit of congregating, that they have, deservedly, obtained the name of Asia Minor,—upper and lower. But I observe, that, out of their own circles, all my wise

brethren, most pertinaciously and properly, drop the East Indies, when moving about and in different societies. The old distinction of "Bilious Gentlemen with calico shirts," is now no longer considered enviable, for, in the first place, the inroads into the purse, under such an honourable designation, are more ruinously deep than may be convenient; and again, people in England, even if well-informed on common subjects, are so utterly ignorant, and so contented in their ignorance, upon all Indian subjects, that many who have relations and near connections in the East, deem it the very essence of annoyance, to be instructed that Calcutta and Madras are not one and the same city; that because one brother is at Bombay, and the other at Delhi, they do not daily meet and dine together; that Calcutta is now something else than the mere site of the once famous Black Hole, the only idea they have of it; that a population of nearly ninety millions of British subjects, and a rich portion of the globe, as extensive as the whole of Europe itself, can be worth hearing of, in comparison with the state of to-day's weather; the performances and merits of Sontag, Pasta, or Donzelli; the grave explanation of some purchased or bullied member of parliament, as to his change or inconsistency; the last dying words and confessions of some poor devil of a malefactor damned into notoriety, to fill up the lengthy columns of the *Times* or *Morning Herald*; or the knowledge of what is of more hourly importance than all to the middling classes here, the birth, parentage, lineage,

country-seats, habits, and property of the various branches of our Peerage, of whom, perhaps, three Peers are the utmost that the said classes have seen, or ever will see, even at a distance.

By the way, I was beginning at Bath, a short time ago, to imagine myself under a most melancholy mistake as to my years and present appearance. I commenced, from several circumstances, to doubt whether *middle age* aptly described my time of life; the happier distinction of *young man* seemed not so distantly, so very distantly, left behind me. My few remaining gray hairs, just above my ears, were coaxed up by me to cover over and conceal the far extent of baldness in their vicinity, and there were certain little twitterings and odd sensations renewing their pulsatory symptoms about my poor heart, which somehow reminded me of certain similar heart-beatings of mine, which are so wofully connected with the memory of Saint John's Church. I am wrong, perhaps, in saying that my new pulsatory sensations were about the heart, for, after all, it was little more than the mere vanity of the poor, weak, old gentleman, that in my case was touched. But it seemed, for a few days, wonderful to me that I could, so humiliatingly, have undervalued my personal qualifications, and many still remaining amiabilities, for a family to which I had recently been introduced at Bath began to overwhelm me with such kind, condescending, and flattering attentions, particularly the unmarried part of it, that it is only surprising that the head of your old friend

was not more turned than it proved to be. It is true, that the said unmarried personages were not *too* young; but still sufficiently in possession of personal charms, or the power of making them up, to be very captivating: and when they so smilingly condescended to avail themselves of the old Bengalee to chaperon them up and down Milsom Street, and to the Pump Room, and Concerts; and when one of them so perseveringly kept her kind station by my side, and her sentiments, and likings, and antipathies were ever in unison with mine, it is not surprising that the little twitterings I have mentioned began to be very busy within me. I sent off to town for a new hat, of less ancient breadth of brim; ordered a new morning frock-coat, in which I vainly endeavoured to compress the elderly exuberance of my waist, so little in accordance with the other shrunk characteristics of my person; and, in fact, after one or two evening Concerts and parties, in which I always found myself seated in delightfully dangerous propinquity to these young ladies, I began very gravely and seriously to wonder what was the matter! The result of the affair was nothing more or less, than my finding myself, one morning, very snugly in the corner of one of the York-house London coaches, to which I had retired without beat of drum, or word in annunciation of my departure. I have now again returned; but is it not too bad, my dear Alport, that steady old gentlemen like myself should be subjected to these dire assailings and temptations.

You must not expect from me any description of the vast improvements which have been introduced into England since the Peace; I must reserve all those sage and grave remarks for my future epistles. But the alterations in London itself are surpassing any thing I could have conceived. The New Park, and the handsome extended ranges of buildings in it's neighbourhood, the various new edifices, removal of old and inconvenient streets, the lighting by gas, and general amelioration of the whole Metropolis, are constant objects of my admiration and astonishment whenever I visit it. Altogether, there has been a vast change throughout England since I left it; and though my boyish years at that time deprived me of much power of early observation, yet, in the very things that could strike a youth of common penetration, there has arisen a grand and distinguishing alteration. In our day, boys of sixteen and eighteen were modest, retiring, shame-faced if you will, and waited patiently for a few additional years of prolonged education, and further acquaintance with the grave old society they met with, ere they considered themselves men, or capable of wholly acting and thinking for themselves. Now, a boy of ten is six years at least in advance of former days; he is already half through the common Classics, and, by twelve or fourteen, has more Latin and Greek, and general accomplishments in him, than used to accompany his Father and Uncles, in their time, to College itself. By the time he has quitted School, in dress, man-

ners, frequently-offered opinions, and ease with the other sex, he now takes his standing, fearlessly, in the ranks of the best of his elders; and wears an eye-glass, smokes cigars, and affects puppyism, or worse, as well as the worst of them. Nor is this advancement and hot-house quickening confined solely to such education. In all ranks, the march of intellect seems to have urged every thing forward. Thus, with our very peasantry, from the cheapness of manufactured finery, and steam and machinery-produced articles on every hand, their very style of dress is far beyond my ancient remembrances. On my journey up from Deal, I remember laughing heartily at the country girls, with their light, and almost colourless chintzes, with deep flounces and French fulness of sleeves, and general style, walking along the roadside, with large silk and other bonnets, which would have cut down into three moderate sized ones, at the very least, for their grandams and progenitors. I positively observed, also, what gave me great offence, until undeceived by my fellow-traveller, who informed me that the young, elegantly dressed lady, whom I perceived near a gentleman's seat, familiarly leaning on the arm of a servant in livery, was *not* a lady of the family, but simply the lady's-maid, or house-maid, of the establishment! Then, again, Literature has found it's way so intimately behind the counter, that the middling tradesman seldom misses a course of Lectures in his neighbourhood; and the reare now few points in which he is not as learned as his lordly or

other customers. He sells few articles on which he could not chemically, scientifically, or philosophically expatiate. Whether all such advancement brings improvement for individuals in it's train, I leave to graver casuists than myself to discover; but in the arts and sciences themselves, the strides are daily as rapid as they are immense. The public and private establishments, where machinery is now made productive, and independent of animal labour, and of the uncertain skill and application of handicraft, are works of wonder and interest in every part of the country. The means of travelling are so simple and safe, the roads so improved, and the sea communication by steam, with the sister kingdoms and other places, so expeditious and certain, that the benefits of constant communication, and the interchange of information obtained by mutual and general travelling, have far exceeded what our fore-fathers could have dreamed of, in their best anticipations of progressive improvement, for their wonderful and commanding country.

Music; latterly, has undergone as perfect a revolution as any thing else. The beautiful compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and others, are consigned to the Concert-rooms of a few ancient and unchangeable admirers; while the assuredly fine and pleasing Operas of Rossini, Weber, and the new Italian and German Schools, are forced upon our organs of hearing, till at last they have familiarized their very science and sweetness *usque ad nauseam*. Their

airs are even arranged for eternal quadrille dancing now-a-days; and a young Miss, of eight years of age, as well the whiskered and bearded bandmen of the Guards, Dragoons, and marching Regiments, practise nothing in their tuneful essayings, but the gentle "*Ombra adorata*," or "*Ah ! se de mali miei*," and such music of the Italian Opera.

In Painting, I have been somewhat, and most unexpectedly, disappointed. You know I had no implicit and blind veneration for the beauties of the old masters; the fact was, I had seen too little of them to form a judgment at all; but now that I have viewed some of the choicest old specimens, and with them the best attempts of our present school, you can form no notion how far behind are many of our living Artists, when compared with their preceptors and models. Of the present day, Sir Thomas Lawrence has decidedly the first place; and it is creditable to the talent of our Calcutta Chinnery, that his style of colouring, elegance of design, and general strength, is much resembling the same characteristics of the President of the Royal Academy. Sir Thomas Lawrence, I see, carefully finishes the features, and even minor details of his portraits; and, yet does not let his finishing and last softening at all diminish or carry off his first strength: some of Chinnery's mere studies, which I have by me, have been rapturously spoken of by a few of the best professional judges about town, and you know his forte is not in portrait-painting. A little water-colour sketch

of his, in my possession, has been pronounced equal, if not superior, to the very best efforts of the present day in that art. There is not a living Artist who could surpass him.

You will be surprised to hear, that the Theatres are sadly neglected. They are not now patronized by fashion, and as they are unfashionable, it is enough for the histrionic art to stand low in the asserted estimation of all would be aspirants in the world at large. The houses seem but half filled, and the fact must be admitted, that although C. Kemble, Young, Macready, and a few others, are all that I hoped of them; yet the generality of the performers are little better than the veriest amateur of our Chowringhee Drury. You have a few who would *star* it here, even in the metropolis itself. In Kean, I have been seriously disappointed; but I have as yet seen him in only King Lear.

And now, my dear Alport, having endeavoured to detail a few of these, my first impressions at seeing again my native country, I must bring my epistle to a close. It is not often that I can find sufficient time, in-doors, for so long an effort of penmanship. My whole day is passed in wandering about, and in spite of my sallow looks, I contrive with my great coat and umbrella to brave an occasional shower, as boldly as the best John Bull about me. Do not mind the old distinguishing leaven of murmuring that pervades my letter; it is now part and portion of a Bengalee; and, although I sometimes assert my willingness,

and even desire, to get back again to Bengal, I do believe it would be a severe trial now, to relinquish the solid comforts and sterling worth, to say no more of it,—of my native country, even for all your elegancies and “luxuries” in the East.

You will not forget my regards to your estimable Lady : my long letter to herself will have described my several visits to your children’s respective boarding schools, and how well and happy I found them.

Adieu ! my worthy old friend ; and believe me,

Your’s ever, and most sincerely,

THE BENGALEE.

BATH, *April 23rd*, 1829.



GLOSSARY

OF HINDOOSTANEE, AND OTHER LOCAL TERMS, INTERSPERSED
THROUGH THE BENGALEE.

<i>Bengalee</i>	Page	1..An Inhabitant of Bengal. This term is frequently used in India, when describing, <i>en badinage</i> , one under the Bengal Government; or, in contra-distinction to a Madrassee, or Mull, for one of the Madras Establishment; or, " <i>of our side</i> ," or Duck, for the gentlemen of Bombay :—Mull being from Mulligataunee, a favorite and excellent dish on the Madras Coast; and Duck, from a species of dried fish, so called at Bombay.
<i>Cranny</i>	3..	A Clerk, Writer, or Office assistant.
<i>Tiffin</i>	7..	Luncheon, or repast, at noon.
<i>Bearer</i>	7..	Palankeen bearer, who acts also as house servant.
<i>Cutcherry</i>	7..	Court House, or Public Office.
<i>Writers' Buildings</i>	9..	A large range of public buildings, for the accommodation of the young Civil servants of the East India Company, when in the College of Fort William.

- Juwab Club*.....Page 9..A Club of unfortunates. *Juwab*,—
answer, refusal.
- Mafussil* $\left. \begin{array}{c} 11 \\ \text{and} \\ \text{passim} \end{array} \right\}$ The Country, in contra-distinction
to Town.
- Dhys* 17..A native Nurse.
- Punkah* 17..A fan; large Punkahs are suspended
from the ceiling, and pulled back-
wards and forwards by a servant.
- Saul Forest* 19..Saul, a strong and heavy timber,
much used in house building.
- Subadar* 22..A Native Officer in the Sepoy Regi-
ments, the rank corresponding
with that of Captain.
- Sirdar* 23..A Chieftain, head man, or leader.
- Zenanah* 24..The female private apartments in the
Harem.
- Nawaubee* 44..Of, or belonging to, Nawaub, or *Na-
bob*, as John Bull will have it.
- Tarbund* 44..A mode of preparing the Hookah.
- Budgerow* 47..A native accommodation boat.
- Choppah* 48..A thatched roof.
- Cossitollah* 53..The Cheapside of Calcutta.
- Gardens* 57..Houses with grounds, about four
miles from Calcutta.
- Dak Office* 63..The Post Office.
- "In the Service"* 72..A distinction preserved by the Ho-
nourable Company's Civil Ser-
vants.
- Bungalow* 102..A thatched building.
- Sendladar* $\left. \begin{array}{c} \\ \\ \end{array} \right\}$ 105..Native Civil Officers.
- Omlah* $\left. \begin{array}{c} \\ \\ \end{array} \right\}$
- Kydees* 105..Prisoners, or convicts.
- Chit* 116..Corruption from Persian *khut*, a let-
ter or note.
- Rassys* 117..A silk quilt.

- " *Sahib, Sahib, dak*
budleahona beaver
logue, kacoh burish
munakta." } 119 { "Sir, Sir, the dak is changed, the
 bearers want a present."
- Moonshee*127.. A native teacher of languages.
Koee-hye132.. Koee-hye? who is there? who waits?
 the words used for summoning a
 servant in Bengal. The frequency
 of their use have made our neigh-
 bours of Madras and Bombay nick-
 name us Koee-hyes.
- Rues-muchee*133.. Fish so called.
Cunab133.. A Dish so called.
Kidgiree133.. Rue and dried peas, boiled together,
 with spices, &c.
- Hasree*133.. Breakfast.
Tonjaun133.. An open Chair, or Palankeen.
Suvarree134.. A suite, or train of attendants.
Pykes and burgondosses, 134.. Men armed with swords and spears.
Burra sahib134.. The great man of the place.
Compound134.. The lawn, grounds, or enclosures.
Conjeed134.. Starched.
Deek our mihnui146.. Toil and trouble.
Hyran sort of work ..146.. Killing work.
Ho-chuka146.. All over, done up.
Khana-khat146.. Eats dinner.
Shraub146.. Wine.
Beer-shraub146.. Ale.
Dehk146.. Look.
Chuls over the kates ..146.. Goes over the fields.
Doost146.. Friend.
Bat-cheet146.. Conversation.
Besbee-sahib146.. Lady.
Burra-khoosee147.. Very glad.
Juwabed147.. Refused.
Leil-walas147.. Indigo Planters.

<i>Zillah</i>	Page 147..	District, province.
<i>Goose</i>	147..	Bribe; it is to be remembered that all this is the mere " <i>lingua franca</i> ," the lowest of bad Hindostanee.
<i>Zid</i>	147..	Mischief, devilry.
<i>Ruyuts</i>	147..	Tenants.
<i>Loot-wallas</i>	147..	Thieves.
<i>Cala-feringee</i>	147..	Literally black foreigner; the Portuguese are thus known.
<i>Lattees</i>	147..	Sticks or staves.
<i>Zuburdust</i>	147..	Violence or force.
<i>Duroast</i>	147..	Institution of suit, cause.
<i>Foujdaree</i>	147..	A criminal.
<i>Mar-pest</i>	147..	Personal assaults, a beating.
<i>Mokuddumah</i>	147..	Decision.
<i>Diggeree</i>	147..	<i>Vulg.</i> degree.
<i>Jootah-gowahs</i>	147..	False witnesses.
<i>Rooksut</i>	147..	Dismissal.
<i>Bunderbust</i>	148..	An agreement.
<i>Arrye-sou rupeeah</i>	148..	Two hundred and fifty rupees.
<i>Puonee-teen</i>	148..	"Quarter less three;" thus it would here mean 275 Rupees.
<i>Hatkee</i>	148..	Elephant.
<i>Shikar</i>	148..	Hunting.
<i>Ayah</i>	181..	Nursery, or female attendant.
<i>Khansumaun</i>	185..	Butler, or head table servant.
<i>Sahib-logue</i>	188..	Gentry.
<i>Baboo</i>	189..	Of the class of native gentry, merchants, &c.
<i>Siroar</i>	190..	Broker, or out-door clerk.
<i>Gomarah</i>	191..	Agent Factor.
<i>Durbar</i>	199..	Native Levee or Court.
<i>Vakeel</i>	200..	Accredited Agent, <i>Chargé d'affaires</i> .
<i>Khelaut</i>	200..	Robe.
<i>Ultr</i>	201..	Ultr, or Attar of roses.
<i>Paun</i>	201..	Betel leaf.

- Banian*..... Page 201..A Dealer.
- Shroff*202..A Banker.
- Zumeendaree* 202..A landed estate.
- Surdar bearer*.....206..Head bearer, or valet.
- Chobedur*207..Bearer of stick of office.
- Puoka fever*221..Fever in it's worst and most bilious shape.
- Chinsurah, & Hooghly* 223..Two stations on the banks of the Hooghly, within thirty miles from Calcutta; formerly foreign Factories and Settlements.
- Serampore*223..A Danish Settlement, about sixteen miles from Calcutta. It is the *Alsatia*, or place of refuge for all English debtors.
- Haram*.....226..The Women's apartments. In it's *Anglo-Asiatic* use in Bengal, the words of Virgil are not inapplicable:—
 "Et ductus cornu, stabit sacer hircus ad arem."
- Quere*, Did the Poet mean *Haram*?
- Dubashes*255..Madras servants, who act as valets, stewards, and footmen.
- Barasett*258..Formerly a Military institution for our Cadets.
- Baun*284..The natives thus call the rushing surf (bore,) which is formed particularly high in the Ganges, when the flood makes against the periodical freshes.
- Lotaḥ*298..Brass pot.
- Routes*..... 299..Tent, so called.
- Banka*.....203..Buck, blood.
- Kinghaub*304..Gold tissue cloth.
- Pygamah*.....304..Drawers.
- Jamah*304..Vest.

Chillum Page 334..The preparation of tobacco in the hookah.

Dooles355..A litter.

Pish-pash 385..A dish so called.

Sadha, Dho'-pseasa ..408..Curries of particular descriptions, plain and otherwise.

THE END.

LONDON :

Printed by Anne Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

WORKS

IN THE PRESS, OR RECENTLY PUBLISHED,

By SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.

CORNHILL, LONDON.

INDIA ;

Or, Facts submitted to illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants, the Causes which have for ages obstructed the Improvement of the Country ; with Suggestions for reforming the present System, and the Measures to be adopted for it's future Government at the Expiration (in 1834,) of the present Charter of the East India Company.

By ROBERT RICKARDS, Esq.

The subjects proposed to be discussed, are—

- Part 1. On the Castes of India, and the alleged simplicity and immutability of Hindoo habits.
2. Historical Sketch of the State and Condition of the Native Indians under former Governments.
3. On the Revenue Systems of India under the East India Company's Government, as tending to perpetuate the degraded condition of the Natives.
4. On the Company's Trade, and it's results in a financial and political point of view.
5. Suggestions for a Reform of the Administration of India, as regards the present system both at home and abroad.

"It is needless, after what we have already stated, to direct the attention of our readers to Mr. Rickards' Work. Interesting and valuable, however, as the Part now before us undoubtedly is, we expect that those Parts in which Mr. Rickards proposes to discuss the Revenue Systems, acted upon in India, and the influences of the Company's commercial and political monopoly, will have still higher claims to attention. There are few so well qualified as Mr. Rickards for the discussion of these important questions, or to whose labours we should look forward with higher expectations."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"Mr. Rickard's intimate knowledge of Indian affairs, gathered from a long residence in the country, and personal intercourse with the natives, and his no less accurate knowledge of the varied sources of our commercial superiority,—of the principles of economical science, and of their practical application,—eminently qualify him to be a sound and enlightened guide in all questions relating to our possessions in the East. In this Third Part, which has just issued from the press, the Author has given a concise, yet complete historical analysis of the revenue systems in the different Provinces conquered by the Company, and has furnished us with much curious and valuable information. His book bears internal evidence of candour and industry. Great labour and extensive and minute research

seem to have been bestowed in consulting the ponderous folio volumes printed by the Court of Directors, the Reports of Committees of the House of Commons, the Official Correspondence, and the several Authors who have written on Indian Affairs. In the course of the analysis Mr. Rickards has seldom permitted himself to indulge in general reflections, until arriving at the 'Concluding Remarks,' which bear the stamp of a powerful and philosophical mind."

Morning Chronicle.

The Work will be completed in 2 vols. Demy 8vo.

Parts I. and II. and Chap. 1. of Part III. are now published; forming the first Volume, Price 16s. 6d. neatly bound in cloth.

The Parts may be purchased separately, as published.

The concluding portion of Part III. is in the press.

ANNALS AND ANTIQUITIES OF RAJASTHAN.

Preparing for publication, in two Volumes, quarto, illustrated by an original Map, Engravings, Fac-similes, &c. &c.

THE ANNALS of RAJASTHAN, or RAJPOOTANA, the Country of the ancient Rajpoot Tribes of Western India. By **LIEUT. COLONEL JAMES TON, M.B.A.S.,** Member of the Société Asiatique of Paris and Calcutta, and late Political Agent with the Western Rajpoot States. Comprehending the Annals of the respective States constituting that highly curious and interesting portion of India, (hitherto almost wholly unknown), interspersed with Biographical Sketches of their Princes, &c.; Dissertations on the Geography of the country, the peculiar Institutions of the Rajpoots, and the genealogical connexions with the ancient Tribes of Europe and Asia; a Narrative of the Author's Travels throughout the Country, his personal intercourse with the principal Courts and leading Personages of Rajpootana, &c.

This Work is compiled from the original annals preserved in the archives of the different states (to which the Author had unrestricted access,) as well as from contributions supplied by living native Princes, Pundits, Bards, &c.; also from native works in the dialects of the country, hitherto untranslated: the personal visits and investigations of the author have also verified many points regarding the history and the chronology of the Rajpoots.

The Engravings, which are from original drawings made on the spot, and have been executed by the first artists in England, represent, amongst other objects, architectural remains of extraordinary beauty, to which no European had hitherto gained access, and which afford entirely original ideas of Hindu art, as well as new lights in regard to the religion and manners of the people of Western India. The Map is constructed from actual surveys performed by the author, verified by repeated experiments.

The First Volume,—containing the geography of Rajpootana; the history of the tribes; an Essay on a feudal system amongst the Rajpoots; the annals of Méwar and Marwar; and the narrative of journeys through these states,—is in the press.

Each Volume will form a complete Work in itself.

